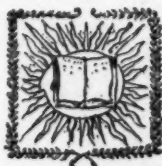


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ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"LA BERNOISE." PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

MAY, 1894.

No. 1.

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REMINISCENCE.

THOUGH I am native to this frozen zone
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or dead ;
Though the cold azure arching overhead
And the Atlantic's intermittent moan
Are mine by heritage, I must have known
Life elsewhere in epochs long since fled ;
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,
And through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.
I do remember . . . it was just at dusk,
Near a walled garden at the river's turn
(A thousand summers seem but yesterday !),
A Nubian girl, more sweet than Khoorja musk,
Came to the water-tank to fill her urn,
And, with the urn, she bore my heart away !

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.



DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

I.

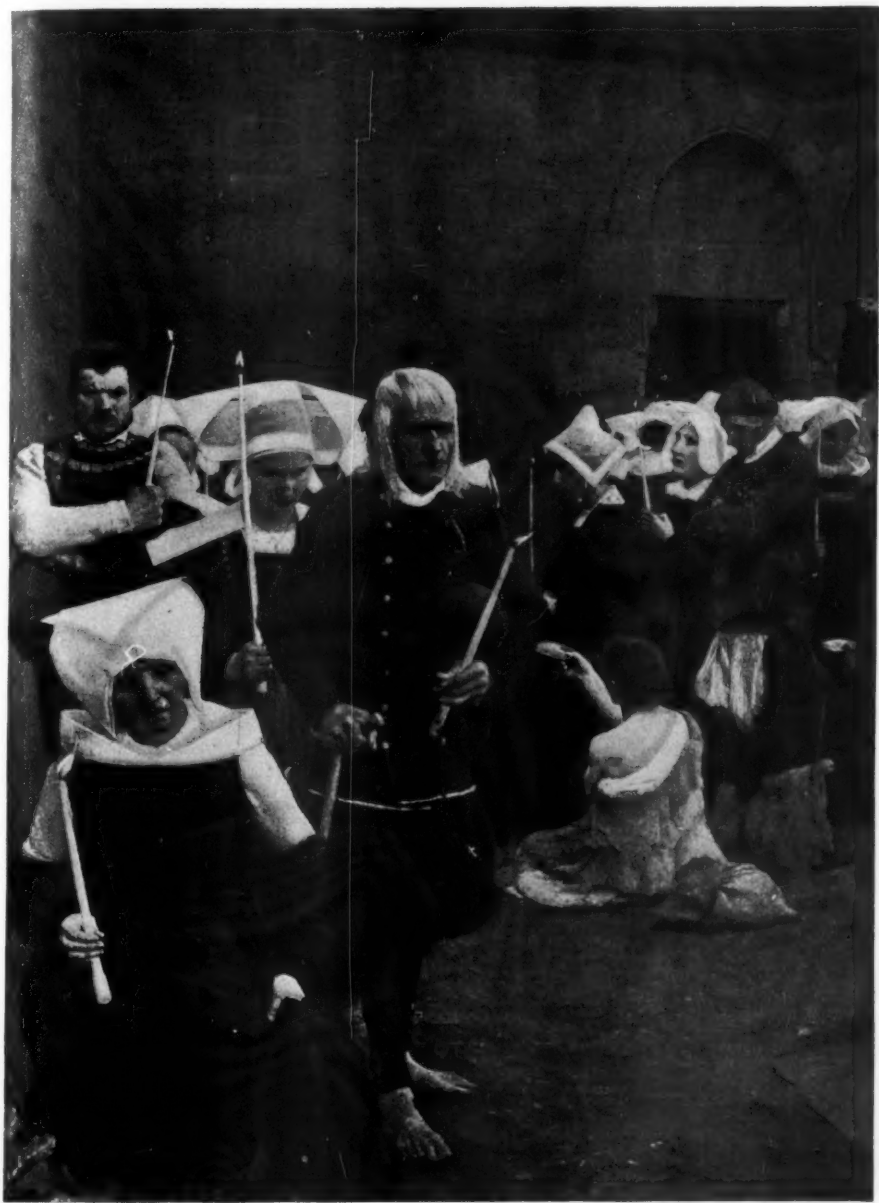


HAD been studying in Paris about six months when, in M. Bonnat's school, where I was making my first attempts at drawing from the model, I heard some of the senior pupils, who had advanced to the dignity of painting studies from life, talk about a picture in the Salon of 1878 by Dagnan-Bouveret. They spoke so highly of it, and said it was so good, that the next time I went to the Salon I made a point of seeing it. It was the "Manon Lescaut," a canvas of moderate size, and, as it seemed to me in my ignorance, rather empty and uninteresting. I have never had better proof of the fact that appreciation of good art depends upon cultivation of the sense of seeing, than my first impression of that picture. It is a charming work (I have seen it since); the two figures are beautifully drawn, and the delicate color-scheme of pale grays and yellowish tints is most artistically conceived, and delightfully carried out in the painting. The next year at the Salon a much less sympathetic subject by Dagnan, "A Wedding-Party at the Photographer's," evoked my admiration for its marvelous technical skill; and in 1880, when I saw "The Accident," I became, like every other young painter in Paris, an enthusiastic advocate of the ability of the brilliant artist whose name became, by the exhibition of that picture, as well known as that of Bastien-Lepage. These two young men have always stood side by side in my mental retrospect of the achievement of French painters up to the time that Bastien's career was ended by his untimely death in 1884. Since then I have followed, as closely as my residence in New York would permit, the development of Dagnan's art; and in 1889, at the Paris Exposition, where I saw nine or ten of his best works, I placed him in the first rank of modern painters, and could find in all the galleries of that wonderful exhibition no picture by a living painter on which to found so much hope for the future of the French school as on "The Blessing." It seemed to me, in looking at it, that if it does not prove to be one of the works of our day most held in esteem a generation hence, it will be only because all canons of taste will have been reversed, and all appreciation of the true and beautiful have ceased. In the "Horses at the Watering-Trough," and "The Consecrated Bread" at the Luxembourg Gallery, in the "Breton Women at the Pardon," in "Vacci-

nation," "The Pardon," and other works, I have seen much to convince me that Dagnan-Bouveret is one of the ablest painters of our time, and that his temperament, most refined and sympathetic in its artistic quality, is supported by a skilfulness of technic, and an individuality of expression, that give to his works a personal character such as few others possess. His pictures satisfy the most rigorous technical requirements, and impress by their truth to nature and by their healthful sentiment.

Unfortunately I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with M. Dagnan-Bouveret. Those of my friends who have speak of him as a man of gentle temper, and devoted to his art. From one of them who has told me of his intercourse with him in Paris, where they had studios in the same building, I have heard interesting details of his life and character. He is a man of small stature, with dark hair and beard, intense eyes that investigate and pierce the mystery of the subject that occupies his attention, of a strong, determined will and the most resolute perseverance, but, withal, of such sweet disposition that all who know him are instinctively drawn to him. His will, though it stops at no barrier, never offends those brought in contact with him. "When he used to come into my studio sometimes," says this friend, "he would seem for the moment absorbed in my work, and would examine it closely, and talk about it to me with the same earnestness that he might if it were his own. He is a man of the most sympathetic nature and the kindest heart, and in his work, whether he is occupied with some detail of still life or with the expression of an important figure, he brings to bear on the task in hand the same intense study, and the same strong purpose to get out of it all that it means. With his hard study of nature in his school work, and his unflagging perseverance in bringing out in his pictures what he feels in the subject before him, are combined a sympathetic, artistic perception and a poet's thoughts. All this makes him the artist he is."

It appears that to Dagnan no quality is greater than sincerity; and this is apparent enough in his work for us to know it without being told. He has the greatest admiration for Holbein, in whose work he recognizes the presence of the same intentions that are so clearly shown in his own. He cares nothing for fashionable life, but lives solely for his art. In his studio and garden at Neuilly he works incessantly. Sometimes he goes to the country



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-SOUVERET.

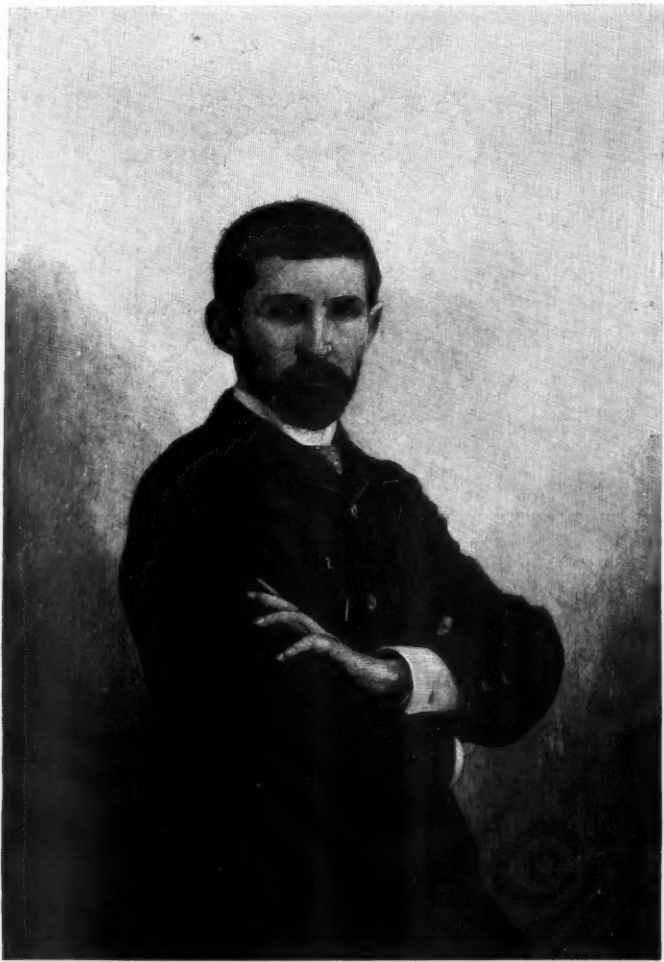
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BHAUX & CO.

BY PERMISSION OF MR. GEORGE F. BAKER.

- "THE PARDON."

with his wife and son, and there too he works with equal ardor. A little story about the "Horses at the Watering-Trough" well illustrates the thoroughness of his methods. Dag-

primitive sorts of casts of the horses' backs by laying over them cloths soaked in plaster of Paris, and when these were hard and dry, they were set up, and the harness was placed on them



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

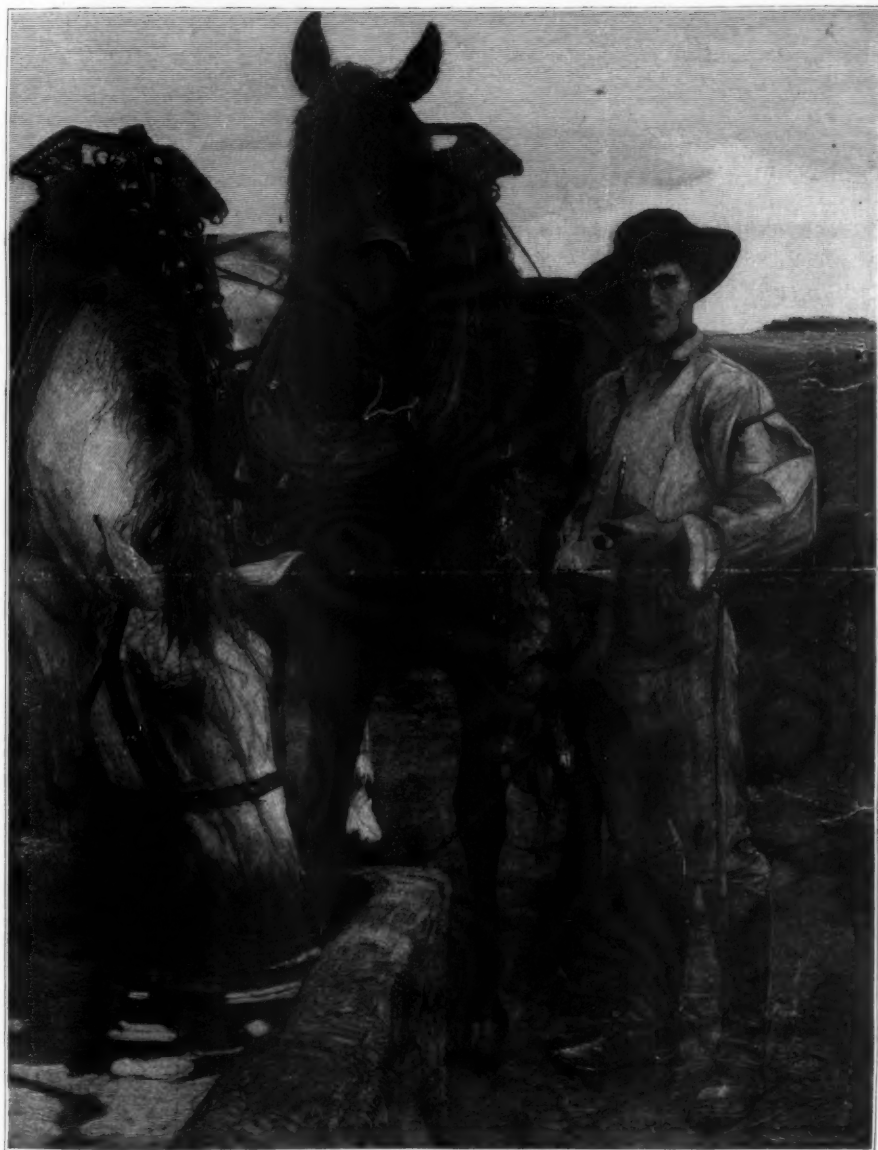
F. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

nan was passing the summer at his father-in-law's place, and there saw the subject of this picture. His father-in-law entered with great interest into the project of making a picture of the farm-horses, and arranged various devices to make the task of painting the picture from nature as convenient as possible. The summer wore on, and the picture progressed, but the way Dagnan paints a large canvas (or a little one, for that matter) takes time. So, at his father-in-law's suggestion, they took

just as it would be if the horses themselves were standing before the trough. And here every day Dagnan came to paint his straps and buckles, and before he had finished them to his satisfaction the snow fell on his palette as he worked.

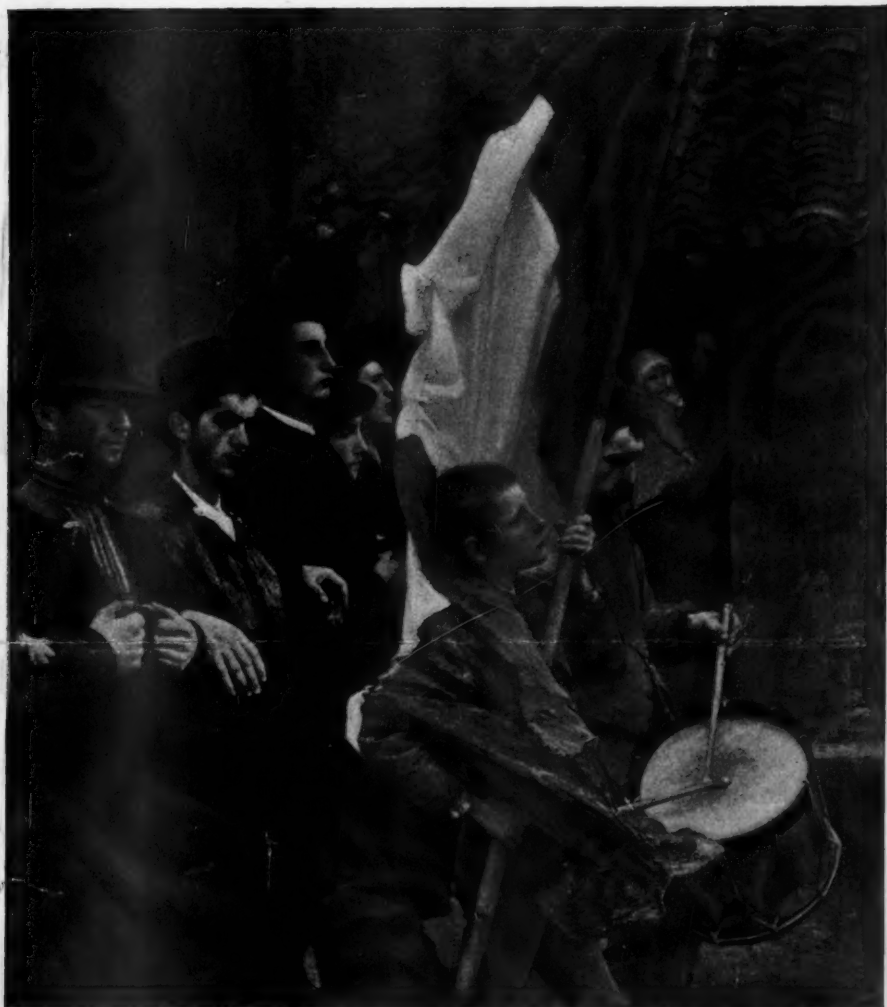
It is not to make note of mere painstaking labor that I think it worth while to speak of this incident: what it shows is that Dagnan believes that no detail in a picture may be neglected; that everything, however small, has its



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"HORSES AT THE WATERING-TRough."



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

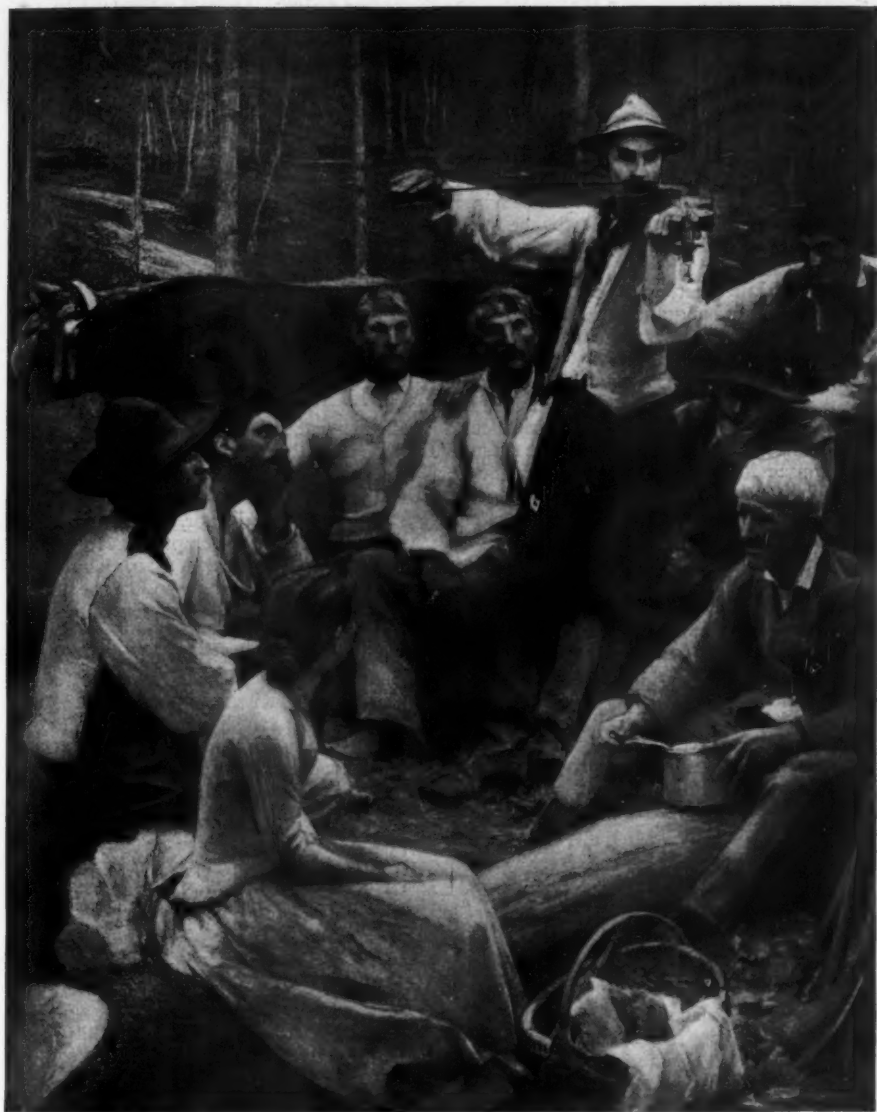
"THE CONSCRIPTS."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

own character; and that that distinctive character can be rendered only by the most thorough study; and that the conditions must be such as to enable the painter to make that study conscientiously and well. Like all great artists, he knows that there is as much character in a hand as in a head; that among all the men in the world no two noses are exactly alike, and no general type will serve to represent them. He carries out the same principle in the minor parts of his pictures, and even when the interest of the work requires that these minor parts should be broadly indicated only, we may be sure that the indication is based on the individual char-

acter possessed by the objects, and that truth to facts is the foundation of all that we see.

Dagnan takes little part in the discussions of the groups in the art-world of Paris and the divisions of coteries. He followed his friends from the old Salon to the Champs de Mars when the split came about in 1890, but he lives apart from the strife of the schools. More like an artist of the early Renaissance than a Parisian of to-day, he lives for his art, and finds his pleasure in his work and in the companionship of a few intimate friends. One of these is Gustave Courtois, the well-known painter, who was a fellow-student at the Beaux-Arts, and another



PAINTED BY DAGNAN-BOUVERET.

"IN THE FOREST."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

of them was Bastien. We can easily understand that the great artist who painted those wonderful portraits of his grandfather and of his mother, "The Haymakers," and "Jeanne Darc," would admire the work of his confrère Dagnan, and that their similarity of artistic aim would draw them together even without personal sympathy. But a strong attachment existed between them, and they were most intimate friends.

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II.

PASCAL ADOLPHE JEAN DAGNAN-BOUVERET was born in Paris January 7, 1852. His father, going to Brazil to engage in commerce, took his family with him, and there Dagnan's mother died when he was only six years old. His father then sent him and his brother back to France, and he went to live with his grand-

father, M. Bouveret, at Melun. He was brought up by him, and, following a not uncommon practice in France, Dagnan added to his name that of his mother's family. M. Bouveret, who was an old officer of the army of Napoleon I., had acquired a modest but comfortable competence, and sent Dagnan to the College of Melun, where he obtained his education during the ten years from 1858 to 1868. About the time he finished his studies, his father, who had remained in Brazil, offered him a chance to go into business with him; but Dagnan refused this offer, expressing his firm purpose to become a painter. His father thereupon cut off all financial aid. Assisted by his grandfather, however, he entered the École des Beaux-Arts under the instruction of M. Gérôme in 1869. "Depuis, à part quelques voyages en Brésil (1874), en Italie (1882), en Hollande et Belgique, en Allemagne et en Algérie (1888)," the painter writes me, "mon existence est d'une platitude extrême, toute consacrée à mon travail." He worked in the Beaux-Arts until 1876, when he won the second Grand Prix de Rome, a high academic honor, but, fortunately perhaps, not carrying with it, like the first prize, a residence in Rome, at the government's expense, at the French Academy. Had he gone there, his individuality might have been restrained, and we might not have witnessed the development of the real Dagnan so soon. But I fancy that no adverse circumstances, and no uncongenial surroundings, could long have kept him from following his bent.

The first picture exhibited by Dagnan was "Atlanta," at the Salon of 1875, and though it attracted some attention, it revealed no originality on the part of the artist. "Orpheus," which followed in 1876, may also be passed over without comment, the first indication of individual feeling appearing in the "Manon Lescaut" in 1878. "The Wedding-Party at the Photographer's" (1879) brought the artist into prominence, and "The Accident" (1880) achieved for him a settled reputation as a skilful, thoughtful, and individual painter. "The Blessing" (1882) placed him definitively in the first rank. His first "recompense" was a third-class medal at the Salon of 1878 for "Manon Lescaut." At the Salon of 1880 for "The Accident" he was awarded a medal of the first class. He was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor in 1885, received the Medal of Honor in painting at the Salon of 1889 for his picture, "Breton Women at the Pardon," and at the Universal Exposition the same year was awarded one of the grand prizes for the collective exhibition of his works. In 1892 he was made officer of the Legion of Honor. He has received gold medals at international exhibitions at Munich, Vienna, and Ghent, and is a member of the fine arts academies of Munich, Stock-

holm, and Berlin. Though a *sociétaire* of the Society of French Artists, under whose direction the "Old Salon" is held at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, he is more intimately connected with the National Society of Fine Arts, which holds the "new Salon" in the galleries erected at the Champ de Mars for the exhibition of 1889, and in 1893 he exhibited there two pictures—"In the Forest" and "In the Fields."¹

III.

IT is one thing to learn the grammar of the art of painting, and another and very different thing to make good use of the knowledge afterward. Any young student with sufficient natural ability to learn may with patience, intelligence, and hard work become proficient in the *métier*; but to express what one feels depends on qualities of brain and temperament. Indeed, as study to acquire the art of painting is study to educate the eye, what a man will paint after his eye is trained to a just sense of form, proportion, and color, will be decided by what his imagination prompts him to portray or interpret. Many a clever man, after acquiring the knowledge of how to look at nature, has continued all his life to paint what are veritably no more than school studies. Others who have acquired the knowledge even not so well have been able, by their superior faculty for perceiving what is most interesting in nature, and by their deeper insight into the character of things, to paint pictures that, if technically not so good, have greater human interest. But the man who is endowed with an excellent sense of form and color, who faithfully devotes himself to the hard work necessary to develop them,

¹ The principal works of P. A. J. Dagnan-Bouveret are: 1875, "Atlanta" (Melun Museum); 1876, "Orpheus"; 1878, "Manon Lescaut" (a replica belongs to the Hon. Levi P. Morton, New York); 1879, "The Wedding-Party at the Photographer's" (Lyons Museum); 1880, "The Accident" (owned by Mr. W. T. Walters, Baltimore, Maryland); 1882, "La Bénédiction," or "The Blessing" (owned by M. Tretiakoff, Moscow); 1883, "Vaccination" (owned by Mr. Turner, London, England); 1884, "Hamlet and the Grave-Diggers"; 1885, "Horses at the Watering-Trough" (Luxembourg Gallery, Paris); "Madonna" (Pinakothek, Munich); "Madonna" (owned by Mr. T. S. Clarke, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania; engraved in THE CENTURY for December, 1892); 1886, "The Consecrated Bread" (Luxembourg Gallery, Paris); 1887, "The Pardon" (owned by Mr. George F. Baker, New York); 1888, "La Bernoise" (owned by Mr. John G. Johnson, Philadelphia); "Young Breton Peasant" (owned by Mr. Potter Palmer, Chicago, Illinois); 1889, "Breton Women at the Pardon" (owned by M. Engel-Gros, Basel, Switzerland); "Madonna" (engraved in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, January, 1890); 1891, "The Conscripts" (Chamber of Deputies, Paris); 1893, "In the Forest"; and "In the Fields" (owned by M. Constant Coquelin, Paris); twenty to thirty portraits (including a beautiful one of Mrs. George F. Baker of New York), and some small single figures.—EDITOR.



PAINTED BY DAGMAN-GOUVERET.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.

"THE CONSECRATED BREAD."

and who is at the same time gifted with qualities of head and heart, is the one who will become the great artist. Such a man is Dagnan. He could never paint the pictures he has painted if he had not studied as he did in the school with an intense determination to render on his canvas or drawing-paper the exact and literal appearance of things as he saw them in the model before him. He could not robe that truth in such attractive form in his pictures if he had not the technical force fully to express facts in nature as he finds them, and he could not express the truth that the combination of these facts reveals without the most thorough study of every one of them in the aspect in which they presented themselves to him. Further than this, with the most perfect technical equipment he could attain, he penetrates the superficial aspects of nature, and, like a man who comes to feel instinctively the thoughts in the mind of another person with whom he is in intimate relation, he arrives at a sympathetic knowledge of what is inside. It may be no more than the sleeve of a jacket, but its wrinkles and folds have for him a distinctive character. He does not dissect like the surgeon; he analyzes, reasons, and forms conclusions with the gentle intelligence of a friend. Peasant at his toil, or Breton woman at her devotions, when Dagnan has painted them for us, we feel that he has felt their thoughts.

His style is far less synthetic than that of Millet, and it is somewhat less naive than that of Bastien. This delicious quality of naïveté, that so often escapes a painter of great technical skill, is present in Dagnan's best work. Very little of it is to be found in "The Wedding-Party at the Photographer's," where there is an evident confidence shown in the way the picture is painted, to meet difficulties and to vanquish them. In "The Accident" this confidence is less apparent, and the picture is by so much better than "The Wedding-Party"; in "The Blessing" it has almost vanished. There is just enough of it left to hold the interest of the spectator to the technical excellence of the work, and not too much to cause him to think of the means of expression. (This timidity before nature (I call it timidity for lack of a better word, meaning by it an artist's fear that he cannot, well as he may paint, paint well enough to do justice to nature) is apparent in most of Bastien's work. In the portrait of his mother, for instance, it shows in every touch of the brush seeking to render the subtlety of expression in the face, in the beautiful drawing of the mouth, in the almost indecisive way in which the line and form are felt. It is a quality that distinguishes the best art of the kind to which the work of Bastien and Dagnan belongs, and it is not one that needs to be sought for in looking

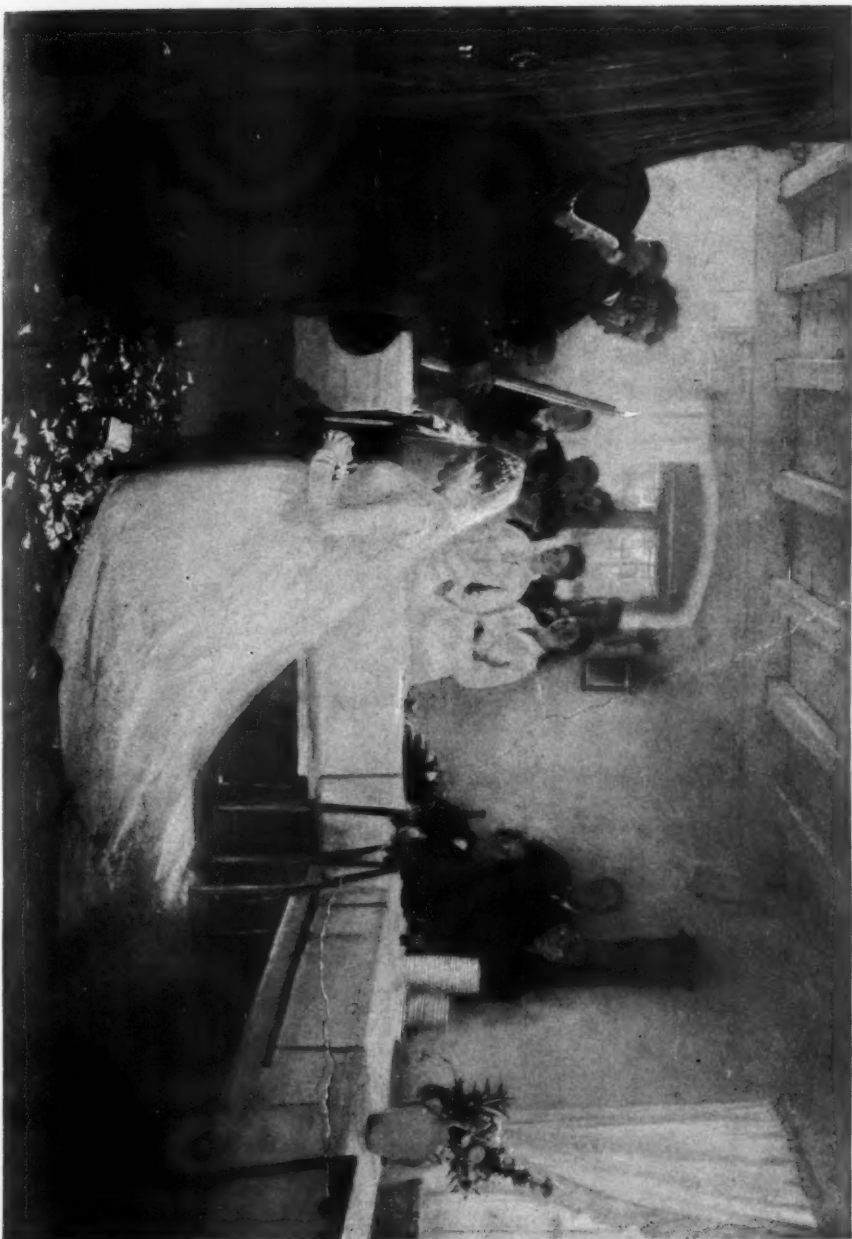
at a picture. If it is present at all, it communicates its charm unknowingly. Such a charm is in the work of Holbein, in that of some of the Dutch masters, as Terburg or Van der Meer of Delft, and it pervades that wonderful masterpiece by Rembrandt in the Louvre, "The Supper at Emmaus." The chief points of technical excellence in Dagnan's work are first, his drawing, which, while without nervous quality, is delicately felt, irreproachably correct, and faithful to detail; second, sympathetic and refined color-schemes of more depth and of more variety than are usually found in the work of men who are essentially draftsmen, and give such careful attention to form as he does; third, frank, simple, and unobtrusive brush-work; and, fourth, good composition. In composition his originality is remarkable; for while his groups are unconventional, and the point of view taken by the painter in most of his pictures seems to be a novel one, and in the hands of an artist with a less well-developed sense of symmetry would incline sometimes to eccentricity, his art of arranging his figures on the canvas to give an impression of naturalness is so great that the effect is always agreeable, and impresses by its unity of ensemble. His technical faults, judging his work by an ideal standard, are a tendency at times to "breadiness" of facture, and, in his out-of-door pictures, a slight lack of atmosphere or envelop. His methods in composition are well shown in the "Breton Women at the Pardon," and in "In the Forest," and the quality of his exquisite drawing is especially well exemplified in the heads of the women in the church in "The Consecrated Bread," in "La Bernoise," and in some of his small single figures, which are comparable only to the works of the Dutch masters.

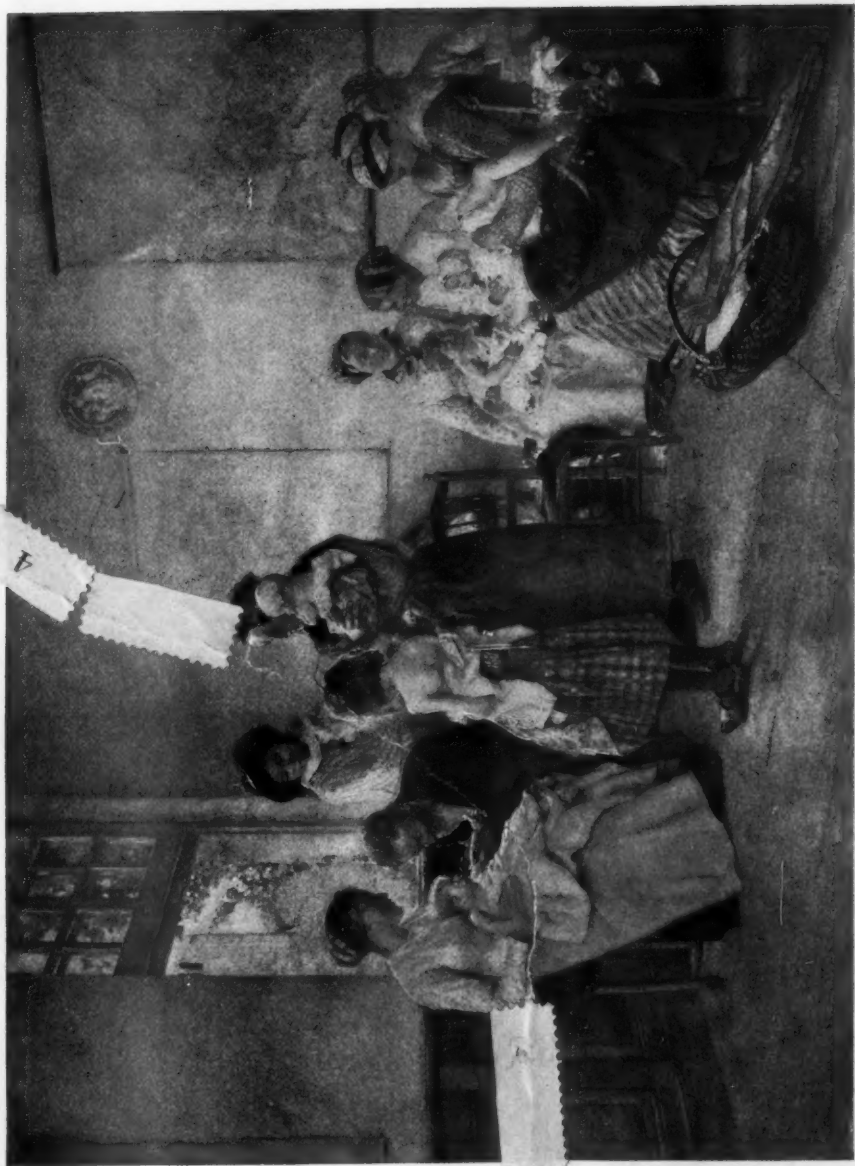
The scene of "The Blessing" is taken from the life of the French peasantry, and shows a young couple who are about to leave the father's house for the church, receiving the parents' blessing before their marriage. The young man is kneeling on the floor at the left of the picture, in profile to the spectator, and the bride, with the veil falling over her shoulders, is at his right hand and a little in advance. The father and mother, who are standing a little farther to the left, are dressed in clothes kept for such great occasions, and at the back of the room behind the long white-draped table, where the feast will soon be spread, are the friends who are to assist at the ceremony — young girls in white, with here and there a colored ribbon, and sturdy-looking men, sunburnt and brown in contrast with their white linen; and about all, the warm glow of the sunlight, veiled by the white muslin curtains at the windows, colors the plastered walls, and the wooden rafters of the ceiling, with tints of amber, opal, and blue. Dagnan

PAINTED BY DAGMAN-SOUVERET.

"THE BLESSING."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BRAUN & CO.





PAINTED BY SUGAR-BOUYERET.

"VACCINATION."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. REAUM & CO.

was never more happy in his choice of a subject than in this, and has never more admirably rendered, nor with such delicate appreciation, the subtle values of light and air. In the figures of the young people, the old man, the good mother, and the guests, in every line of the faces and turn of the bodies, there is something expressed that adds its part to the beauty of the picture as a whole. Without a particle of affectation, or over-insistence on the sentimental side of the scene, without a vestige of appeal to the literary sense, he gives us a picture full of poetry, and sound, fresh, and charming from the artistic point of view. In the "Vaccination," a scene in one of the large rooms in the municipal building of a provincial town, where mothers, with their children in their arms, and a doctor, the personification of the traditions of the *médecin de province*, are grouped, there is equal knowledge, the same sure, frank, well-felt modeling as in "The Blessing," and agreeable, quiet color. But to describe, even in the most summary way, the pictures by Dagnan that deserve as much praise as these is more than space will permit. "The Pardon," one of his pictures owned in this country, is one of the finest of his renderings of Breton character, and the "Breton Women at the Pardon" must be passed with a mere mention that it is one of the finest of his works, and the one perhaps that has given him the most renown. So, too, "In the Forest," the picture which was exhibited last year in Paris, and of which those who have seen it can speak only with the highest praise for the rugged but gentle sentiment expressed in the scene, where a party of

woodcutters, resting after the noonday meal, are listening to one of their number who plays the violin, must be thus briefly referred to. Even in a reproduction in black and white it shows how eloquently, and with what simple pathos, the painter has told an idyl of the woods. Dagnan, whether it be in one of his most important compositions, in a simple, single figure of a peasant, such as the one owned by Mr. Potter Palmer of Chicago, which represents a young man holding a taper, or in such a portrait of a lady as the one he painted in 1889, and which belongs to Mr. George F. Baker of New York, is always the same sincere painter. His talent and his skill are indisputably great. In this present day, when insincerity and superficiality parade themselves in the exhibitions, and too often receive from the world consideration they do not deserve; when "fads" and experiments are leading many a good man in art into devious paths; when the rush for notoriety and quick success almost excludes from view those who are content to strive in an honest way to achieve that which they know is true and good; when Fame cuts capers, and casts her laurels all too carelessly, it is more than gratifying to find such a man as Dagnan steadily pursuing his ideal, regardless of clamor and strife, and remaining faithful to the principles that have made all the good art in the world. There are other men in the French school as solid as he, fortunately, and every one of them is an influence for good. When the dust behind the *fin-de-siècle* chariot shall have cleared away, we shall find the work of such men as Dagnan standing like sign-posts on the road to point the way to truth.

William A. Coffin.

MINORCHORD.

I.

THE flowers have their bold bees to woo them;
 The brooks have their fresh rains to feed them;
 The nights have their stars to o'erstrew them;
 The dawns have their pure dews to bead them:
 Yet my steps go darkling,
 With but the dim sparkling
 Of memory's lamp, love, to lead them!

II.

The sea hath its waves to make sheen with;
 The winds have their music to sigh with;
 The groves have their boughs to be green with;
 The birds have their fleet wings to fly with:
 But I, in my lonely
 Allegiance, have only
 This deep-wounded heart, love, to die with!

Edgar Farwett.



"KEEP STILL—I 'S YO' MOTHER!"

ENGRAVED BY H. DAVISON.

PUDD'NHEAD WILSON.

A TALE BY MARK TWAIN.

GRATITUDE and treachery are merely the two extremities of the same procession. You have seen all of it that is worth staying for when the band and the gaudy officials have gone by.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

THANKSGIVING DAY. Let all give humble, hearty, and sincere thanks, now, but the turkeys. In the island of Fiji they do not use turkeys; they use plumbers. It does not become you and me to sneer at Fiji.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Friday after the election was a rainy one in St. Louis. It rained all day long, and rained hard, apparently trying its best to wash that soot-blackened town white, but of course not succeeding. Toward midnight Tom Driscoll arrived at his lodgings from the theater in the heavy downpour, and closed his umbrella and let himself in; but when he would have shut the door, he found that there was another person entering—doubtless another lodger; this person closed the door and tramped upstairs behind Tom. Tom found his door in the dark, and entered it and turned up the gas. When he faced about, lightly whistling, he saw the back of a man. The man was closing and locking his door for him. His whistle faded out and he felt uneasy. The man turned around, a wreck of shabby old clothes sodden with rain and all a-drip, and showed a black face under an old slouch hat. Tom was frightened. He tried to order the man out, but the words refused to come, and the other man got the start. He said, in a low voice—

"Keep still—I 's yo' mother!"

Tom sunk in a heap on a chair, and gasped out—

"It was mean of me, and base—I know it; but I meant it for the best, I did indeed—I can swear it."

Roxana stood awhile looking mutely down on him while he writhed in shame and went on incoherently babbling self-accusations mixed with pitiful attempts at explanation and palliation of his crime; then she seated herself and took off her hat, and her unkempt masses of long brown hair tumbled down about her shoulders.

"It ain't no fault o' yo'n dat dat ain't gray," she said sadly, noticing the hair.

"I know it, I know it! I'm a scoundrel. But I swear I meant for the best. It was a mistake, of course, but I thought it was for the best, I truly did."

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Roxy began to cry softly, and presently words began to find their way out between her sobs. They were uttered lamentingly, rather than angrily—

"Sell a pusson down de river—*down de river!*—for de bes'! I would n't treat a dog so! I is all broke down en wore out, now, en so I reckon it ain't in me to storm aroun' no mo', like I used to when I 'uz trompled on en 'bused. I don't know—but maybe it 's so. Leastways, I 's suffered so much dat mournin' seem to come mo' handy to me now den stormin'."

These words should have touched Tom Driscoll, but if they did, that effect was obliterated by a stronger one—one which removed the heavy weight of fear which lay upon him, and gave his crushed spirit a most grateful rebound, and filled all his small soul with a deep sense of relief. But he kept prudently still, and ventured no comment. There was a voiceless interval of some duration, now, in which no sounds were heard but the beating of the rain upon the panes, the sighing and complaining of the winds, and now and then a muffled sob from Roxana. The sobs became more and more infrequent, and at last ceased. Then the refugee began to talk again:

"Shet down dat light a little. More. More yit. A pusson dat is hunted don't like de light. Dah—dat 'll do. I kin see whah you is, en dat 's enough. I 's gwine to tell you de tale, en cut it jes as short as I kin, en den I 'll tell you what you 's got to do. Dat man dat bought me ain't a bad man; he 's good enough, as planters goes; en if he could 'a' had his way I 'd 'a' be'n a house servant in his fambly en be'n comfortable: but his wife she was a Yank, en not right down good lookin', en she riz up agin me straight off; so den dey sent me out to de quarter 'mongst de common fiel' han's. Dat woman war n't satisfied even wid dat, but she worked up de overseer ag'in' me, she 'uz dat jealous en hateful; so de overseer he had me out befo' day in de mawnin's en worked me de whole long day as long as dey 'uz any light to see by; en many 's de lashin's I got 'ca'se I

could n't come up to de work o' de stronges'. Dat overseer wuz a Yank, too, outen New Englan', en anybody down South kin tell you what dat mean. Dey knows how to work a nigger to death, en dey knows how to whale 'em, too — whale 'em till dey backs is welted like a washboard. 'Long at fust my marster say de good word for me to de overseer, but dat 'uz bad for me; for de mistis she fine it out, en arter dat I jist ketched it at every turn — dey war n't no mercy for me no mo'."

Tom's heart was fired — with fury against the planter's wife; and he said to himself, "But for that meddlesome fool, everything would have gone all right." He added a deep and bitter curse against her.

The expression of this sentiment was fiercely written in his face, and stood thus revealed to Roxana by a white glare of lightning which turned the somber dusk of the room into dazzling day at that moment. She was pleased — pleased and grateful; for did not that expression show that her child was capable of grieving for his mother's wrongs and of feeling resentment toward her persecutors? — a thing which she had been doubting. But her flash of happiness was only a flash, and went out again and left her spirit dark; for she said to herself, "He sole me down de river — he can't feel for a body long; dis 'll pass en go." Then she took up her tale again.

"'Bout ten days ago I 'uz sayin' to myself dat I could n't las' many mo' weeks I 'uz so wore out wid de awful work en de lashin's, en so downhearted en miserable. En I did n't care no mo', nuther — life war n't wuth nothin' to me if I got to go on like dat. Well, when a body is in a frame o' mine like dat, what do a body care what a body do? Dey was a little sickly nigger wench 'bout ten year ole dat 'uz good to me, en had n't no mammy, po' thing, en I loved her en she loved me; en she come out whah I 'uz workin' en she had a roasted tater, en tried to slip it to me, — robbin' herself, you see, 'ca'se she knowed de overseer did n't gimme enough to eat, — en he ketched her at it, en give her a lick acrost de back wid his stick, which 'uz as thick as a broom-handle, en she drop' screamin' on de groun', en squirmen' en wallerin' aroun' in de dust like a spider dat's got crippled. I could n't stan' it. All de hell-fire dat 'uz ever in my heart flame' up, en I snatch de stick outen his han' en laid him flat. He laid dah moanin' en cussin', en all out of his head, you know, en de niggers 'uz plumb sk'yerd to death. Dey gathered roun' him to he'p him, en I jumped on his hoss en took out for de river as tight as I could go. I knowed what dey would do wid me. Soon as he got well he would start in en work me to death if marster

let him; en if dey did n't do dat, they 'd sell me funder down de river, en dat 's de same thing. So I 'lowed to drown myself en git out o' my troubles. It 'uz gitt'n' towards dark. I 'uz at de river in two minutes. Den I see a canoe, en I says dey ain't no use to drown myself tell I got to; so I ties de hoss in de edge o' de timber en shove out down de river, keepin' in under de shelter o' de bluff bank en prayin' for de dark to shet down quick. I had a pow'ful good start, 'ca'se de big house 'uz three mile back f'om de river en on'y de work-mules to ride dah on, en on'y niggers to ride 'em, en dey war n't gwine to hurry — dey 'd gimme all de chance dey could. Befo' a body could go to de house en back it would be long pas' dark, en dey could n't track de hoss en fine out which way I went tell mawnin', en de niggers would tell 'em all de lies dey could 'bout it.

"Well, de dark come, en I went on a-spinnin' down de river. I paddled mo'n two hours, den I war n't worried no mo', so I quit paddlin', en floated down de current, considerin' what I 'uz gwine to do if I did n't have to drown myself. I made up some plans, en floated along, turnin' 'em over in my mine. Well, when it 'uz a little pas' midnight, as I reckoned, en I had come fifteen or twenty mile, I see de lights o' a steamboat layin' at de bank, whah dey war n't no town en no woodyard, en putty soon I ketched de shape o' de chimbley-tops ag'in' de stars, en de good gracious me, I 'most jumped out o' my skin for joy! It 'uz de *Gran Mogul* — I 'uz chambermaid on her for eight seasons in de Cincinnati en Orleans trade. I slid 'long pas' — don't see nobody stirrin' now — hear 'em a-hammerin' away in de engine-room, den I knowed what de matter was — some o' de machinery 's broke. I got ashore below de boat and turn' de canoe loose, den I goes 'long up, en dey 'uz jes one plank out, en I step' 'board de boat. It 'uz pow'ful hot, deckhan's en roustabouts 'uz sprawled aroun' asleep on de fo'cas'l, de second mate, Jim Bangs, he sot dah on de bitts wid his head down, asleep — 'ca'se dat 's de way de second mate stan' de cap'n's watch! — en de ole watchman, Billy Hatch, he 'uz a-noddin' on de companion-way; — en I knowed 'em all; 'en, lan', but dey did look good! I says to myself, I wished old marster 'd come along *now* en try to take me — bless yo' heart, I 's 'mong frien's, I is. So I tromped right along 'mongst 'em, en went up on de b'iler deck en 'way back aft to de ladies' cabin guard, en sot down dah in de same cheer dat I 'd sot in 'mos' a hund'd million times, I reckon; en it 'uz jist home ag'in, I tell you!

"In 'bout an hour I heard de ready-bell jingle, en den de racket begin. Putty soon I

hear de gong strike. 'Set her back on de outside,' I says to myself—'I reckon I knows dat music!' I hear de gong ag'in. 'Come ahead on de inside,' I says. Gong ag'in. 'Stop de outside.' Gong ag'in. 'Come ahead on de outside—now we 's pintoed for Sent Louis, en I 's outer de woods en ain't got to drown myself at all.' I knowed de *Mogul* 'uz in de Sent Louis trade now, you see. It 'uz jes fair daylight when we passed our plantation, en I seed a gang o' niggers en white folks huntin' up en down de sho', en troublin' deyselves a good deal 'bout me; but I war n't troublin' myself none 'bout dem.

"'Bout dat time Sally Jackson, dat used to be my second chambermaid en 'uz head chambermaid now, she come out on de guard, en 'uz pow'ful glad to see me, en so 'uz all de officers; en I tole 'em I 'd got kidnapped en sole down de river, en dey made me up twenty dollahs en give it to me, en Sally she rigged me out wid good clo'es, en when I got here I went straight to whah you used to wuz, en den I come to dis house, en dey say you 's away but 'spected back every day; so I did n't dast to go down de river to Dawson's, 'ca'se I might miss you.

"Well, las' Monday I 'uz pass'n' by one o' dem places in Fourth street whah dey sticks up runaway-nigger bills, en he'ps to ketch 'em, en I seed my marster! I 'mos' flopped down on de groun', I felt so gone. He had his back to me, en 'uz talkin' to de man en givin' him some bills—nigger-bills, I reckon, en I 's de nigger. He 's offerin' a reward—dat 's it. Ain't I right, don't you reckon?"

Tom had been gradually sinking into a state of ghastly terror, and he said to himself, now: "I 'm lost, no matter what 'turn things take! This man has said to me that he thinks there was something suspicious about that sale. He said he had a letter from a passenger on the *Grand Mogul* saying that Roxy came here on that boat and that everybody on board knew all about the case; so he says that her coming here instead of flying to a free State looks bad for me, and that if I don't find her for him, and that pretty soon, he will make trouble for me. I never believed that story; I could n't believe she would be so dead to all motherly instincts as to come here, knowing the risk she would run of getting me into irremediable trouble. And after all, here she is! And I stupidly swore I would help him find her, thinking it was a perfectly safe thing to promise. If I venture to deliver her up, she—she—but how can I help myself? I 've got to do that or pay the money, and where 's the money to come from? I—I—well, I should think that if he would swear to treat her kindly hereafter—and she says, herself, that he is a

good man—and if he would swear to never allow her to be overworked, or ill fed, or—"

A flash of lightning exposed Tom's pallid face, drawn and rigid with these worrying thoughts. Roxana spoke up sharply now, and there was apprehension in her voice—

"Turn up dat light! I want to see yo' face better. Dah now—lemme look at you. Chambers, you 's as white as yo' shirt! Has you seen dat man? Has he be'n to see you?"

"Ye-s."

"When?"

"Monday noon."

"Monday noon! Was he on my track?"

"He—well, he thought he was. That is, he hoped he was. This is the bill you saw." He took it out of his pocket.

"Read it to me!"

She was panting with excitement, and there was a dusky glow in her eyes that Tom could not translate with certainty, but there seemed to be something threatening about it. The handbill had the usual rude woodcut of a turbaned negro woman running, with the customary bundle on a stick over her shoulder, and the heading in bold type, "\$100 REWARD." Tom read the bill aloud—at least the part that described Roxana and named the master and his St. Louis address and the address of the Fourth-street agency; but he left out the item that applicants for the reward might also apply to Mr. Thomas Driscoll.

"Gimme de bill!"

Tom had folded it and was putting it in his pocket. He felt a chilly streak creeping down his back, but said as carelessly as he could—

"The bill? Why, it is n't any use to you; you can't read it. What do you want with it?"

"Gimme de bill!" Tom gave it to her, but with a reluctance which he could not entirely disguise. "Did you read it *all* to me?"

"Certainly I did."

"Hole up yo' han' en swah to it."

Tom did it. Roxana put the bill carefully away in her pocket, with her eyes fixed upon Tom's face all the while; then she said—

"You 's lyin'!"

"What would I want to lie about it for?"

"I don't know—but you is. Dat 's my opinion, anyways. But nemmine 'bout dat. When I seed dat man I 'uz dat sk'yerd dat I could sca'cely wobble home. Den I give a nigger man a dollar for dese clo'es, en I ain't be'n in a house sence, night ner day, till now. I blacked my face en laid hid in de cellar of a ole house dat 's burnt down, daytimes, en robbed de sugar hogsheds en grain sacks on de wharf, nights, to git somethin' to eat, en never dast to try to buy noth'n', en I 's 'mos' starved. En I never dast to come near dis place till dis rainy night, when dey ain't no

people roun' sca'cely. But to-night I be'n a-stan-nin' in de dark alley ever sence night come, waitin' for you to go by. En here I is."

She fell to thinking. Presently she said —
"You seed dat man at noon, las' Monday?"
"Yes."

"I seed him de middle o' dat arfternoon. He hunted you up, did n't he?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you de bill dat time?"

"No, he had n't got it printed yet."

Roxana darted a suspicious glance at him.

"Did you he'p him fix up de bill?"

Tom cursed himself for making that stupid blunder, and tried to rectify it by saying he remembered, now, that it *was* at noon Monday that the man gave him the bill. Roxana said —

"You 's lyn' ag'in, sho." Then she straightened up and raised her finger:

"Now den! I 's gwine to ast you a question, en I wants to know how you 's gwine to git aroun' it. You knowed he 'uz arter me; en if you run off, 'stid o' stayin' here to he'p him, he 'd know dey 'uz somethin' wrong 'bout dis business, en den he would inquire 'bout you, en dat would take him to yo' uncle, en yo' uncle would read de bill en see dat you be'n sellin' a free nigger down de river, en you know him, I reckon! He 'd t'ar up de will en kick you outen de house. Now, den, you answer me dis question: hain't you tole dat man dat I would be sho' to come here, en den you would fix it so he could set a trap en ketch me?"

Tom recognized that neither lies nor arguments could help him any longer — he was in a vise, with the screw turned on, and out of it there was no budging. His face began to take on an ugly look, and presently he said, with a snarl —

"Well, what could I do? You see, yourself, that I was in his grip and could n't get out."

Roxy scorched him with a scornful gaze awhile, then she said —

"What could you do? You could be Judas to yo' own mother to save yo' wuthless hide! Would anybody b'lieve it? No — a dog could n't! You is de low-downest orneriest hound dat was ever pup'd into dis worl' — en I 's 'sponsible for it!" — and she spat on him.

He made no effort to resent this. Roxy reflected a moment, then she said —

"Now I 'll tell you what you 's gwine to do. You 's gwine to give dat man de money dat you 's got laid up, en make him wait till you kin go to de Judge en git de res' en buy me free agin."

"Thunder! what are you thinking of? Go and ask him for three hundred dollars and odd? What would I tell him I want with it, pray?"

Roxy's answer was delivered in a serene and level voice —

"You 'll tell him you 's sole me to pay yo' gamblin' debts en dat you lied to me en was a villain, en dat I 'quires you to git dat money en buy me back ag'in."

"Why, you 've gone stark mad! He would tear the will to shreds in a minute — don't you know that?"

"Yes, I does."

"Then you don't believe I 'm idiot enough to go to him, do you?"

"I don't b'lieve nothin' 'bout it — I *knows* you 's a-goin'. I knows it 'ca'se you knows dat if you don't raise dat money I 'll go to him myself, en den he 'll sell *you* down de river, en you kin see how you like it!"

Tom rose, trembling and excited, and there was an evil light in his eye. He strode to the door and said he must get out of this suffocating place for a moment and clear his brain in the fresh air so that he could determine what to do. The door would n't open. Roxy smiled grimly, and said —

"I 's got de key, honey — set down. You need n't cle'r up yo' brain none to fine out what you gwine to do — I knows what you 's gwine to do." Tom sat down and began to pass his hands through his hair with a helpless and desperate air. Roxy said, "Is dat man in dis house?"

Tom glanced up with a surprised expression, and asked —

"What gave you such an idea?"

"You done it. Gwine out to cle'r yo' brain! In de fust place you ain't got none to cle'r, en in de second place yo' ornery eye tole on you. You 's de low-downest hound dat ever — but I done tole you dat befo'. Now den, dis is Friday. You kin fix it up wid dat man, en tell him you 's gwine away to git de res' o' de money, en dat you 'll be back wid it nex' Tuesday, or maybe Wednesday. You understand?"

Tom answered sullenly —

"Yes."

"En when you gits de new bill o' sale dat sells me to my own self, take en send it in de mail to Mr. Pudd'nhead Wilson, en write on de back dat he 's to keep it tell I come. You understand?"

"Yes."

"Dat 's all, den. Take yo' umbreller, en put on yo' hat."

"Why?"

"Beca'se you 's gwine to see me home to de wharf. You see dis knife? I 's toted it aroun' sence de day I seed dat man en bought dese clo'es en it. If he ketched me, I 'uz gwine to kill myself wid it. Now start along, en go sof', en lead de way; en if you gives a sign in dis

house, or if anybody comes up to you in de street, I's gwine to jam it into you. Chambers, does you b'lieve me when I says dat?"

"It's no use to bother me with that question. I know your word 's good."

"Yes, it's diff'rent from yo'n! Shet de light out en move along — here 's de key."

They were not followed. Tom trembled every time a late straggler brushed by them on the street, and half expected to feel the cold steel in his back. Roxy was right at his heels and always in reach. After tramping a mile they reached a wide vacancy on the deserted wharves, and in this dark and rainy desert they parted.

As Tom trudged home his mind was full of dreary thoughts and wild plans; but at last he said to himself, wearily —

"There is but the one way out. I must follow her plan. But with a variation — I will not ask for the money and ruin myself; I will *rob* the old skinflint."

XIX.

FEW things are harder to put up with than the annoyance of a good example. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse-races. — *Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar.*

DAWSON'S LANDING was comfortably finishing its season of dull repose and waiting patiently for the duel. Count Luigi was waiting, too; but not patiently, rumor said. Sunday came, and Luigi insisted on having his challenge conveyed. Wilson carried it. Judge Driscoll declined to fight with an assassin — "that is," he added significantly, "in the field of honor."

Elsewhere, of course, he would be ready. Wilson tried to convince him that if he had been present himself when Angelo told about the homicide committed by Luigi, he would not have considered the act discreditable to Luigi; but the obstinate old man was not to be moved.

Wilson went back to his principal and reported the failure of his mission. Luigi was incensed, and asked how it could be that the old gentleman, who was by no means dull-witted, held his trifling nephew's evidence and inferences to be of more value than Wilson's. But Wilson laughed, and said —

"That is quite simple; that is easily explicable. I am not his doll — his baby — his infatuation: his nephew is. The Judge and his late wife never had any children. The Judge and his wife were past middle age when this treasure fell into their lap. One must make allowances for a parental instinct that has been starving for twenty-five or thirty years. It is famished, it is crazed with hunger by that time, and will be entirely satisfied with anything that

comes handy; its taste is atrophied, it can't tell mud-cat from shad. A devil born to a young couple is measurably recognizable by them as a devil before long, but a devil adopted by an old couple is an angel to them, and remains so, through thick and thin. Tom is this old man's angel; he is infatuated with him. Tom can persuade him into things which other people can't — not all things; I don't mean that, but a good many — particularly one class of things: the things that create or abolish personal partialities or prejudices in the old man's mind. The old man liked both of you. Tom conceived a hatred for you. That was enough; it turned the old man around at once. The oldest and strongest friendship must go to the ground when one of these late-adopted darlings throws a brick at it."

"It's a curious philosophy," said Luigi.

"It ain't a philosophy at all — it's a fact. And there is something pathetic and beautiful about it, too. I think there is nothing more pathetic than to see one of these poor old childless couples taking a menagerie of yelping little worthless dogs to their hearts; and then adding some cursing and squawking parrots and a jackass-voiced macaw; and next a couple of hundred screeching song-birds, and presently some fetid guinea-pigs and rabbits, and a howling colony of cats. It is all a groping and ignorant effort to construct out of base metal and brass filings, so to speak, something to take the place of that golden treasure denied them by Nature, a child. But this is a digression. The unwritten law of this region requires you to kill Judge Driscoll on sight, and he and the community will expect that attention at your hands — though of course your own death by his bullet will answer every purpose. Look out for him! Are you heeled — that is, fixed?"

"Yes; he shall have his opportunity. If he attacks me I will respond."

As Wilson was leaving, he said —

"The Judge is still a little used up by his campaign work, and will not get out for a day or so; but when he does get out, you want to be on the alert."

About eleven at night the twins went out for exercise, and started on a long stroll in the veiled moonlight.

Tom Driscoll had landed at Hackett's Store, two miles below Dawson's, just about half an hour earlier, the only passenger for that lonely spot, and had walked up the shore road and entered Judge Driscoll's house without having encountered any one either on the road or under the roof.

He pulled down his window-blinds and lighted his candle. He laid off his coat and hat and began his preparations. He unlocked his trunk and got his suit of girl's clothes out from under the male attire in it, and laid it by. Then

he blacked his face with burnt cork and put the cork in his pocket. His plan was, to slip down to his uncle's private sitting-room below, pass into the bed-room, steal the safe-key from the old gentleman's clothes, and then go back and rob the safe. He took up his candle to start. His courage and confidence were high, up to this point, but both began to waver a little, now. Suppose he should make a noise, by some accident, and get caught—say, in the act of opening the safe? Perhaps it would be well to go armed. He took the Indian knife from its hiding-place, and felt a pleasant return of his waning courage. He slipped stealthily down the narrow stair, his hair rising and his pulses halting at the slightest creak. When he was halfway down, he was disturbed to perceive that the landing below was touched by a faint glow of light. What could that mean? Was his uncle still up? No, that was not likely; he must have left his night-taper there when he went to bed. Tom crept on down, pausing at every step to listen. He found the door standing open, and glanced in. What he saw pleased him beyond measure. His uncle was asleep on the sofa; on a small table at the head of the sofa a lamp was burning low, and by it stood the old man's small tin cash-box, closed. Near the box was a pile of bank-notes and a piece of paper covered with figures in pencil. The safe-door was not open. Evidently the sleeper had wearied himself with work upon his finances, and was taking a rest.

Tom set his candle on the stairs, and began to make his way toward the pile of notes, stooping low as he went. When he was passing his uncle, the old man stirred in his sleep, and Tom stopped instantly—stopped, and softly drew the knife from its sheath, with his heart thumping, and his eyes fastened upon his benefactor's face. After a moment or two he ventured forward again—one step—reached for his prize and seized it, dropping the knife-sheath. Then he felt the old man's strong grip upon him, and a wild cry of "Help! help!" rang in his ear. Without hesitation he drove the knife home—and was free. Some of the notes escaped from his left hand and fell in the blood on the floor. He dropped the knife and snatched them up and started to fly; transferred them to his left hand, and seized the knife again, in his fright and confusion, but remembered himself and flung it from him, as being a dangerous witness to carry away with him.

He jumped for the stair-foot, and closed the door behind him; and as he snatched his candle and fled upward, the stillness of the night was broken by the sound of urgent footsteps approaching the house. In another moment he was in his room and the twins were standing aghast over the body of the murdered man!

Tom put on his coat, buttoned his hat under it, threw on his suit of girl's clothes, dropped the veil, blew out his light, locked the room door by which he had just entered, taking the key, passed through his other door into the back hall, locked that door and kept the key, then worked his way along in the dark and descended the back stairs. He was not expecting to meet anybody, for all interest was centered in the other part of the house, now; his calculation proved correct. By the time he was passing through the back yard, Mrs. Pratt, her servants, and a dozen half-dressed neighbors had joined the twins and the dead, and accessions were still arriving at the front door.

As Tom, quaking as with a palsy, passed out at the gate, three women came flying from the house on the opposite side of the lane. They rushed by him and in at the gate, asking him what the trouble was there, but not waiting for an answer. Tom said to himself, "Those old maids waited to dress—they did the same thing the night Stevens's house burned down next door." In a few minutes he was in the haunted house. He lighted a candle and took off his girl-clothes. There was blood on him all down his left side, and his right hand was red with the stains of the blood-soaked notes which he had crushed in it; but otherwise he was free from this sort of evidence. He cleansed his hand on the straw, and cleaned most of the smut from his face. Then he burned his male and female attire to ashes, scattered the ashes, and put on a disguise proper for a tramp. He blew out his light, went below, and was soon loafing down the river road with the intent to borrow and use one of Roxy's devices. He found a canoe and paddled off down-stream, setting the canoe adrift as dawn approached, and making his way by land to the next village, where he kept out of sight till a transient steamer came along, and then took deck passage for St. Louis. He was ill at ease until Dawson's Landing was behind him; then he said to himself, "All the detectives on earth could n't trace me now; there's not a vestige of a clue left in the world; that homicide will take its place with the permanent mysteries, and people won't get done trying to guess out the secret of it for fifty years."

In St. Louis, next morning, he read this brief telegram in the papers—dated at Dawson's Landing:

Judge Driscoll, an old and respected citizen, was assassinated here about midnight by a profligate Italian nobleman or barber on account of a quarrel growing out of the recent election. The assassin will probably be lynched.

"One of the twins!" soliloquized Tom;

"how lucky! It is the knife that has done him this grace. We never know when fortune is trying to favor us. I actually cursed Pudd'nhead Wilson in my heart for putting it out of my power to sell that knife. I take it back, now."

Tom was now rich and independent. He arranged with the planter, and mailed to Wilson the new bill of sale which sold Roxana to herself; then he telegraphed his Aunt Pratt:

Have seen the awful news in the papers and am almost prostrated with grief. Shall start by packet to-day. Try to bear up till I come.

When Wilson reached the house of mourning and had gathered such details as Mrs. Pratt and the rest of the crowd could tell him, he took command as mayor, and gave orders that nothing should be touched, but everything left as it was until Justice Robinson should arrive and take the proper measures as coroner. He cleared everybody out of the room but the twins and himself. The sheriff soon arrived and took the twins away to jail. Wilson told them to keep heart, and promised to do his best in their defense when the case should come to trial. Justice Robinson came presently, and with him Constable Blake. They examined the room thoroughly. They found the knife and the sheath. Wilson noticed that there were finger-prints on the knife-handle. That pleased him, for the twins had required the earliest comers to make a scrutiny of their hands and clothes, and neither these people nor Wilson himself had found any blood-stains upon them. Could there be a possibility that the twins had spoken the truth when they said they found the man dead when they ran into the house in answer to the cry for help? He thought of that mysterious girl at once. But this was not the sort of work for a girl to be engaged in. No matter; Tom Driscoll's room must be examined.

After the coroner's jury had viewed the body and its surroundings, Wilson suggested a search up-stairs, and he went along. The jury forced an entrance to Tom's room, but found nothing, of course.

The coroner's jury found that the homicide was committed by Luigi, and that Angelo was accessory to it.

The town was bitter against the unfortunates, and for the first few days after the murder they were in constant danger of being lynched. The grand jury presently indicted Luigi for murder in the first degree, and Angelo as accessory before the fact. The twins were transferred from the city jail to the county prison to await trial.

Wilson examined the finger-marks on the knife-handle and said to himself, "Neither of

the twins made those marks." Then manifestly there was another person concerned, either in his own interest or as hired assassin.

But who could it be? That, he must try to find out. The safe was not open, the cash-box was closed, and had three thousand dollars in it. Then robbery was not the motive, and revenge was. Where had the murdered man an enemy except Luigi? There was but that one person in the world with a deep grudge against him.

The mysterious girl! The girl was a great trial to Wilson. If the motive had been robbery, the girl might answer; but there was n't any girl that would want to take this old man's life for revenge. He had no quarrels with girls; he was a gentleman.

Wilson had perfect tracings of the finger-marks of the knife-handle; and among his glass-records he had a great array of the finger-prints of women and girls, collected during the last fifteen or eighteen years, but he scanned them in vain, they successfully withstood every test; among them were no duplicates of the prints on the knife.

The presence of the knife on the stage of the murder was a worrying circumstance for Wilson. A week previously he had as good as admitted to himself that he believed Luigi had possessed such a knife, and that he still possessed it notwithstanding his pretense that it had been stolen. And now here was the knife, and with it the twins. Half the town had said the twins were humbugging when they claimed that they had lost their knife, and now these people were joyful, and said, "I told you so!"

If their finger-prints had been on the handle—but it was useless to bother any further about that; the finger-prints on the handle were *not* theirs—that he knew perfectly.

Wilson refused to suspect Tom; for first, Tom could n't murder anybody—he had n't character enough; secondly, if he could murder a person he would n't select his doting benefactor and nearest relative; thirdly, self-interest was in the way; for while the uncle lived, Tom was sure of a free support and a chance to get the destroyed will revived again, but with the uncle gone, that chance was gone, too. It was true the will had really been revived, as was now discovered, but Tom could not have been aware of it, or he would have spoken of it, in his native talky, unsecretive way. Finally, Tom was in St. Louis when the murder was done, and got the news out of the morning journals, as was shown by his telegram to his aunt. These speculations were unemphasized sensations rather than articulated thoughts, for Wilson would have laughed at the idea of seriously connecting Tom with the murder.

Wilson regarded the case of the twins as

desperate—in fact, about hopeless. For he argued that if a confederate was not found, an enlightened Missouri jury would hang them, sure; if a confederate was found, that would not improve the matter, but simply furnish one more person for the sheriff to hang. Nothing could save the twins but the discovery of a person who did the murder on his sole personal account—an undertaking which had all the aspect of the impossible. Still, the person who made the finger-prints must be sought. The twins might have no case *with* him, but they certainly would have none without him.

So Wilson mooned around, thinking, thinking, guessing, guessing, day and night, and arriving nowhere. Whenever he ran across a girl or a woman he was not acquainted with, he got her finger-prints, on one pretext or another; and they always cost him a sigh when he got home, for they never tallied with the finger-marks on the knife-handle.

As to the mysterious girl, Tom swore he knew no such girl, and did not remember ever seeing a girl wearing a dress like the one described by Wilson. He admitted that he did not always lock his room, and that sometimes

the servants forgot to lock the house doors; still, in his opinion the girl must have made but few visits or she would have been discovered. When Wilson tried to connect her with the stealing-raid, and thought she might have been the old woman's confederate, if not the very thief herself disguised as an old woman, Tom seemed struck, and also much interested, and said he would keep a sharp eye out for this person or persons, although he was afraid that she or they would be too smart to venture again into a town where everybody would now be on the watch for a good while to come.

Everybody was pitying Tom, he looked so quiet and sorrowful, and seemed to feel his great loss so deeply. He was playing a part, but it was not all a part. The picture of his alleged uncle, as he had last seen him, was before him in the dark pretty frequently, when he was awake, and called again in his dreams, when he was asleep. He would n't go into the room where the tragedy had happened. This charmed the doting Mrs. Pratt, who realized now, "as she had never done before," she said, what a sensitive and delicate nature her darling had, and how he adored his poor uncle.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mark Twain.

FRAGMENTS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I. LIFE IN LITERATURE AND LANGUAGE.

IT is the office and function of the imagination to renew life in lights and sounds and emotions that are outworn and familiar. It calls the soul back once more under the dead ribs of nature, and makes the meanest bush burn again, as it did to Moses, with the visible presence of God. And it works the same miracle for language. The word it has touched retains the warmth of life forever. We talk about the age of superstition and fable as if they were passed away, as if no ghost could walk in the pure white light of science, yet the microscope that can distinguish between the disks that float in the blood of man and ox is helpless, a mere dead eyeball, before this mystery of Being, this wonder of Life, the sympathy which puts us in relation with all nature, before that mighty circulation of Deity in which stars and systems are but as the blood-disks in our own veins. And so long as wonder lasts, so long will imagination find thread for her loom, and sit like the Lady of Shalott weaving that

magical web in which "the shows of things are accommodated to the desires of the mind."

It is precisely before this phenomenon of life in literature and language that criticism is forced to stop short. That it is there we know, but what it is we cannot precisely tell. It flits before us like the bird in the old story. When we think to grasp it, we already hear it singing just beyond us. It is the imagination which enables the poet to give away his own consciousness in dramatic poetry to his characters, in narrative to his language, so that they react upon us with the same original force as if they had life in themselves.

II. STYLE AND MANNER.

WHERE Milton's style is fine it is *very* fine, but it is always liable to the danger of degenerating into mannerism. Nay, where the imagination is absent and the artifice remains, as in some of the theological discussions in "Paradise Lost," it becomes mannerism of the most wearisome kind. Accordingly, he is easily parodied and easily imitated. Philips, in his "Splendid Shilling," has caught the trick exactly:

Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size
Smokes Cambrobriton (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he,
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares or at the Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclept Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil.

Philips has caught, I say, Milton's trick; his real secret he could never divine, for where Milton is best, he is incomparable. But all authors in whom imagination is a secondary quality, and whose merit lies less in what they say than in the way they say it, are apt to become mannerists, and to have imitators, because manner can be easily imitated. Milton has more or less colored all blank verse since his time, and, as those who imitate never fail to exaggerate, his influence has in some respects been mischievous. Thomson was well-nigh ruined by him. In him a leaf cannot fall without a Latinism, and there is circumlocution in the crow of a cock. Cowper was only saved by mixing equal proportions of Dryden in his verse, thus hitting upon a kind of cross between prose and poetry. In judging Milton, however, we should not forget that in verse the music makes a part of the meaning, and that no one before or since has been able to give to simple pentameters the majesty and compass of the organ. He was as much composer as poet.

How is it with Shakspeare? did he have no style? I think I find the proof that he had it, and that of the very highest and subtlest kind, in the fact that I can nowhere put my finger on it, and say it is here or there.¹

I do not mean that things in themselves artificial may not be highly agreeable. We learn by degrees to take a pleasure in the mannerism of Gibbon and Johnson. It is something like reading Latin as a living language. But in both these cases the man is only present by his thought. It is the force of that, and only that, which distinguishes them from their imitators, who easily possess themselves of everything else. But with Burke, who has true style, we have a very different experience. If we go along with Johnson or Gibbon, we are carried along by Burke. Take the finest specimen of him, for example, "The Letter to a Noble Lord." The sentences throb with the very pulse of the writer. As he kindles, the phrase glows and dilates, and we feel ourselves sharing in that warmth and expansion. At last we no longer read, we seem to hear him, so livingly is the whole man in what he writes; and when the spell is over, we can scarce believe that those dull types could have held such

ravishing discourse. And yet we are told that when Burke spoke in Parliament he always emptied the house.

I know very well what the charm of mere words is. I know very well that our nerves of sensation adapt themselves, as the wood of the violin is said to do, to certain modulations, so that we receive them with a readier sympathy at every repetition. This is a part of the sweet charm of the classics. We are pleased with things in Horace which we should not find especially enlivening in Mr. Tupper. Cowper, in one of his letters, after turning a clever sentence, says, "There! if that had been written in Latin seventeen centuries ago by Mr. Flaccus, you would have thought it rather neat." How fully any particular rhythm gets possession of us we can convince ourselves by our dissatisfaction with any emendation made by a contemporary poet in his verses. Posterity may think he has improved them, but we are jarred by any change in the old tune. Even without any habitual association, we cannot help recognizing a certain power over our fancy in mere words. In verse almost every ear is caught with the sweetness of alliteration. I remember a line in Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" which owes much of its fascination to three *m*'s, where he speaks of the Hebridean Isles

Far placed amid the melancholy main.

I remember a passage in Prichard's "Races of Man" which had for me all the moving quality of a poem. It was something about the Arctic regions, and I could never read it without the same thrill. Dr. Prichard was certainly far from being an inspired or inspiring author, yet there was something in those words, or in their collocation, that affected me as only genius can. It was probably some dimly felt association, something like that strange power there is in certain odors, which, in themselves the most evanescent and impalpable of all impressions on the senses, have yet a wondrous magic in recalling, and making present to us, some forgotten experience.

Milton understood the secret of memory perfectly well, and his poems are full of those little pitfalls for the fancy. Whatever you have read, whether in the classics, or in mediæval romance, all is there to stir you with an emotion not always the less strong because indefinable. Gray makes use of the same artifice, and with the same success.

There is a charm in the arrangement of words also, and that not only in verse, but in prose. The finest prose is subject to the laws of metrical proportion. For example, in the song of Deb-

¹ In his essay, "Shakspeare Once More" (Works, Vol. III., pages 36-42), published in 1868, Mr. Lowell

has treated of Shakspeare's style in a passage of extraordinary felicity and depth of critical judgment.

orah and Barak: "Awake, awake, Deborah! Awake, awake, utter a song! Arise, Barak, and lead thy captivity captive, thou son of Abinoam!" Or again, "At her feet he bowed; he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead."

Setting aside, then, all charm of association, all the influence to which we are unconsciously subjected by melody, by harmony, or even by the mere sound of words, we may say that style is distinguished from manner by the author's power of projecting his own emotion into what he writes. The stylist is occupied with the impression which certain things have made upon him; the mannerist is wholly concerned with the impression he shall make on others.

III. KALEVALA.

BUT there are also two kinds of imagination, or rather two ways in which imagination may display itself—as an active power or as a passive quality of the mind. The former reshapes the impressions it receives from nature to give them expression in more ideal forms; the latter reproduces them simply and freshly without any adulteration by conventional phrase, without any deliberate manipulation of them by the conscious fancy. Imagination as an active power concerns itself with expression, whether it be in giving that unity of form which we call art, or in that intenser phrase where word and thing leap together in a vivid flash of sympathy, so that we almost doubt whether the poet was conscious of his own magic, and whether we ourselves have not communicated the very charm we feel. A few such utterances have come down to us to which every generation adds some new significance out of its own store, till they do for the imagination what proverbs do for the understanding, and, passing into the common currency of speech, become the property of every man and no man. On the other hand, wonder, which is the raw material in which imagination finds food for her loom, is the property of primitive peoples and primitive poets. There is always here a certain intimacy with nature, and a consequent simplicity of phrases and images, that please us all the more as the artificial conditions remove us farther from it. When a man happens to be born with that happy combination of qualities which enables him to renew this simple and natural relation with the world about him, however little or however much, we call him a poet, and surrender ourselves gladly to his gracious and incommunicable gift. But the renewal of these conditions becomes with the advance of every generation in literary culture and social refinement more difficult. Ballads, for example, are never produced among cultivated people. Like the mayflower, they

love the woods, and will not be naturalized in the garden. Now, the advantage of that primitive kind of poetry of which I was just speaking is that it finds its imaginative components ready made to its hand. But an illustration is worth more than any amount of discourse. Let me read you a few passages from a poem which grew up under the true conditions of natural and primitive literature—remoteness, primitiveness of manners, and dependence on native traditions. I mean the epic of Finland—Kalevala.¹

I am driven by my longing,
Of my thought I hear the summons
That to singing I betake me,
That I give myself to speaking,
That our race's lay I utter,
Song for ages handed downward.
Words upon my lips are melting,
And the eager tones escaping
Will my very tongue outlasten,
Will my teeth, despite me, open.

Golden friend, beloved brother,
Dear one that grew up beside me,
Join thee with me now in singing,
Join thee with me now in speaking,
Since we here have come together,
Journeying by divers pathways;
Seldom do we come together,
One comes seldom to the other,
In the barren fields far-lying,
On the hard breast of the Northland.

Hand in hand together clasping,
Finger fast with finger clasping,
Gladly we our song will utter,
Of our lays will give the choicest—
So that friends may understand it,
And the kindly ones may hear it,
In their youth which now is waxing,
Climbing upward into manhood:
These our words of old tradition,
These our lays that we have borrowed
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kaukomeli,
From the bow of Jonkahainen,
From the borders of the ice-fields,
From the plains of Kalevala.

These my father sang before me,
As the ax's helve he fashioned;
These were taught me by my mother,
As she sat and twirled her spindle,
While I on the floor was lying,
At her feet, a child was rolling;
Never songs of Sampo failed her,
Magic songs of Lonhi never;
Sampo in her song grew aged,
Lonhi with her magic vanished,
In her singing died Wipunen,
As I played, died Luminkainen.
Other words there are a many,
Magic words that I have taught me,

¹ This translation is Mr. Lowell's, and, so far as I know, has not been printed.—C. E. NORTON.

Which I picked up from the pathway,
Which I gathered from the forest,
Which I snapped from wayside bushes,
Which I gleaned from slender grass-blades,
Which I found upon the foot-bridge,
When I wandered as a herd-boy,
As a child into the pastures,
To the meadows rich in honey,
To the sun-begoldened hilltops,
Following the black Maurikki
By the side of brindled Kimmo.

Lays the winter gave me also,
Song was given me by the rain-storm,
Other lays the wind-gusts blew me,
And the waves of ocean brought them;
Words I borrowed of the song-birds,
And wise sayings from the tree-tops.

Then into a skein I wound them,
Bound them fast into a bundle,
Laid upon my ledge the burthen,
Bore them with me to my dwelling,
On the garret beams I stored them,
In the great chest bound with copper.

Long time in the cold they lay there,
Under lock and key a long time;
From the cold shall I forth bring them?
Bring my lays from out the frost there
'Neath this roof so wide-renowned?
Here my song-chest shall I open,
Chest with runic lays o'errunning?
Shall I here untie my bundle,
And begin my skein unwinding?

Now my lips at last must close them
And my tongue at last be fettered;
I must leave my lay unfinished,
And must cease from cheerful singing;
Even the horses must repose them
When all day they have been running;
Even the iron's self grows weary
Mowing down the summer grasses;
Even the water sinks to quiet
From its rushing in the river;
Even the fire seeks rest in ashes
That all night bath roared and crackled;
Wherefore should not music also,
Song itself, at last grow weary
After the long eve's contentment
And the fading of the twilight?
I have also heard say often,
Heard it many times repeated,
That the cataract swift-rushing
Not in one gush spends its waters,
And in like sort cunning singers
Do not spend their utmost secret,
Yea, to end betimes is better
Than to break the thread abruptly.

Ending, then, as I began them,
Closing thus and thus completing,
I fold up my pack of ballads,
Roll them closely in a bundle,
Lay them safely in the storeroom,
In the strong bone-castle's chamber,
That they never thence be stolen,
Never in all time be lost thence,

Though the castle's wall be broken,
Though the bones be rent asunder,
Though the teeth may be pried open,
And the tongue be set in motion.

How, then, were it sang I always
Till my songs grew poor and poorer,
Till the dells alone would hear me,
Only the deaf fir-trees listen?
Not in life is she, my mother,
She no longer is aboveground;
She, the golden, cannot hear me,
'T is the fir-trees now that hear me,
'T is the pine-tops understand me,
And the birch-crowns full of goodness,
And the ash-trees now that love me!
Small and weak my mother left me,
Like a lark upon the cliff-top,
Like a young thrush 'mid the flintstones,
In the guardianship of strangers,
In the keeping of the stepdame.
She would drive the little orphan,
Drive the child with none to love him,
To the cold side of the chimney,
To the north side of the cottage,
Where the wind that felt no pity,
Bit the boy with none to shield him.
Larklike, then, I forth betook me,
Like a little bird to wander,
Silent, o'er the country straying
Yon and hither, full of sadness.
With the winds I made acquaintance,
Felt the will of every tempest,
Learned of bitter frost to shiver,
Learned too well to weep of winter.
Yet there be full many people
Who with evil voice assail me,
And with tongue of poison sting me,
Saying that my lips are skillless,
That the ways of song I know not,
Nor the ballad's pleasant turnings.
Ah, you should not, kindly people,
Therein seek a cause to blame me,
That, a child, I sang too often,
That, unfledged, I twittered only.
I have never had a teacher,
Never heard the speech of great men,
Never learned a word unhomely,
Nor fine phrases of the stranger.
Others to the school were going,
I alone at home must keep me,
Could not leave my mother's elbow,
In the wide world had her only;
In the house had I my schooling,
From the rafters of the chamber,
From the spindle of my mother,
From the axehelve of my father,
In the early days of childhood;
But for this it does not matter,
I have shown the way to singers,
Shown the way, and blazed the tree-bark,
Snapped the twigs, and marked the footpath;
Here shall be the way in future,
Here the track at last be opened
For the singers better-gifted,
For the songs more rich than mine are,
Of the youth that now are waxing,
In the good time that is coming!

Like Vergil's husbandman, our minstrel did not know how well off he was to have been without schooling. This, I think, every one feels at once to be poetry that sings itself. It makes its own tune, and the heart beats in time to its measure. By and by poets will begin to say, like Goethe, "I sing as the bird sings"; but this poet sings in that fashion without thinking of it or knowing it. And it is the very music of his race and country which speaks through him with such simple paths. Finland is the mother, and Russia is the stepdame, and the listeners to the old national lays grow fewer every day.

Before long the Fins will be writing songs in the manner of Heine, and dramas in imitation of "Faust." Doubtless the material of original poetry lies in all of us, but in proportion as the mind is conventionalized by literature, it is apt to look about it for models, instead of looking inward for that native force which makes models, but does not follow them. This rose of originality which we long for, this bloom of imagination whose perfume enchants us—we can seldom find it when it is near us, when it is part of our daily lives.

James Russell Lowell.

CONTRASTS OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCENERY.



HAVING lately visited England after a long absence, my mind, both there and since my return, has been busy with the subject of the relations between our scenery and that of the Old World. I visited a dull part of Hampshire; on leaving the house where I was staying, it was necessary to get up to an early breakfast to catch a train. Two young soldiers, very pleasant and friendly fellows, who went away at the same time, were in the cab with me. Reference was made to the scenery, and one of them, who had been in America, said, "You Americans may not always say you admire England, but in your hearts you know there is nothing like it." I looked out of the cab window at the flat and very rolled-out landscape, cut up into squares and plots by iron fences, which, however, with its sparse oaks standing here and there, was not without a classic grace, and thought of the fresh and magic outlines of the Virginian mountains. But the hour was much too early and too drowsy to allow of any expression of dissent. It is an old question, that between the scenery of the two worlds. It is a simple one, however, with an obvious answer. Here it is primeval and virgin nature; there, nature affected by man and art.

The difference between European and American trees and woodlands is significant of this. Early in September an acquaintance took me to look at a remarkable oak on his place in Essex, which he said had been thought by some persons to be a relic of the ancient British forest. This oak, which was not very high, threw its powerful arms straight out in all directions over a wide space of ground. Certainly such a tree could not have stood in an aboriginal forest. There would not have been sufficient sun to produce so great an amount of leafage, and there would have been no room for such a vast lateral extension. It so hap-

pened that only a few months before, in June perhaps, I had seen in Tennessee a good deal of a forest which was almost virgin. The trees went straight upward to a great height, the boles being clean of branches a long distance from the ground, and the leafage scant except at the top, where it received the sun. I rode into the middle of this forest. The trees were often so close together that it would have been hard for a horse to go between them, and my horse followed the bed of a stream which was so shallow that it scarcely more than wet his fetlocks, the rhododendrons being very thick on each side of me. Halting in the midst of the level floor of the forest, it was an impressive scene which I found. The pale and lofty trunks stood everywhere parallel, and with a stately decorum and regularity, except where, half-way up the adjacent mountain-side, some tumbling trees, leaning at angles against their surrounding fellows, which had arrested them in falling, varied the universal propriety with a noble confusion, the gray trunks looking like mighty fallen pillars of a ruined temple. The scene around me was without a voice—such faint, occasional twitter of bird life as there was serving only to deepen the stillness. Where was the voice of the place? There was continuous twilight, touched here and there by some stray sunbeam which a rift overhead had let through. At the foot of some vast column I found the morning-glory, surprised in such a place to come upon this ornament of the domestic sill, and companion of the bright face of childhood. But the hue of its glistening cup was as fresh and dewy amid these religious shadows as if in some sun-lighted and human garden spot; the flower, however, not without a sense of exile, and conscious, as it seemed to me, of the absence of those welcome voices and shining faces of the cottage door.

It is true that our scenery is not very rich

in its associations of human history. This source of interest we have here only to a slight degree. But the landscape has its own history. Is it not well to consider that history? Is not scenery made more impressive by the study of those sublime changes which have prepared the world which we see, and may not the disclosures of men of science, so far as the unlearned are capable of comprehending them, be brought to the service of the sense of natural beauty? There are, indeed, times when one fancies that the historic facts linger on the face of nature. Chautauqua Lake, in the southwestern part of the State of New York, not many miles south of Lake Erie, is a fine sheet of clear water, a few miles long, and perhaps a mile wide. One perfectly clear evening I sat in a boat on the lake, the quiet surface of which was encompassed by a crimson stain possessing the entire circle of the horizon, with the pale azure of the sky above without a cloud. The red hues were in the air and upon the bosom of the lake. The only other occupant of the boat was a young girl, whose youthful coloring was blended with, and was a part of, that in the air and upon the waters. We spoke of the mighty change of which this still lake had once been the scene. The lake's outlet was at one time northward into Lake Erie, and through the St. Lawrence to the ocean. But the Ice Age came, and dumped a lot of debris to the north of Chautauqua, which forced the waters of the lake southward into the Ohio, so that they now seek the Atlantic through the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. A reminiscence of those boreal ages lingered on the chill shores and in the crystal heavens, a sense of the pole and of arctic scenes. Of this mighty event we talked, two waifs or motes floating in the atmosphere of the roseate evening, as transient as the diaphanous vapors which surrounded us.

Another contrast there may be in the scenery of the two lands. There is this to be said of English scenery: it is suitable to the luxury and comfort of English country life. It is appropriate to the English flesh-pots. There are plenty of country-houses throughout England in which material comforts are of the best, and which at certain seasons contain much agreeable company of both sexes. I had some experience of such a house in Surrey. The library was excellent; for a wonder the weather was good, the ephemeral British sunshine remain-

ing all day on the southern walls, and really lavish among those flowers of the garden you do not know by name. Easily detained by such an existence, you are not inclined to anything more active than some kind of pleasant reading, and are likely to lose your place at that, while your gaze rests upon the hills to the west. To such a life and such a state of mind the vague, soft aspect of the Surrey hills was most suitable—two impalpable ranges of hills, alluring to the eyes. Essences they seemed, rather than substance or matter, and unreal, save in their gentle, emerald coloring; and they were always lying there, quivering as in a dream—a mirage which did not go away.

If there is an agreement between luxury and English scenery, my sentiment is that, on the contrary, luxury does not suit our scenery. An iron foundry, strange to say, does no harm; a forge, a factory by the side of a pond filled with water-lilies (I have now in mind the New England landscape)—these are not unsuitable. But a fine house in some way is, and my sense of incongruity extends as well to those mansions which a friend describes as Queen Anne in the front and Mary Ann in the rear. Architecture, both private and public, should be such as is suited to the local requirements and history. A white spire, for instance, marking such a church as New England farmers have built for generations, what an eloquent object in a wide and undulating view! The manner of life should be simple also. An eight-o'clock dinner and champagne are out of place. People should dine in the middle of the day. The evening meal, however, should be late, for it is a serious mistake to take the hour of sunset, for which the twenty-four have been a preparation, as one in which to eat something. In our semi-tropical summer people should adopt the tropical habit of rising early; it will do, however, if they are out of doors, say, within an hour after sunrise, for it is not till then that the dawn becomes "incense-breathing"; this quality the air has not acquired when the sun first appears. And yet it seems a great pity that the sunrise, that most auspicious of nature's facts, should not be noticed, at any rate from one's bedroom window. Its advent is never so benign as in a sky without a cloud; the orb, as it emerges, kindling the rim of the verdant meadow with cheerful promise—irresistible sign of life and friend of man.

E. S. Nadal.

HUNTING AN ABANDONED FARM IN UPPER NEW ENGLAND.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. A. MORLEY.

"THE PROFESSOR'S BARGAIN."

WHEN you look at the map you see a region in southwestern Massachusetts quite free from railroads. The points of departure for it, from below, are Canaan, Norfolk, or Winsted, Connecticut, by stage. I left Canaan post-office one day at 1 P. M., and arrived at Southfield, in the heart of the region in question, at half-past three. The stage was a two-horse wagon, with room for six, but the seating, as well as the freighting, space that day was occupied by kegs of nails and boxes of soap destined for an uncommonly prosperous store in the half ruinous village of Mill River, which we went two miles out of our way to visit. If one went directly to Southfield by private conveyance, one could do it much more quickly than we did. The drive back could be made inside an hour, for the way there is nearly all one long, gradual ascent.

My sole fellow-passenger was at first silent, but he grew voluble when the subject of farm-property was hit upon. It was a favorite topic, it appeared, with him as with me. He knew of a large old house over North Granby way, with seven acres of land—a place which had been run as a hotel for some sixty years, but I could have the whole for about \$700. In case that did not suit, he would sell me his own farm, a hundred and fifty acres, for \$1400; or if this were more land than I needed, then he would let the buildings and fifty acres of it go for \$800—fifty acres, he said, being enough to maintain a horse and four cows, and to furnish all the wood required.

"Reason for selling: I ain't no farmer," said he, "and I've made up my mind it's time for me to get out of it."

"How do you know you are not?" I asked. "On what grounds do you base the conclusion?"

"Well, I've tried it 'bout eighteen years, and I hain't succeeded. I guess that's basis enough."

But it appeared in conversation with him that he was one of the kind of men who never succeed in anything. He had been a miller, and had "swopped off" the mill for the farm, trusting to reap from agriculture the brilliant profits which he found the rumbling millstones and the flying grain-powder could never give.

Granby is a good deal of a horse-market; it has also some curious, disused mines, where prisoners were once kept before the State prison at Weathersfield was built. I was obliged to note the district as a promising field for further research.

The interest of the conversation did not prevent a diligent lookout on my part for such roughness as this back-country district might fairly be expected to present. Strangely enough, it was nowhere to be found. Traveling, after all, is merely a process of dissipating preconceived impressions, or of confirming them, and in this case preconceived impressions had to go. It is true that four ruined paper-mills at the village of Mill River were picturesque evidence of the shifting of an economic center, and their value to summer sketch-classes and the like can hardly be said to counterbalance it. But the roads in general were hard and good, marked at their intersections with fresh, neat guide-posts; and the pleasant, undulating farm-country was free from any trace of crudeness. Southfield, when we reached it, set in its cup-like hollow of the hills, might have been taken, from a distance, for some pretty little French village. Just at its entrance we saw great heaps of wholesome-looking cheeses staring out at us as best they could through the windows of a thriving creamery. The village had a convenient water-supply, piped into the houses from a generous spring on a hillside above, and, furthermore, it had telephone communication with Great Barrington, though this was now temporarily suspended through lack of sufficient patronage.

A single grassy street, and scarcely more, constituted this hamlet—a street of small, neat white or gray houses, with here and there one

citified with yellow ocher. Two small white meeting-houses show their Christopher Wren steeples complacently. Time has been when all these white country meeting-houses alike seemed to freeze the imagination with their coldness; but times change, and we with them. The charming grace and lightness of design that many of them possess have been recognized; their whiteness is a refreshing spot amid the greenery: in short, they are coming back into favor again, with the many other nice old-fashioned things of the period, and the invasion of Gothic chapels that succeeded them had better look well to the security of its domination.

A professor known to literary fame had made his summer home in this benighted village, and a group of Vassar College teachers were just taking an old house here, with the privilege of buying it if it suited them. Trusting he will never see these lines, I must tell you about the professor's bargain. It might fairly be considered the manor of the place. Through a screen of pleasant shade-trees, it faced the verdant open stretch of the public green. Its nearest neighbor was the village school-house, whose honest-faced, freckled little inmates would come out and play on the green with a merry clamor that ought to have given yet added value to the location. The owner appeared to have found his place after many researches like my own, and a diligent study of the official catalogues as heretofore described; and found it, too, at a highly reasonable price. It combined so many advantages that, for the nonce, it seemed quite useless to look for any other place, through fear of being devoured by envy in the retrospect. He was sufficiently retired, and yet was in the center where he might either keep a horse or not, as he chose. Fifteen acres of his own fell away behind him, down a slope to a little stream, a domain large enough to be garden, farm, and park combined, and which happily contained within itself nearly all the most desirable forms of rural charm. Distant Mount Everett rose upon the horizon blue and full of dignity. The upper field was rather wet, it is true, and needed draining. Then came a second pasture, with a few old pear-trees, apple-trees, and nut-trees scattered over it. It descended to a nearly level bench of land, with a fragrant pine-grove upon it, to breathe the odors of Araby. The Eldest about you on a summer day, and furthermore there were plenty of wild strawberries in the carpet of the pine-grove. Still a little farther down, there crossed the end of the property—in and out of and over its large stepping-stones—a fine, strong, babbling trout-brook, hazel-eyed and limpid. It was the kind of brook to lend itself readily to any hydraulic devices that affectionate ingenuity and the leisure of vacation might invent, though probably

the very best thing to do with such a brook is to leave it decidedly alone to its own natural charm.

In this property I looked on at some small inroads which that famous pest the hardhack had made. Its doings had almost an amusing human interest. The hardhack is the arch-enemy in certain rural districts. It is a shrub of about the general look of a huckleberry-bush. Its roots take hold on the lowermost hard-pan, and never let go if they can help it. It invades only fairly good soil, the really poor land being free from it. It must be burned over, or plowed under, or grubbed up, or fed upon by sheep, or the land must be planted with young pines. There is an irreconcilable conflict, it seems, between the pines and hardhack. You hear all of the above methods and others recommended, but, after all, certain people claim that it will take a hundred dollars an acre thoroughly to eradicate it. It is evident, therefore, that whether you pay five or fifty dollars an acre for land, you won't care to have much hardhack on it. A fight here was going on between the hardhack and the young pines wind-sown from the grove above mentioned. These were everywhere distinguishable by their yellowish tufts amid the darker green. It whimsically recalled one of those combats where the cavaliers of the lively painter Wouwerman slash and cut among the enemy in an inextricable *mêlée*. Beyond the area of the wind-sown pines, a swarm of hardhacks was charging the hill with the vigor of a storming-party or a football "flying-wedge."

One could catch, in the mind's ear, their yell of victory. But this misguided party reckoned without their host. My visit thither was in May; in the long vacation following, the professor arrived, and fell upon them with devastating ax and stump-grubber, and I have been given to understand since that the hardhacks were reduced to a becoming state of subordination.

I have now cited a number of cases going to show the material of the superior sort that is filling up the places of the absent on the "abandoned farms"; and more will follow as the narrative proceeds. The place here in question was got at a bargain, as I have said; yet this was not through the general argument of "farm decay in New England," but owing, I think, to some private and local necessity on the part of its owner. Desiring to remove to another town a small manufacturing business he was carrying on there, he realized upon his property, and sold out for what he could get. If all the property put upon the market from similar motives, even in town, were enumerated, it would make a formidable showing. What fallacious arguments, what pictures of gloom, for instance, might not be based upon

a catalogue of all the houses standing vacant, for any cause, in New York!

The success of residents for the summer would not naturally bear positively upon the problem of living with comfort in the country for a good part of the year, or even for the year through. I like to believe, and it was much kept in mind during these researches, that the ordinary plan should be reversed; people should spend nine or ten months in the country and two or three in town, instead of vice versa, as now.

A manufacture of whip-lashes was carried on in a small way in this hamlet, an industry sending a pleasant, quiet hum to the ear. Stepping into the "shops," you could see some small wheels, revolving in an iron caldron, throw the deer-skin thongs over one another, and braid them with a more than human deftness and speed. But there was only one store, and neither butcher nor baker. Some wagons used to come around with various supplies, but I learned that these were not to be depended upon as a resource for the winter. And though the stage-driver would do your commissions for a consideration, the most sagacious of stage-drivers could not be expected to have that infallible accuracy which would take the place of personal visit and inspection. I went out alone one evening, to try to realize how the place would seem supposing one were actually living there. What resources would be open to the promenader at the hour, say, of eight P. M.? The lights seemed already out in the houses, or if here and there they burned still, it was only in some obscure kitchen at the rear. The steady chirrup of tree-toad and cricket occupied the night, broken in upon occasionally by the note of the whippoorwill or the stamp of some horse in his stable. There was a light, however, in the country store, and I pushed the door open and entered. A postmaster was silently figuring his accounts at a desk in the corner, a couple of men were playing checkers at a table, overlooked by two or three others, while two half-grown country boys whispered confidentially together of things peculiar to themselves. But now a "traveler" for one of the whip-shops came in, and stirred up the men playing at checkers, and enlivened the place with some quite citified quips and pranks. This, however, could not always be expected; the young man had only "laid over" a few days, on a visit to his family. In general the sedate club must depend upon its own resources.

In midwinter, I learned, a weekly "sociable" is held among the inhabitants in a hall over the chief whip-lash shop. A long table is spread in picnic fashion with refreshments contributed by the members; "bean-bag" throwing and similar diversions are indulged in, but dancing

is against the general convictions, and not permitted.

Certain city people might not think that all this promised well; but indeed it promised very well as compared with certain other things — with the isolation of a farm shut in by the darkness of the hills, for instance. There should be nothing about it to discourage the aspirant for country life. Let the advantages and disadvantages of each state of life be properly kept in mind — a difficult thing to do, no doubt, since the disadvantages that are nearest are forever obtruding themselves in undue prominence. However, it promises well to the haggard man, distracted by cares, noises, his immense distances, weighed down by the bare mechanical obstacles of life in the metropolis that often render its all-alleged social advantages and amusements completely nugatory. For what would such a man retreat to the country? Why, for the restfulness of nature, for an opportunity to go early to bed, to get a proper acquaintance with his own family, to cultivate his own resources. And he would expect and desire to live chiefly by daylight instead of by lamplight.

A much more important matter would be the probable temper of one's new associates in all the little points of contact with them in practical every-day life. Might it not be that, used only to a certain limited routine of views and practices, they would look upon these as having something of the sacredness of the laws of the Medes and Persians, and, strong in their majority, would too severely expect the newcomer to conform? There is something formidable and repellent in such an attitude, and if it chanced to exist, it might easily ruin all hope of success. Not to go so far as Renan, who said he would even prefer an immoral community to a narrow one, one would wish to count upon a liberal construing for the best of all his variations from the local type. All questions of social distinctions apart, he would want to feel sure of an atmosphere of friendliness and approval as the proper background of the whole experiment. Have I said it already? Then let me repeat it again: the element of the unknown in the problem remains so large, even after studious efforts to solve it, that the prudent would find some means of trying rural life before committing himself to it irretrievably. He ought to hire one of these places for a year, with the privilege of buying. But I fear very few would rent him a place on such terms.

Southfield is remote, if you will, but it is in the southern Berkshires, and nothing over-primitive is now to be looked for in any of that Berkshire district, of which Lenox, Stockbridge, and Pittsfield, full of their opulent villas, are a part. Becket is yet more remote than Southfield, and

Sandisfield is more remote than Becket, the latter having no railroad connection nearer than fifteen miles. Farms were liberally catalogued in them all, but many had been sold, or withdrawn from sale, before my arrival. One vender, for instance, instead of selling out, had bought the advertised place adjoining his own, and thrown the two together.

"Chicago people" were coming in at Sandisfield, and were arranging great trout-breeding ponds and the like. Becket, on the other hand, was becoming popular for summer homes, especially among people from Springfield, Massachusetts. Let it be borne in mind that it is not New York alone that wants villas and country

the display of his own importance rather than reverence for the past. Not such, however, was the basis of the large stock-farm that had lately given a new life to the village of New Marlborough. This was composed of a number of abandoned, or in other words cheap, farms all thrown into one, under the proprietorship of a wealthy New York man. The prosperous new owner was fond of gathering around him his own kind. The horn of the four-in-hand was heard in the land, as they drove back and forth from Lenox and Stockbridge. Other city people, too, were coming in on a more modest scale. The red and yellow ochers that mark our latest modern stage of evolution in house-painting



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

AN ANCESTRAL FARM-HOUSE.

FROM A SKETCH BY THE AUTHOR.

homes, and that has the money to pay for them: every prosperous small city in the north adds its contingent to the demand. The district I treat of is to have its railroad after all, it seems, a fact which I state with no enthusiasm. No doubt capitalists looked at the map one day, and remarked with surprise what a considerable stretch there was without any. "This will never do," they said; so I am told they projected one. It is to start out from somewhere near Great Barrington, connect various of these disconnected points, and bring up somewhere about Westfield.

A distinct type of person who takes up the old farms is the prosperous son who comes back and "fixes up" the old homestead for his country residence. Him you find everywhere. Often he has no great taste or delicacy in his way of treating the old place. His best testimony of affection is generally to enlarge and make it over, winking, staring new, so that its best friend would never recognize it, and then to set up there some florid exhibition of stock-raising or other fancy farming. His motive, in short, is

were cropping out; every farmer had a new and shrewd appreciation of the worth of his acres and his mountain view; and this one circumstance of the establishment of the large stock-farm bade fair to banish "the timid spirit of inexpensiveness" from that locality permanently.

A measure of disappointment awaited me at the pretty town of Monterey, four miles farther on. My objective point there had been a certain twelve-room house, with its 200 acres of land, living springs, trout-brook, and maple-sugar grove (of 300 trees), the whole on the shore of Lake Garfield, and to be had for \$1200. But scarcely had I entered the town when my eye fell upon the following item in the local paper:

Real estate is booming in town, Mr. P— [I omit name] having sold one of his farms to Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. T— having sold the old homestead on Mount Hunger, where he was born, to New York parties. Immediate possession. The purchaser proposes building new, on a rise of ground west of the old buildings, where he can overlook the lake.

34 HUNTING AN ABANDONED FARM IN UPPER NEW ENGLAND.

That was precisely the place, this latter one on Mount Hunger,—inauspicious name, to be sure,—and I have never known to this day whether it possessed half the attractions that the catalogue claimed for it. There were others. The country thereabouts was, all things considered, one of the most promising that I saw. An amiable, hospitable temper on the part of the people that I met added to this effect. I recall especially two very "sightly" places, as the expression goes. One, for only \$800, was opposite a little common, near which were

price was \$2000. Looking back upon it all now, I scarcely know why I did not return from the expedition under contract to buy not merely one but a dozen of the farms. In that sweet month of May, with the delicious apple-blossoms drifting slowly to the ground, each and every one of them had its moving attractions. This last is the one of those that I mentally bought, and then at once I mentally began to get into all the difficulties that provisions, the servant question, the horse question, the isolation, and the untried disposition



DRAWN BY ERIC FAPE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE PLEASANT COUNTRY LIFE.

a district school and other neighbors. I did not look closely into the quality of land, some forty acres of it. It was suitably divided into mowing, pasture, and woodland, and sixteen acres of it were said to be proper for cultivation. Naturally, the buildings could not be expected to be wonderful for that money; something would certainly have to be expended upon them: yet they were of good size, they grouped well, and the group stood well back from the road. A discerning eye might see that it was a place you could make something of, whereas many others of far more pretensions and cost were so hopelessly commonplace and unfit in site and looks as to be beyond correction.

The second place mentioned had twice as much land; and the house had ten rooms, was considerably nearer the post-office, stood in a dignified way on a knoll of its own, shaded by fine maple-trees, and overlooked the lake. Its

of a city family would naturally involve us in. The people hereabout are favored with summer-boarders; their twelve or fourteen hundred feet elevation, their good air and water, and nearness to the heart of the Berkshire Hills, procure them this patronage. Whatever may be said of the summer-boarder otherwise, he has at least a certain liberalizing influence; the country district that he frequents is apt to shake off some of its narrowness, and to acquire the habit of treating the prejudices of strangers with comfortable consideration.

The persons with houses to dispose of had much confidence in them, for often they had them photographed with snow on the ground. The selling agent would have sent you a photograph of the one above mentioned, if you had asked for it, shown half-buried in the drifts of a great blizzard. Here indeed is the reverse of the shield; here the very antipodes of the



FROM A PAINTING BY J. ALDEN WEIR.

A WARM CORNER.

apple-blossoming. Yet I cannot say that even this picture gives me pause to any effectual extent: I rather think, as I look at it, of the healthful labor in those drifts, of the keen, bracing air, of the swift rush of the sleigh along the hard roads, and of the ring and scrape of the gliding skates over the black ice of the wintry ponds.

Monterey begins to be near a region of distinguished fashion. An eight miles' drive thence westward brings us to Great Barrington and a main artery of travel once more, the Housatonic railroad. Monument Mountain, inspiration to the poet Bryant, soon hove in sight as we advanced to Barrington, its native ruggedness veiled here by the delicate spring foliage, as if it were gently trying to prove an alibi. This was the termination of the long, roundabout, twenty-five-mile ride I had taken north-westward from Canaan. "Barrington" the country people call it for short. Perhaps even greater unceremoniousness would be desirable here for fear that all simple, natural feeling may be overpowered in time by the growth of a portentous grandeur, may be overawed by vast granite mansions and mammoth conventional inns. Bryant's early homestead makes part of the modish Berkshire Inn, but relegated to the rear, and now used as servants' quarters. You remember that French marquise, who, when she was bored in the country, and they asked her why she did not do this, that, and the other,

replied, "*Mais je n'aime pas les plaisirs innocents!*" Well, village improvement societies and roadside developments are all very well, but that is what many of our over-prosperous villages seem to be coming to.

A sprinkling of better-dressed and cosmopolitan-looking persons appeared in the trains, perhaps taking a run up in the charming spring days for a look at their Lenox and Stockbridge villas. To inquire for cheap or abandoned farms in these localities would hardly seem practical enterprise, and yet I am not so sure but thorough investigation might ferret out some bargains even hereabout; just as front seats are always found in church even when the body of the house is full. There is a farm near West Stockbridge of 225 acres, with an eight-room house and three barns, which had been sold a little before for \$3000 or less. Lenox lay only five miles distant from it, and Pittsfield only twelve. With such excellent markets at hand, and at that price, it seemed almost as if one might raise small fruits, eggs, poultry, and dairy products enough to reap a fortune.

Were I to devote even a brief mention to each of the farms visited that presented some points of interest, this account would be swollen to undue proportions. I pass a large number of them untouched. In a general way all fall into four classes. First, there was the poor shanty dwelling, with some considerable stretch of

starved land, the price of which would be a few hundred dollars. Next, the story-and-a-half house, with from fifty to one hundred acres of ground, "run down," but not without tangible merits, for from \$1000 to \$2000. A number of good-sized village houses, out of repair and without land, would also come within this class. Thirdly, the two-story house, in good repair, its farm in good order, for from \$2000 upward — \$2500 being a fair average price for a place of this kind, something that was really worth while. Lastly comes the list of stock-farms, dairy-farms, and summer boarding-houses, with names of their own. These would be held at from \$5000 up to \$20,000, and their owners had no idea of selling them at a bargain, but put them into the catalogues only to snatch the opportunity for some free advertising. Apart from a few rare exceptions, the houses that were for sale cheap either were in

things, abandoned to decay, after the numerous pathetic stories to that effect with which we have grown familiar; and I returned from my trip finally in a very skeptical frame of mind about such stories.

I hasten northward now in Massachusetts, past the grave majesty of Graylock, eastward through the Hoosac tunnel, through sylvan Deerfield and Greenfield, and I cross the New Hampshire line just above Winchendon. They try to make you forget the Hoosac tunnel by lighting the lamps brilliantly, so that you may read your paper as you go through it,— as they do not for you in the Mont Cenis,— but they neglect to put these lamps out afterward, and if it is a summer day, the car is hot and stuffy the rest of the afternoon. Much fine agricultural country was passed, and there were many counties well-catalogued which I was able to study only from the car window, after the fa-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

WAITING FOR AN ARTIST.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

a condition of deplorable neglect, or else had never been good for anything from the first. In addition, they would lie away off on some forlorn back road, in places all but impossible of access. Not even once did I see any fine mansion or notable homestead, capable of better

vorite method of a leading statesman some years since. The farms seemed to grow larger as we went northward. Straight, formal pine-groves stood up here and there, like Puritan train-bands on parade. One Massachusetts village offered as an inducement to settlers a free omnibus



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

IN THE TWILIGHT OF ITS FORTUNES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. WELLS CHAMPEY.

which would convey their children to and from school, and I think this idea has made some little progress elsewhere. The town of Miller's Falls offered the spectacle of a young bridal pair pelted with rice to the train — pelted by enthusiastic friends through the station to the very steps of their car. The couple bent before the unappeasable storm in a sulky way. As they stopped in the vestibule of the parlor-car to shake the rice out of their collars and to prepare to meet the awaiting audience within, one could but hope that such delicate social tact was more than rare in the region.

I had long since passed the limit of any preliminary engagements partly made by letter. The objective point now was Jaffrey, and the circle of villages that cluster as in reverence around the fine, isolated mountain of Monadnock, in southern New Hampshire. I bethought me of taking some opinions on my marked list of places at Winchendon before actually setting out to see them. I do not know why a town of the settled aspect of Winchendon should have such an influx of new people just then. My landlord was freshly arrived in the place, the druggist was new, the livery-stable keeper was new. A court clerk, who was also put down in the directory as a real-estate agent, could not be found after three or four visits to his office. An early settler was then obligingly hunted for

me, an oracle who was alleged to know everything that the mind of man was capable of knowing concerning the region.

"What do you think, then, of this first place on the list?" I asked, pointing it out to the oracle.

"I don't know as I know anything about that one," he returned, with a cautious air.

"What of this second one?"

"I guess I ain't much acquainted with that place."

The next question, the next, and still the next, met with no better response.

"Suppose we drop the list," I went on; "will you kindly give me a few points about *any* farms you have noticed as for sale that come within the conditions mentioned."

"Well, I don't know as I know of any — not just now," responded the vaunted oracle, uneasily. The oracle had proved a broken reed.

The livery-stable keeper said he was going to send out a man to bill the towns for a coming circus. If I cared to ride with this man, he said I would have an exceptional opportunity to see and to hear of any and all real estate that might be for sale in the country. This, indeed, seemed to promise well, and it certainly promised some amusing glimpses into life and character. But a condition precedent to it was the coming of the special railroad car contain-

ing the circus posters with other properties. The car was so much belated, that I could not wait for it, and thus I have never billed any town for a circus—in connection with light, sociological study, and the problem of modest country homes for persons of limited means.

There were catalogued farms in Rindge and East Rindge, in Fitzwilliam, in Peterboro', in Jaffrey, and Troy—such farms everywhere but in Dublin, which has been taken possession of by a colony of the élite, and grown fashionable and dear. Jaffrey is called "Jeffrey" on the spot. I was driven in all some twenty miles across the country, west from the station of East Jaffrey, to the little manufacturing town of Troy. My driver was a French-Canadian. I came to know he was a Canadian by his saying that his horse did not speak a word of English, though he himself, in speech, ways, and looks, was thoroughly assimilated to the indigenous Yankee type.

I had heard below some wonderful stories of the cheapness with which one could drive at Jaffrey, but I found that here, as elsewhere in these jaunts, driving about in the country cost but little less than city prices.

The fine, umbrageous, cathedral-like streets of the earlier part of my journey were much less frequent now. The sparse shade-trees along the main road at Jaffrey let in the sunlight freely, and a few young maples that had been set out about the three meeting-houses on the common—no Sir Christopher Wren steeples upon these meeting-houses, either!—would require many years before reaching a respectable maturity. Jaffrey had long been a familiar word; but here, once more, how rarely one gets the least idea what a place is like until one goes there. I was surprised to find Jaffrey rather a new-looking hamlet with a sandy soil. There is nothing striking about it in itself; it has for its sole attractions a dry, pleasant air, which the sandy formation favors, and the grand mountain always making a picture in the background. It is frequented by people from Boston and other parts of populous upper New England. The wayfarer from New York has to remember that the apparent remoteness to which he has withdrawn is only very relative; the farther he has got away from New York, the nearer he has come to a new and almost as busy a sphere of influence.

A New York man lately bought one of the local farms. It was in sight, on a hilltop, from the door of our inn. He was going in for something expensive, to take the place of his yacht or his four-in-hand, and was thus quite outside the pale of this inquiry, which may be considered more as devoted to outwitting destiny rather than dealing with her as one high contracting party with another. In that country

a hill-slope was called a "pitch"; we were always going up a pitch or down a pitch. They were pleasant pitches that took us down, then up again, to the cheap farm tenanted by a French-Canadian, a swarthy, pock-marked little man, with bead-like eyes, speaking English not merely broken, but pulverized, and much too full of profanity. You could perhaps have got that farm for six hundred dollars. You would have had to build a new house upon it, and the land was very likely no great affair; but, oh, what delightful boulders it had, and what a park-like screen of trees behind the house! The road through the pasture was a very painter's road, and it wound in part amid pine-trees that gave out their richest balsamic fragrance under the genial warming of the summer sun.

Going on, I cared much less for the hotel and 200 acres, on the shoulder of Monadnock, that \$4000, or, at any rate, \$6000, would have bought. I marked with special stars of admiration a well-kept place we passed which had been entered in the catalogue for \$4000, but had gone, at a recent auction-sale, for no more than \$1000. That was one of the chances that fall to persons born under a lucky star. Down in the bottom-lands, by a stream, was a house, not bad, but indeed rather good, with six acres of land for \$400. Both its well and spring were hopelessly plugged up, and the only resource for water was to bring it from a neighboring brook. Occasionally there would be a cabin and three or four acres on the market for \$150 or \$200—a poor dwelling, certainly, but the view of grand Monadnock was comprised in its title. How worthy, how even regal, it was, compared not merely with the abodes of the poor in the metropolis, but with those in which a larger part of the fairly well-to-do are, for their sins, compelled to live.

I regret, among others, a large old house on a hillock, with barns and woodsheds all joined to it in the same group, with a farm of sixty acres—the whole valued at \$1000. It had some strange inconsistencies. For instance, although there was classic ornament in its cornice, its upper story had never been "done off" into chambers; again, though the entrance-hall was wide and spacious, there were no balusters on the stairs. Its most particular lack, however, now seemed a pine-grove. I could hardly find it in my heart to forgive such a deficiency in a region where pine was so plentiful, and my taste had been set upon one ever since my stop at Southfield.

We passed at length the shoulder of scarred old Monadnock, and had left the white mountain-house showing high above like a patch of the last winter's snow. We came to a maiden sitting picturesquely under a tree by the road,

shelling peas. A house, standing far back from the border of the route, corresponded not a little to this its pleasing inmate and frontispiece. There comes a time in such researches — and it had come long before this — when you no longer adhere to any fixed list or especial program. "Is this place for sale?" we asked. She

wife would have let him. His talk of the inclemency of the winter prompted new speculations as to the desirability of the South instead of the North for the experiment. But in the South the negro problem would have to be met, and the lawlessness, the apparent insecurity of life and property, in certain sections. "Better,"



"HIGH COURT," CORNISH, N. H. LOOKING SOUTH FROM COURTYARD.

referred the query, by word of mouth, to the distant dwelling. A cross, elderly female figure at once appeared at one of the windows, bordered with apple-blossoms, and without further parley snapped back:

"No, 't ain't. 'T ain't for sale, not at no price."

But farther down the road we met the full owner, and he, leaning at ease on the cultivator with which he was encouraging the growth of young corn, said it was for sale. He would take \$2500 for it. This man was willing to chat and philosophize at length. We found that we had opinions in unison on the subject of that prevalent scourge, the "grippe." He had suffered from it greatly during the past hard winter. If he could sell out, he said, he would go South. He wanted a place in a warmer climate. He would have done it twenty years earlier if his

one says to one's self, "the harshness of nature than of man." But I have collected no data, made no investigations, in that region.

Here in New Hampshire one may fairly count upon eight months of favorable weather; the rest of the year one would be more or less snowed in. The Jaffrey mail-carrier started on horseback, last March, to make the short two miles to East Jaffrey. He was obliged to abandon his horse in the great drifts, and only succeeded in getting the mail-bags through, after prodigious effort, by carrying them on his back.

Troy town devoted itself to its blanket-mills and saw-mills, and I judged that its atmosphere was little ameliorated as yet by the summer-boarder. Changing conveyances there, I drove out two miles, almost up and down a break-neck hill, in the direction of Swansey. I was

unable to resist going to see what a certain 150 acres, with house and barn, were like, which were offered at \$500. I did not expect very much of it, but the place proved even more disappointing than I had expected. It was even worse than the 200 acres, with buildings, for \$500, which I was to see later under the shadow of Mount Chocorua. It was abandoned, indeed.

were a conspicuous part of the view in each successive town. The multitude of such homes in our country at this day is a marvel which only the traveler is in a position to feel. Go where you will, they rise on every side; they give a new realization of the vast resources, the underlying power, the widespread prosperity, of the American people. The grandeur of the me-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

"HIGH COURT." COURTYARD LOOKING TOWARD MOUNT ASCUTNEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

It was a sort of "jumping-off place" that I arrived at—the last end of everything. The house was a poor squatter's shanty in a clearing of scrubby undergrowth. There was no shade; there was no fruit; there were no fences; there was no well, no spring, and you would have been so cut off from the world there as scarce ever to have seen even a country wagon go by.

And that was why—strike again the mournful lyre, O ye who love to lament over departed grandeur and economic decay!—this is why 150 acres of land, with residence and outbuildings upon the same, could be offered for \$500 in the heart of once happy New England.

It was a relief to take the train after this, and dismiss the whole subject from mind for a while. The ride along the banks of the upper Connecticut was a constant delight. Stretches of fair lawn, homes of comfort, good taste, and luxury

tropolis is, after all, only a limited incident of the whole. It was hard to believe in much serious depression in back-country of which this was the foreground, yet Bellows Falls, Charlestown, Claremont, and the rest, were all points of departure for districts of "abandoned farms"—by the catalogue. A New York acquaintance had bought one in the town of Alstead, which was reached from Cold River, and he was importing other friends. They assured me that \$10 per acre, including buildings, was a sort of standard basis for the sales thereabout. He had put a farmer on the place, and used to have part of the products sent down to him in New York.

Vermont furnished the most marvelous of all the stories I fell in with in this connection. Whitingham, Vermont, in the southern part of the State, I was told, was an absolutely deserted village. A commercial traveler declared that

he had twice driven through it without encountering a living soul, and that the houses all stood vacant, excellent houses, too, and some even with good furniture in them. When asked how he accounted for this, he said, in the usual way, that the old folks had died off, and the young folks moved away. Later on he wrote me that he understood the place had been "stocked" with Swedes—such was the rather irreverent expression—by a well-known capitalist of Bennington; but subsequent investigation showed that there was nothing in this unique story. The Whitingham postmaster writes, "This town has been quite prosperous for the past few years, and there are no Swedes settled here."

Thus there seems a chronic tendency in the human mind to invent such tales, following on after Atlantis, and Norumbega, and the Seven Cities of Cibola.

What was a reality, however, and a charmingly romantic one, were the places of artists, that I found at Windsor in Vermont. Windsor is the site of William M. Evarts's somewhat famous farm, and also of a villa of the late Judge Stoughton. The latter, I was told, after long standing idle, came to be sold for less than the cost of its plumbing. Windsor technically claimed the artist places: it was their post-office; but in reality they were across the river at Cornish Hill, on the New Hampshire side. One of them had bought an old farm-house as a basis, but he had completely disguised it by the addition of a studio and other features; his group of irregular constructions almost resembled a small village in itself. From one corner of his house projected—what shall I call it? It was not a veranda, not a loggia; it was a spacious, square, out-of-doors chamber. This was open on all sides, and simply roofed in against the weather. There the family would breakfast, dine, and pass most of the day in their various avocations, practically in the open air. One of the open sides looked out upon a garden expressly grown with flowers of the old-fashioned sort,—dahlias, phlox, and sweet-william,—and the other sides upon delicious glimpses of billowing, green mountains and the sylvan river. Others had built outright upon the ancient farm property. One dwelling was on a hilltop, somewhat bare and windy-looking at present, but likely to recall, when its formal avenues are grown, such effects as those of Palladio about Vicenza. One, whose especial fondness for the formal style in landscape has prompted his late beautiful book on the Italian gardens, had begun to carry out on his own ground some of the stately foreign ideas embodied in the book.

Strange destiny this, truly, for plain, homely old Yankee farm-lands to come to! How it must astonish their staid soil, as it is turned!

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Below a terrace containing geometrical flower-gardens was a delightful pine-grove of tall, regular trees, and the ground out of which it grew, carpeted with the ruddy pine-needles, was as level as a floor. This ground was being formed into a second terrace by bordering it with a formal balustrade, like a lesser Roman Pincian. Pensive, cinque-cento poets and blessed damosels should walk upon such a terrace and in such a wood. The landscape was seen directly through the wood; the distant, peaceful river, the bold, green hills, and the blue mountains, seemed woven in amid the fine, straight trunks of the pines like some original and exquisite pattern of tapestry.

The denizens of the neighborhood did not, as a rule, keep horses; they were rarely tempted from home, since scarce anything elsewhere was half as beautiful as what they left behind. The stage-driver performed their commissions. Such a nucleus for the propagation of love of beauty and rational living deserves a monograph to itself. But I draw near my limit: I must fly across the State of New Hampshire, and I pause next in the district of Lake Winnepesaukee.

The sign of the cottager and of the camper-out was on the face of the land along Lake Sunapee. The small towns, again, both before the State capital of Concord and after it, were full of the beautiful houses, and the tasteful red and yellow hues, of the current domestic architecture. At the typical farm I took from the catalogue for inspection at Plymouth a wolf-story was thrown in. The wolf had come down into the edge of the orchard, they said; they all saw him plainly, and he was as big as a dog. The white petals were falling in a veritable snow in the same orchard just then, and the end of the blossoming was at hand, but the skeptical scoffed at the wolf; they declared that it was a dog—just simply that and nothing more.

"Was you one of them that wrote?" the proprietor asked, with a quick, keen look, as I broached the object of my visit. The farm was lonely and primitive, although his prices did not seem to take those facts greatly into account; had he known all that I had seen, from New Canaan, in Connecticut, thither, he would, like enough, have been more artful and considerate with me.

The drive between Plymouth and Center Harbor is set down as a notable one, but take care to make it from Center Harbor to Plymouth, instead of the reverse, otherwise you will have the high mountains behind you, and will not see them as you go. A certain bridge was down, and we were forced to go round by Ashland, thus extending the already long drive to something like twenty miles. "There's some

folks that make farming pay," said my driver, pointing to a place we passed.

"How?" I demanded, thinking to hear of some new plan.

"They work," he replied.

The remark was intended as a fling at "lazy farmers," of whom, rightly or wrongly, one hears much. We passed Holderness, a pretty cross-roads, with some red-roofed summer cottages, an Episcopal church in stone, and a large hotel, on the knoll that commands the widest view of the charming Lake Asquam. A novel use to which some farm-land there had been put was the establishment of a permanent vacation-camp on the lake, for the benefit of boys whose families do not wish to take them about to the summer-resort hotels.

On the shores of limpid Lake Winipiseogee I came at length to the home of him whom I may call the father of the abandoned farm—the author of informing and entertaining letters which have appeared from time to time in the columns of "The Nation." It was in a remote spot some five or six miles from Center Harbor, and a considerable drive from the main road, even after you had turned out of that into the by-road. One would need a large, cheerful family, with its many interests, to counteract the isolation of the place, and fortunately that is just what its proprietor had. His caretaker, from a farm-house in the vicinity, said that he did not believe another family in the world enjoyed their place with the un-failing merriment and thorough happiness of this; no, he would not except a single one. The house was simplicity itself, a long, low, gray house, not even painted, and all the more picturesque for lacking paint. Its new owners had merely made it weather-tight, and thrown out a number of good-sized dormer-windows in the attic, which was converted into one continuous, well-lighted room or hall. Below was a spacious living-room with a fireplace, but, apart from that, no set distribution of the house to the usual formal purposes. The dining-room was, I fancy, as Rousseau pictures it, *un peu partout*; their music-room was the beach or the shade of some fine tree; and their easy chairs, sometimes, at least, the heaps of fresh-cut grass on the rustic lawn before the door. It was rather a camp than a villa, and purposely it held as little as possible to give a housekeeper any uneasiness.

I shall not say what the owner paid for it—the more especially as I really do not know. But in going around the two lakes, I found that prices were rising here, as elsewhere. You could come in on the first story, perhaps, or on the second, but no longer on the ground floor. People were getting an exalted idea of what their property was worth to "fancy farmers"

and seekers for villa-sites. Three thousand dollars was an average price for a farm, which as a farm alone was worth \$1000.

A son of the family above adverted to was settled about as far from Center Harbor, down Lake Asquam, as was his father from it on Lake Winipiseogee. His pastures rose steeply to the bold crag of Red Hill; in front of him lay long, slender islands, like black steamers at anchor, and across the lake rose upon the view Black Mountain, White-face, Rattlesnake Hill, and Chocorua, varying all their tones with the passing hours. The young proprietor was a college man, and had pursued for a while some city occupation; but he had taken to farming out of pure love of it, and not the worst severities of winter had been able to daunt him. He hoed with his men in planting-time, pitched hay with them in haying-time, and lugged his own heavy buckets of sap through the snow in early spring, in maple-sugar time. It was a vindication of the ideal, a testimony to the world of actual, hard physical labor, which, for us, despite the disparagement of the indolent and the maledictions of the working-man,—who gets something too much of it,—is most desirable, a beautiful, beneficent thing. We please to marvel when a city person goes off heartily into the country, and yet the following paradox is true; namely, that it is city people who are precisely the best fitted for the country. Your average denizen of the country has no appreciation of natural scenery, never raises his eyes to notice it, scarce knows that it exists; thus he suffers all the disadvantages of the country without its principal compensation.

When the pretty steamer took me down to Lake Winipiseogee, the last semblance of illusion had vanished: the abandoned farm did not exist; it was not to be found even in the neighborhood of him whom I have called its inventor. Next, I journeyed northwestward to Wells River; thence, eastward, to the high peaks of the White Mountains, and passing through them, came down to Albany, under Mount Chocorua. Few or no farms were catalogued in the northern counties of the State, or in those that contain the summer resorts. In the township of Albany, two hundred acres, a seven-room house, and a barn 25 by 40 feet, were advertised for \$500. That beat the record, and I made haste to go to the town of Conway, and addressed myself to the attorney who had the place in charge.

"Sold," said he, as soon as I had mentioned my business.

It had been sold some three years, and thus should have been omitted from the last edition of my catalogue. Furthermore, the agent said it contained nearer three hundred acres than two hundred. He had had probably a hundred

letters about it. The inquiries had not come generally from the city, but from country persons of small means who asked if they could get a living out of it. The courteous attorney showed it to me, all the same, in connection with some others in the region. He threw into the wagon, as we started, fishing-rods, boots, and pennyroyal oil, against the mosquitos. He intended that we should take some trout on the way, without interfering with our errand.

Albany is a very back country, indeed. It has only a single road, so that you must come out again by the same way you go in. Its population has declined, and it is only lately that it has paid off its heavy debt in bounties, incurred during the war. Payment was made through distress by tax levies. The levy in one year was as high as 12½ per cent., and half the property in the town, including the piece we were going to see, passed under the hammer. The farm was in a miniature interval below the beetling crags of Chocorua. It was precisely in the district covered by the legend of Chocorua's dying curse. The chief cursed all sheep or cattle of the whites, that they should never live or thrive there. This is the famous "Burton ail,"—the town was Burton before it was Albany,—and it is fact, owing to some peculiarity of the pasturage or what not, that cattle waste and die there, unless they can be fed on hay brought up from the Saco River.

In his stirring "Night on Mount Chocorua" which the late Albert Bolles of Harvard described for us, he must have looked directly down upon this farm. Old Chocorua himself, if he have any feeling for the fitness of things, would choose it as his place for revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon. In the midst of a small oval meadow, or prairie, encroached upon by the surrounding forests of which the greater part of the property consisted, stood a poor, lonely house and barn abandoned to the elements. I had the curiosity to note a few of the vagaries which years of ruin had occasioned. Doorsteps and main door were missing; the sill beneath had rotted away to a condition of red powder; a side door leaned against the outer wall, its panels all kicked in. Bricks from the chimney littered the floors. The parlor door had a panel out, and pistol-shots through it, the facetious doing of sportsmen who had happened that way. Gaps yawned in the roof and ceilings, as if shells had come through. One was forcibly reminded of nothing so much as the scene of *Détaille's* "Last Cartouche."

"You were right," said I to my companion; "it would not have suited me; it is dear at five hundred dollars."

"Dear at five hundred? But the price is fifteen hundred. The purchaser is holding it for a rise."

I paused there, and myriad mosquitos droned their unanimous opinion of this difference.

William Henry Bishop.



THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

THE great world's heart is old and sad,
 'T is long, long since the world was glad,
 For death falls fast and love must part,
 And wrong and sorrow drive men mad,
 And salt tears grieve the old world's heart.

And yet, dear soul, for whom alway
 My life has waited, as the May
 All April waits to bloom and bear,
 If we might meet and love some day,
 How glad a heart the world would wear!

W. P. Foster.

A LOAN OF HALF-ORPHANS.

A NARRATIVE IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

By Thomas A. Janvier, author of "Color Studies," "An Embassy to Provence," etc., etc.

I.

SHOWING HOW A BENEVOLENT LADY DEVOTED HERSELF TO AMELIORATING THE CONDITION OF HALF-ORPHANED CHILDREN AND DESTITUTE CATS.

IN philanthropic matters — being easily started, but stopped only with great difficulty — Mrs. Haverwood bore a close resemblance to a lady-like middle-aged locomotive with an inadequate brake.

Philanthropy was more than a hobby with Mrs. Haverwood; it was a passion. To say that her bonnets had to be specially bulged out in order to accommodate her organ of benevolence would be, of course, extravagant; but to say that the considerable circle of her friends had to bulge out in all directions, and usually in a hurry, to make room for her frequent and violent benevolent eccentricities would not be extravagant at all; it would be literally, and in many cases annoyingly, true.

At the period of her life to which attention here is directed, Mrs. Haverwood's dominant benevolence, if I may so phrase it, was the amelioration of the condition of half-orphaned children in the city of New York. A person of a less resolutely philanthropic temperament would have been satisfied to pool her good intentions toward half-orphans with one or another of the charitable institutions designed, directly or incidentally, for their benefit already in existence. But that sort of an arrangement did not suit Mrs. Haverwood at all. Not only in her dealings with half-orphans, but in her dealings with affairs generally, she wanted — if I may be permitted the use of a bucolic metaphor — a ten-acre lot in which she could flourish around and kick up her heels. In other words, she had a will of her own and liked to do things in her own way. In her experimental stage of benevolence she had allied herself at one time or another with very many of the charitable institutions of New York; but, as her experience grew, she gradually had relinquished them all: on the ground that every one of them was managed by a set of stubborn and unreasonable people whose natural tendency was to do everything wrong, and who obstinately refused to permit her to set them right.

I may add that, in addition to resigning from these several charitable societies because of the pig-headedness of their respective members,

Mrs. Haverwood would have resigned, on similar grounds, had this been practicable without creating a scandal, from the society of her husband. Possibly because he realized the strain of the situation, — and if he did not it was not because of lack of opportunity, — Mr. Haverwood most considerably relieved it by retiring, with a discreet complaisance by no means in keeping with his normal character, not only from his home, but from his planet, to another, and presumably a better, world. He probably felt certain that, temporarily, at least, — that is to say, until such time as Mrs. Haverwood should join him there, — it would be a quieter world, anyway.

It is only just to Mr. Haverwood's memory, however, to interpolate here the statement that, while he certainly was extremely positive in most of his opinions and acts, it was only in the line of his dominant hobby that he was an aggressive man. His hobby was the commendable one of desiring to pose as a patron of art; and the pertinent fact may be added that some of — indeed, most of — the art which he patronized was as queer as it possibly could be. But it would be very unfair to blame him for his artistic shortcomings. He was a product of his times: the period immediately preceding the development of the Hudson River School, when every New Yorker who aspired to high social position had to own enough old masters, in very gorgeous frames, to fill a picture-gallery of reasonable size. Because of this necessity, Mr. Haverwood built a more than reasonably large picture-gallery and stocked it with magnificently framed old masters — every one of which had faded almost to the vanishing point, and was as brown as a bun. To accompany him to this apartment, after one of his own heavy dinners, when he was all aglow with the factitious benevolence derived from his own Sillery, and there to hear him descant upon the merits of these immortal works, was decidedly better than going to the play. His untimely death was a bitter blow to the picture-dealers — even if it did result in giving his widow absolute freedom, and absolute control of one of the biggest and soundest fortunes in New York.

Being thus disengaged from both domestic and extraneous entangling alliances, and having the command of practically unlimited money, Mrs. Haverwood was in the position, as it were, to take what she wanted from the pack and to go it alone. And then it was, to pursue the simile, that she took half-orphans from the pack, and devoted herself to the amelioration of their con-

dition with all the energy of her very energetic body and soul.

That this benevolent lady entertained the most positive views in regard to the way in which a half-orphan's condition ought to be ameliorated, and that these views were utterly unlike anybody else's views on the same subject, are inferential truths which scarcely need to be stated in set terms; and because this was her attitude, and also because she was sick and tired of struggling constantly against stupid opposition, she adopted the radical course toward half-orphans of founding an institution for their succor, in the management of which she united in her own person all the functions of president and secretary and treasurer and board of advisory trustees. With a commendable desire to perpetuate in connection with so notable a charity the memory of her lamented husband (who, in point of fact, always had fought shy of charities; who, for some unknown reason, had manifested a peculiar antipathy toward half-orphans; and whose detestation of cats frequently was avowed in violent terms), Mrs. Haverwood gave to her institution the name of the John L. Haverwood Female Half-Orphanage and Destitute Cat Home.

The destitute cats were an after-thought. Mrs. Haverwood was quite devoted to cats, and since she was starting a charitable institution, as she very sensibly put it, there was no reason why she should not give the cats a show; and the more, she reasoned, because the scraps remaining after feeding sixteen half-orphans easily would suffice for the sustenance of thirty-two cats. The whole number of half-orphans that she had in view was twenty-four; and the whole number of cats was to be forty-eight; but her plan provided for harboring the half-orphans in relays of eight in her own home—where their condition was to be ameliorated by training them in the ways of domestic service—and for harboring a proportional number of cats with them. One of her objects being to inculcate among her human beneficiaries the habit of kindness toward the lower animals, each half-orphan was made responsible for the well-being of two destitute cats; and as each relay came from the institution to her private residence, the sixteen cats pertaining to that particular relay came with it.

Expense being a matter of secondary consideration with Mrs. Haverwood, she had caused to be constructed for this transportation service a vehicle, resembling a small omnibus, especially adapted to its needs. On the two inside longitudinal seats sat the eight neatly-uniformed half-orphans; while outside, firmly secured on the roof by a simple system of bolts and catches, the sixteen cages containing the sixteen cats were arranged (like the oars of a Roman galley) in a

double bank. Even in New York, where queer sights on the street are not unusual, this vehicle always attracted a good deal of attention as it made its weekly trips back and forth between Mrs. Haverwood's private residence and the John L. Haverwood Female Half-Orphanage and Destitute Cat Home.

II.

TELLING HOW MRS. HAVERWOOD TIRED OF HER CATS AND HALF-ORPHANS AND DECIDED TO THROW THEM OVERBOARD.

THAT the estimable founder of this excellent charity would continue for any considerable period of time to take an interest in it was not expected by even the most sanguine among her intimate friends. Mrs. Haverwood believed firmly that the spice of charity was variety, and she governed herself by this belief. Like a stout, but benevolent, butterfly she fluttered happily from one to another project for the alleviation of human misery; took a turn, as occasion offered, at reforming different breeds of heathen; and always was ready at a moment's notice to join any society for the suppression of any really interesting variety of vice.

In the course of a year or so, therefore, quite as a matter of course, half-orphans began to pall upon Mrs. Haverwood, and destitute cats to lose their charm: under which changed conditions she rejoiced rather than lamented when, for family reasons, sixteen of her twenty-four female half-orphans suddenly were reclaimed by their several remaining parents; and she even beheld with composure the outbreak of a fatal distemper among the destitute cats, by which two thirds of them were hurried prematurely into unwept graves. This rather startling shrinkage in both lines of inmates occurred in the early springtime, and Mrs. Haverwood almost came to the determination then and there to kill the remaining cats, send the remaining half-orphans packing back to their relatives, rent the half-orphanage, and so—in not much more than an eye-twinkle—bring her venture in this particular sort of charity definitely to an end.

Had it been possible to dismember and to obliterate her institution in fact as easily as in thought, it unquestionably would have disappeared without another moment of delay. But Mrs. Haverwood found that getting rid of her half-orphans would involve so much correspondence with their respective fathers or mothers, that to enter upon it at that time would keep her for half the summer in town. Therefore it was—all her plans having been made for a summer in Europe—that she conceived the project of transferring the eight half-orphans and the sixteen destitute cats still remaining on the foundation to her own home, thus enabling her to

discharge the matron and to close the half-orphanage; with the corollary project of offering for the summer the free use of her home, and the free usufruct of the half-orphans to carry on its domestic service, together with the supplies necessary for the maintenance of so large a household, to young Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Cranmer Latimer: in whom she had just begun to take a benevolent interest, and for whom, therefore, she could not do too much.

The arrangement thus outlined, Mrs. Haverwood perceived, would save in her own pocket a very considerable sum of money; would confer a substantial benefit upon two deserving young people; would continue to the latest possible moment the training of her charges in the ways of domestic servitude; and, finally, would enable her to arrange matters by letter with her half-orphans' whole parents in such a way that she could get rid of the entire bothersome business on the very moment of her return.

On the other hand, when this handsome offer of free lodging and board and service was made to Mr. and Mrs. Ridley Cranmer Latimer, these young people accepted the benefits tendered to them with a grateful alacrity; at least, to be quite accurate, Mrs. Latimer came forward briskly with her gratitude, while Mr. Latimer followed more temperately in her impetuous wake. The offer, truly, was made most opportunely. They had been married only a couple of months, and Mr. Latimer—who was an assistant designer to a firm of silversmiths—had taken his annual holiday of a fortnight in order to go upon his wedding journey. It was impossible, therefore, for him to have another holiday that summer; and what they had expected to do, until Mrs. Haverwood made them this liberal tender of her half-orphans and her home, was to board at a farmhouse in the Hackensack Valley—whence Mr. Latimer would come into town to his work every day. Mrs. Haverwood's plan was so much better than their plan, and she was so careful to make plain to them that they really would be doing her a great service if they would keep the house going, and so keep the half-orphans going too, that the upshot of the matter was their acceptance of her offer in the same spirit of frank friendliness in which it was made.

"I shall not burden you with many directions, my dear," Mrs. Haverwood said to Mrs. Latimer in the course of the talk which they had together when the matter finally was arranged. "In dealing with my charges my method is a very simple one: I am careful to select for the performance of each household task a half-orphan of a suitable age and degree of intelligence; and then, to give them that confidence in themselves which can be created only by encouraging them in self-resource and self-reliance,

I leave them to perform the task entirely in their own way. When it is completed I commend them or reprove them, as the case may be. This, I am confident, is the only rational method of instruction. All that I ask is that you exactly adhere to it."

"And when they are bad," Mrs. Latimer asked a little anxiously, "what do you do to them?"

"When verbal reproof is inadequate," replied Mrs. Haverwood, "I administer to them, in accordance with the gravity of the offense, one of the three punishments which the remaining parent of each of my charges has agreed to sanction, and which the rules of the half-orphanage prescribe. For light offenses, they are compelled to stand upon one leg, with the other leg projecting in front of them as nearly as possible in a straight line, for a length of time commensurate with the extent of the offense. As this attitude involves a considerable muscular strain, they are permitted to change from one leg to the other at intervals of one minute and a half. The children themselves," continued Mrs. Haverwood, "have given to this form of correction the name of 'going legetty'; and I confess," she added with a kindly smile, "I have fallen into the way of using that name for it myself. As I have said, it is only a punishment for offenses of a trifling sort; but for such, I assure you, it works admirably well."

"And when things get more serious what do you do?" Mrs. Latimer inquired with a good deal of interest.

"The second and more severe punishment," Mrs. Haverwood answered, "is what we call—using the children's name again—'all-four-ing.' In this case the culprit is compelled to go down on all fours, and to remain in that position for a period to be determined, as in 'going legetty,' by the gravity of the offense."

"But what do you do when they are really seriously bad—bad enough, I mean, to be regularly spanked if they were n't half-orphans, and could n't be?"

"Then," said Mrs. Haverwood, sternly, "they are bagged!"

"Bagged?" repeated Mrs. Latimer, in a tone of interrogation, "I don't quite understand."

"No, I suppose not. The punishment is an unusual one, but we find that it works to a charm. It consists simply in compelling the offender to get into a stout bag,—we have bags of various sizes, of course, to fit any size of half-orphan,—which then is tied closely around her neck with her arms inside. The bag is of such ample dimensions that she can raise her hand to her head in case her nose tickles or a fly bothers her, but the hand still remains within the covering. Even the small-

est of my charges feels keenly the ridicule which is the dominant quality in this form of punishment; and the larger girls—we have had several of sixteen and seventeen, you know—never have had to be bagged more than once.”

“I should think not!” exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, feelingly.

“And in inflicting any of these punishments, my dear,” Mrs. Haverwood said in conclusion, “you will do well to make them as public as possible. It is my custom, and I advise you to follow it, to punish in the drawing-room; then, if any one happens to call, the culprit suffers the additional mortification of being exhibited ‘going legetty,’ or ‘all-fouring,’ or ‘bagged,’ as the case may be, to a total stranger. The discipline, I assure you, is most salutary.”

“And what about the cats?” Mrs. Latimer asked.

Mrs. Haverwood smiled pleasantly as she answered: “Ah, there you will have no trouble at all. All that you will have to do is to see that each half-orphan feeds her two cats regularly and not too abundantly, and that they have ample liberty in the house and yard.”

III.

EXHIBITING MRS. LATIMER'S FIRST ACTUAL DEALINGS WITH HALF-ORPHANS AND CATS, AND HER INCIDENT MISERY.

AT ten o'clock of a June Wednesday morning—that is to say, coincident with the departure of Mrs. Haverwood for the steamer, which was to start at noon—Mrs. Latimer took over the entire establishment, and formally assumed the tripartite duties of her domestic, semi-parental, and feline trust; and before eleven o'clock of that same June Wednesday morning she began to realize with a good deal of emphasis that in thus endeavoring to run a cat-encumbered house by half-orphan power she had accepted a contract of rather appalling size. By six o'clock, when her husband came home to dinner, she realized the extent of her contract so fully that her very strongest desire was to abandon it altogether; but by that time the party of the first part, Mrs. Haverwood, was racing along well to the eastward of Fire Island (with the feeling that her interior department was traveling with even greater rapidity by a different conveyance), and the relinquishment of the trust was impossible.

“You see, Ridley,” Mrs. Latimer said,—and it was a very great comfort after such a day to be able to tell about it, and to be sure of sympathy,—“you see, the trouble is that it seemed simple before I began, but that instead of being simple, it's all as mixed up as it possibly can be!”

“How was it simple, and why is it mixed up?” Mr. Latimer asked, at the same time set-

ting her more comfortably upon his knee and kissing her—which affectionate encouragement caused her to give a little restful sigh of happiness, and to reply in much more spirited tones:

“What was simple, you dear boy, was Mrs. Haverwood's rule as to how I was to manage the half-orphans and the cats; and what is so dreadfully mixed up is what happens when I try to put this rule into practice. She said, you know, that the cats simply were to be fed regularly and given ample liberty in the house and yard, and that when I wanted anything done all I had to do was to pick out a half-orphan ‘of a suitable age and degree of intelligence,’—those were her very words,—and then to let the half-orphan go ahead and do it in her own way. That sounds simple enough, does n't it?”

“Yes,” Mr. Latimer answered; “it certainly does. It seems to me that even I could keep a house that way.”

“Suppose you try!” said Mrs. Latimer, with a touch of bitterness in her voice. “Oh, I don't want to be cross,” she went on repentantly; “but if only you knew the bothers I have been through with to-day, Ridley dear! Where the hitch comes in is in making both ends of Mrs. Haverwood's rule about the half-orphans apply. ‘Suitable age and degree of intelligence’ was what she said. Now, since you think it's so easy, tell me how old a girl you would set to such a piece of work, for instance, as cleaning the knives?”

“Why, quite a little girl ought to do that sort of thing, I should think,” Mr. Latimer replied considerably; “one about eight or ten years old. If I had a half-orphan of about that age in stock, that is the age that I should use.”

“Yes, that's just what I thought too. Well, Polly Carroon is just nine years old,—I have all their names and ages, and the addresses of their people, you know, in the list that Mrs. Haverwood left with me,—and so I set Polly at the knives. But what the list does n't say anything about is their intelligences. Polly, I don't think has any intelligence at all. Just as Mrs. Haverwood told me to, I let her go at her work without any directions beyond telling her to take the knife-board out of the kitchen so that she would n't be in our way. And then things got to going so badly that I forgot all about her, and it was n't until we wanted the knives for lunch that I went to hunt her up. And where do you suppose that child was?”

Polly Carroon's whereabouts evidently being extraordinary, Mr. Latimer declined to venture even a guess.

“In the drawing-room, with the knife-board on one of the blue satin sofas, and bath-brick dust scattered everywhere! She had cleaned just one knife, and then she had got her two especial cats for company, and had gone to one of the

front windows to look out into the street — and there she was ! ”

“ And what did you do ? ” Mr. Latimer asked, with a show of serious interest that was very creditable to him.

“ I all-fouled her, of course ; but all-fouling her for the rest of her life won't get the iron-rust out of that sofa, and what Mrs. Haverwood will say about it I'm sure I don't know.

“ But I give you just this one instance, Ridley dear, to show you how very hard it is going to be to make Mrs. Haverwood's rules work out in practice. Age and intelligence don't go in couples at all ; and leaving the children to do things in their own way may teach them self-reliance, but it is certain to make a mess.”

“ And do you mean to say that things have been going wrong like that all day, you poor child ? ”

“ Oh, that little trouble does n't really count. I spoke of it because it happened to be the first. Some of the things really were dreadful — like the way Susan Poundweight almost killed herself when I set her to washing the back-kitchen windows. Susan is one of the biggest, you know — she's nearly seventeen, and quite pretty — so I thought that she would do to wash windows very well. I asked her if she knew how to sit outside on the sill, and she said she did ; and then I told her to go ahead. And then the first thing I knew I heard a dreadful scream, and I saw her legs rising up in the air inside the kitchen, and the rest of her going down backward outside, and I just had time to rush to the window and get hold of one of her feet as she was beginning to slide away. Fortunately, all of the half-orphans, except Polly Carroon, happened to be in the kitchen, and I made them all catch hold of her, three to each leg, and hold her with all their strength until I could get out into the back yard and grab her by the shoulders ; and then we all let her slide gently down to the ground. If I had started her at washing upstairs windows,” Mrs. Latimer added solemnly, “ Susan Poundweight would have been by this time a dead girl ! ”

“ It looks as if none of them had any intelligence at all — as if they'd got nothing but age,” Mr. Latimer observed.

“ You won't say that when I tell you about Jane Spicer,” Mrs. Latimer answered. “ She has n't any size at all — at least none worth speaking about, considering that she's over thirteen years old — but she's got enough intelligence to supply all the half-orphans in the house if she only could divide it up and pass it around. And the coolness and presence of mind of that mite really are wonderful ! Just listen to the way she straightened out the worst tangle of trouble I got into all day.

“ A couple of hours or so ago, when we were

beginning to get ready for dinner, things all of a sudden went as wrong as they possibly could go. I had sent Sally Tribbles down cellar to the ice-chest for the meat, — Sally is a big stout girl nearly fourteen, — and somehow or another in coming up-stairs she had managed to stumble over one of the cats and had gone down backward with the joint flying right over her head into the ash-bin ; and I'd just caught Biddy O'Dowd — she's an untidy little thing — wiping out the soup-tureen with the hand-towel ; and the two little Wells girls, the twins, you know, Xenophona and Sophonisba, had got scalded both at once — they do everything together that way — while they were trying to fill the tea-kettle ; and Martha Skeat had just shaved off the ends of three of her fingers with the potato slicer ; and in the very moment that I turned my back on the kitchen table to tie up Martha's hand, three of the cats were up off the floor like a flash, — the cats are everywhere, Ridley, they make me perfectly desperate ! — and were eating the croquettes that I had just finished making up into forms.” Mrs. Latimer's voice broke a little as she recalled that culminating moment of agony, and Mr. Latimer had to kiss her repeatedly before she could go on.

“ Well, just as everything was in that awful way, Jane Spicer came into the kitchen, — I had sent her to get something from the store-room, — and the way that that child took in the whole situation at a glance, and then instantly began to make everything go right, was nothing short of a miracle ! She whisked the cats off the table and away from the croquettes as she ran across to the sink where the twins were howling together at the tops of their voices, and when she found what was the matter with them she was in and out of the store-room like a flash and had them sitting on the floor in one corner with their scalded hands in the starch-box — they are dreadful little objects now, for they got the powdered starch all over themselves. Then she dashed down cellar to Sally, and picked her and the beef out of the ash-bin, — you must n't mind about the beef, dear ; I washed it most carefully myself, and ashes are clean, anyway, — and brought them both up to the kitchen. Sally was n't a bit hurt, but she had the most shocking head you ever saw ; her hair full of ashes and all over cobwebs. And then, with the utmost coolness and presence of mind, Jane collected the cobwebs from Sally's head and gave them to me to bind on Martha's cut fingers, because cobwebs, she said, stopped bleeding better than anything else in the world. It was wonderful, Ridley, simply wonderful, the way that child attended to everything in just the right way — and Susan Poundweight, who is big enough to make two of her, all the while

standing stock still, like the sleepy goose that she is, and never raising a hand.

"It did seem as if this dreadful day never would come to an end, Ridley dear," Mrs. Latimer said in conclusion. "But it has ended at last, and you have come home, and now I can't have any more serious worries, I'm sure."

Mrs. Latimer's statement that the day had come to an end at six o'clock in the evening obviously was as loosely inaccurate as her assertion that she would have no more serious worries was a presumptuous essay in personal prophecy. But Mr. Latimer, who yearned over her as she told him her tale of woe, did not attempt to correct either of these errors although he perceived them both. On the contrary, rather did he endeavor to encourage her in her belief that this weary day was ended with its third quarter, and that in his sheltering arms she had found a secure haven of rest.

And, really, from the moment that Mr. Latimer crossed the threshold things went so swimmingly that Mrs. Latimer's right to rate herself as a prophetess seemed to be above dispute. Their dinner, served to a charm by the super-intelligent Jane Spicer, was quite the merriest dinner that ever they had eaten: for, after all, with every allowance for drawbacks, there was a good deal to exhilarate them in thus finding themselves in absolute possession of a large and luxuriously appointed dwelling, with a train of eight half-orphans ready (in theory, at least) to obey with a sparkling alacrity their lightest or their most severe commands.

After such a desperate sort of a day, Mrs. Latimer was glad to go very early to bed; but Mr. Latimer, whose day had not been desperate, was disposed to begin to get the good of his kingdom by sitting, for a couple of hours or so, in one of the vastly comfortable chairs in the library while he read the new magazine that he had brought home with him and smoked a refreshing cigar.

But in taking this pleasure which he had promised himself, Mr. Latimer was not betrayed by the zest of it into inconsiderate selfishness. Before he entered upon his own enjoyment, he attended punctually to certain matters which he knew were necessary to his wife's happiness—that is to say, he looked at the kitchen fire; tried the fastenings of all the doors and windows; went down cellar and made sure that there were no live-coals in the ash-bin, and that the plate covering the coal-hole was secure; and, finally, went up into the cock-loft and examined the bolts of the scuttle. It is but just to add that, in taking these several precautions, Mr. Latimer consulted not only his wife's comfort but his own—in view of the highly probable possibility that she might wake up at three or four o'clock in the morning and demand from him instant

and accurate information touching one or another of these points of danger, on the ground that she smelled smoke or heard a burglar. Smelling smoke and hearing a burglar were two things which Mrs. Latimer did with an energy and an inopportune-ness that Mr. Latimer—although his knowledge of these peculiar traits was but two months old—already was disposed to regard as excessive.

He returned from his tour of inspection just as she had got to bed, and—after lighting and placing by the bed-head the dark lantern which she had bought that very day to the end that they might the better protect the valuable property confided to their care—he made his report as he sat beside her holding her hand. The smell of the Japan varnish on the new lantern was very strong indeed; but Mrs. Latimer, when he commented unfavorably upon this smell, declared that he would find it delightful if he would only think, as she did, that it was oriental incense, and that they were in some very far Eastern shrine.

Knowing that one of her greatest pleasures was to talk herself to sleep, he sat quietly beside her while she talked for a while about the journey that they hoped to make some day to Japan and India; and then on and on about anything that happened to come into her head until the animation in her voice gave way to a delicious drowsiness, her words came slowly and with less and less connection, and at last she gave a little sigh of satisfied weariness and so dropped away softly into sleep. When her breathing became long and regular, assuring him that her sleep was sound, he drew his hand very gently away from hers,—which resisted the withdrawal by little instinctive clutches, as the wakeful body tried to signal to the sleeping spirit that he was going away,—and so, on tip-toe, went softly out of the room. Even at a much later period of his married life—when he was getting, indeed, to be quite gray and elderly—Mr. Latimer still found in this little ritual of slumber a certain quality which touched and thrilled him with a tenderness so searching that his love was almost pain.

IV.

TELLING HOW MRS. LATIMER WAS AROUSED FROM HER SLEEP BY THE SOUND OF STRANGE VOICES, AND WHAT SHE DID ABOUT IT.

THE library to which Mr. Latimer retired—a large, gravely luxurious room in the rear of the house, with three back windows opening toward the south, and with two side windows (over the picture-gallery) opening toward the west—was on the same floor, the second, with their bedroom. On the floor immediately above, so that help would be near in case any-

thing went wrong, were the eight half-orphans—three of whom slept in the front room and four in the back room; while Susan Poundweight, in consideration of her age and size, had the hall-room to herself. The cats were provided with sixteen cushioned boxes in the rear cellar—whence a cat-hole gave access to the back yard, and so enabled them, at their pleasure, to take the air. To prevent their escape, and as a safeguard to their morals, the yard was roofed over with a netting of wire.

Having earned by his several acts of considerate kindness an unqualified right to seek his own happiness in his own way, Mr. Latimer, upon betaking himself to the library, both sought and found it in the conjunction of himself and his cigar and magazine and vastly easy chair in that delightful book-room which for the time being was all his own. So keen, indeed, was his enjoyment of this heretofore untasted combination of luxuries, that he was rather more than half disposed to believe that he was the victim of a momentarily agreeable but ultimately bitterly disappointing dream.

But this super-refined psychologic doubt increased rather than diminished his pleasure, and for an hour or more he continued to read and to smoke with an unruffled satisfaction; save that once, fancying that he heard a slight rustling in the passage and the soft tread of unshod feet, he was disturbed by the fear—which investigation proved to be groundless—that Mrs. Latimer had forsaken her bed and her slumber to seek his protection in some sudden exigency of fright. But at the end of this reposeful period, suddenly, he truly was aroused by hearing his name called in a penetrating sibilant whisper, and then by seeing his wife standing in the doorway,—like a singularly attractive semaphore clad in white, and with touzled golden hair,—pointing the bull's-eye lantern at him with one hand and with the other beckoning him to come to her at once. Upon beholding this engaging apparition, he naturally fell a prey to the emotion of very lively alarm. With a cry of anxious affection he sprang from his chair, and in two steps was across the room and had Mrs. Latimer, lantern and all, tight in his arms.

"My darling!" he cried, "what is it? Are you ill?"

"H-s-s-s-h!" Mrs. Latimer answered in a guardedly low tone which quivered with repressed excitement. "H-s-s-s-h! Don't speak out loud, and do what I ask you quickly and silently. Get your revolver, and then we will go down-stairs together. There's a burglar in the house!"

Mr. Latimer's clasp upon Mrs. Latimer's person relaxed instantly; the eager look upon his face gave place to a look of bored annoyance; and in a perfectly calm voice he replied:

"Oh, is that all! I thought that there really was something wrong. You'd better get back to bed now—you'll catch cold."

"Don't, *don't* take it that way, Ridley. I implore you not to take it that way. I heard him most distinctly, I assure you."

"Yes, yes, I know," Mr. Latimer answered, a little petulantly, "but remember how very often you've heard him before, and what a lot of time I've wasted in hunting for him without finding him, or anything remotely like him. Come, now, be a good child," his voice became tender again, "and let me put you back in bed. If it was anything at all that you heard, you know, it was only the cats. Indeed, you'll get a bad cold if you stay around in the night air like this."

"Ridley!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, in a whisper that had a righteously incensed tone, "do you mean to tell me that I cannot tell a burglar from a cat?"

"Frankly," replied Mr. Latimer, "I don't think you can. I don't mean to say, of course," he continued, "that if a real burglar and a real cat came and stood right up in front of you together, in broad daylight, you could n't tell which was which—under those circumstances I do believe that you could tell them apart. But I do mean to say, and I speak from experience, that when it comes to telling burglars from cats at night, and by their voices only, you're bound to get them mixed every time."

"I never, *never* shall forget these bitterly cruel words—the first cruel words you ever have said to me, Ridley," Mrs. Latimer answered in a broken whisper that was more than half a sob. "But this is not the time," she continued, tragically, "to consider my own personal misery. Just now the property for which we are responsible is in danger; probably a portion of it already has been removed. You doubt my word, and you treat me as though I were but a foolish child,—no, don't try to kiss me: all that is at an end,—and I must waste precious time in arguing with you before you will believe that what I tell you is true. But if it must be, it must—so be good enough to listen to me carefully, and be good enough to believe"—this with much scorn and bitterness—"that I am *not* altogether a fool, and that I *am* telling you the truth."

"What happened was precisely this: I waked up suddenly,—aroused, I suppose, by an instinctive knowledge that danger was near,—and the first thing I knew I was sitting straight up in bed, listening with all my ears. At first I did n't hear anything at all. And then in a moment I heard most distinctly the tread of his bare feet—though he may have had on stockings—coming down the stairs from the third floor. He must have gone up without arousing me; and, of course, when he found

only the half-orphans up there, he came right down again. And then—just as I was expecting to see the door open stealthily, and the awful creature come into the room—I heard him stepping softly along the passage and keeping on down-stairs; and then, a minute later, I heard him talking to his confederate through the front-kitchen windows. His confederate is a woman, I distinctly perceived that one of the voices was a woman's voice.

"And now," concluded Mrs. Latimer, still speaking in a stony whisper, "I have told you all; and I am quite willing, since you desire it, to go back to bed, and there await my doom. I do not doubt that in the morning, supposing you survive me, you will find me lying there murdered; and all of Mrs. Haverwood's silver and most of her other valuable possessions will be gone. It is very, very cruel of you, Ridley, to treat me in this way. But in the presence of impending death I cannot be harsh with you, as you are with me. Remember, Ridley, when all is over, that I did love you with all my heart," and with these words Mrs. Latimer's voice went beyond tremulousness into the inarticulate region of sobs.

His wife's great earnestness, and the unusual circumstantiality of her narrative, combined to convince Mr. Latimer that for once, perhaps, her burglar was not made absolutely out of the whole cloth; and he was the more strengthened in this belief by suddenly remembering, as she spoke of the noises which she had heard, that he also had heard, or had fancied that he heard, footsteps in the passage but a little while before. Under these circumstances, while still leaning decidedly to the cat hypothesis, he was willing to admit that the asserted burglar was not absolutely impossible, and that the case was one which reasonably might be investigated. Moved by which considerations, he answered:

"Well, since you're so dead sure about it this time, I'll take a look for him anyway. Now come back to bed, and then I'll go gunning for him down-stairs."

"Without me?" demanded Mrs. Latimer in a most resolute whisper. "Indeed you won't do anything of the kind. I'm going with you, of course!"

Of burglars in the bush, Mrs. Latimer had a most lively horror; but when it came to burglars in the hand, and that hand her husband's, her fear was cast out by her love.

"Come!" she said, detaching herself from Mr. Latimer's arms, and making a heroic gesture with the lantern. "Come! If necessary, we will perish together; but, whatever may be my fate later, you shall not die in the basement alone."

"Oh, rubbish!" exclaimed Mr. Ridley testily, "we're not going to perish together, nor on the instalment plan either. Anyhow, you can't go

down-stairs looking like that to meet a strange burglar. What are you thinking of; and what, I should like to know, would he think of you?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Latimer, blushing like a delightful rose, "I did n't think—with a burglar, you know—it's—it's different, don't you see?"

"No," replied Mr. Latimer, with a great show of righteous severity, "I don't see. Even if he is a burglar, he is a man, all the same; and there's nothing about his profession—as there is about the profession of medicine, for instance—to give him special privileges. Really, I am ashamed of you! If you absolutely insist upon going down-stairs with me to receive him,—and I must say that I think you are over-punctilious in the matter: he certainly must be a total stranger to us, and obviously comes without an introduction,—at least do up your hair and put on your slippers and a wrapper."

The utterance of these sentiments of commonplace propriety in an entirely commonplace tone had the effect of putting the burglar at a different angle of Mrs. Latimer's mental vision, and, in spite of herself, her dread of him very sensibly decreased.

"Please hold the lantern—I'll only be a minute," she said, forgetting to whisper, and speaking, such is the force of association of ideas, in precisely the tone that she would have employed had any ordinary caller been waiting for her down-stairs.

"All right. There's not the least hurry, you know," Mr. Latimer answered; and his wholly matter-of-fact words and manner tended so much the more to bring Mrs. Latimer down from the high level of tragedy to the plane of every-day life that she went to the glass to do up her hair quite with her usual deliberation, and with her mind mainly occupied in deciding which of her two pretty wrappers she should put on.

V.

TELLING OF MR. LATIMER'S VAIN SEARCH FOR A BURGLAR, AND OF SUSAN POUNDWEIGHT'S EXTRAORDINARY BRAVERY.

THIS was Mr. Latimer's opportunity, and he promptly made use of it. Closing the slide of the lantern, that he might not be betrayed by the brilliant stream of light from the bull's-eye, and kicking off his slippers, that his steps might be noiseless, he stole softly down-stairs; and was fairly in the basement before Mrs. Latimer had much more than made a beginning at her hair.

In spite of his caution, he did not think that the chances in favor of his meeting a burglar were large. What he expected to meet was cats; and his intentions toward the cat or cats responsible for putting his wife into such a state of alarm, and for spoiling his own calm enjoy-

ment of his book and cigar, were not at all the sort of intentions proper to the acting head of a destitute-cat home.

And yet, convinced though Mr. Latimer was that he had come, as usual, upon a sleeveless errand, he certainly did have—as he tiptoed along the passage to the front kitchen—a curiously strong feeling that somebody was close beside him there in the dark. This feeling was instinctive rather than reasoning; but it was so overpowering that he actually backed up against the wall, and held his breath while he listened intently for some definitely convincing sound. On the score of prudence, he kept the lantern covered. The burglar, if there were a burglar, might have slipped away to either end of the long passage; and to let off the lantern in the wrong direction—thereby indicating his own whereabouts some seconds in advance of discovering the whereabouts of the intruder—might be productive of consequences of the most awkward kind. Many years before, when he was quite a little boy, some one had told him a story about a man who had killed a burglar by emptying a revolver into the darkness immediately behind the glare of a bull's-eye lantern—on the logical assumption that that was where the burglar ought to be. In the present instance, as he perceived with a rather chilling clearness, the conditions would be reversed but the principle would remain unchanged.

However, during the half minute or so that he thus stood rigid against the wall, the silence was absolute; and then, convinced that his instincts had got mixed with his imagination, and that the burglar was just as unreal as all the rest of Mrs. Latimer's burglars had been, he went on to the kitchen in a more rational frame of mind. The condition of the kitchen tended to restore his belief that the state of affairs in every way was normal. The locks and bolts of the doors, the fastenings over the window-sashes, the massive iron bars outside the windows—all were precisely as he had left them only a couple of hours before. Obviously, Mrs. Latimer's convincingly circumstantial statement had not even a cat back of it—the whole of it had come straight out of a dream.

And then, at the very moment that he had arrived at this quieting but not precisely soothing conclusion, there rang out upon the silence of the night a shrill scream of terror, which was followed in the same instant by another shrill scream of terror in a slightly different key, and simultaneously with this last came the sound as of two bodies—one rather heavier than the other—falling on the floor above!

Although Mr. Latimer never before had heard Mrs. Latimer's voice thus loudly raised and all a-thrill with fear, he knew very well that one of these screams of terror came from her. From

whom the other scream came he did not stop to consider—as the dreadful thought flashed through his mind that a burglar really had got past him in the dark, and that his defenseless wife was at the mercy of the ruffian in the regions above. Acting on the most natural impulse, the moment that this horrible possibility occurred to him he went up the kitchen stairs three steps at a time.

As he rounded into the hall above, he heard a sound of gasping breathing that seemed to come from near the foot of the front stairs; and when, reaching the spot, he brought his lantern to bear upon it, the sight that he beheld—while instantly abating his feeling of dread—filled him with a very lively surprise. There, seated upon the floor, with her legs sticking straight out in front of her, was Mrs. Latimer. Directly facing her, also seated upon the floor and also with straight-extended legs—the two evidently having collided in the dark and then fallen backward—was a pretty young girl, rather inclining to stoutness, whose neat gray frock and neat blue-and-white checked apron implied that she was one of their own half-orphans: an implication that was confirmed into a certainty, in the moment that the light from the bull's-eye lantern flashed upon her, by Mrs. Latimer's exclaiming:

"Why, Susan Poundweight! I thought you were a burglar! What *are* you doing here?"

"Oh, ma'am," answered the young person, "when you came bumping into me that way, and we both went down kerflump, I thought *you* were a burglar, and that I'd got to my last hour! And truly, ma'am, there is one down-stairs—for I heard him sort of snoring with his breath, and I know he a-most caught me, when I was down there a minute ago."

"No," put in Mr. Latimer, "that was n't a burglar; that was me. I was sure I heard somebody; and so it was you, was it? And what were you doing down in the basement at twelve o'clock at night, I'd like to know?"

"If—if you please, sir," Susan answered, arising briskly, but speaking with a strangely marked hesitation, and getting very red as she spoke, "I—I thought I heard a noise."

"Well, and what if you did hear a noise?"

"Why, sir, I thought that—that mebbe I'd better go down and see what it was."

"Faithful girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Latimer, before Mr. Latimer could reply to this avowal. "Just think of it, Ridley! She thought she heard a burglar, and her sense of duty made her peril her life by going down into that utter darkness to confront that great danger alone! Susan, I am proud of you! You are the very bravest girl I ever knew!"

"Oh, it was n't nothin', ma'am," Susan answered in still more constrained tones. "I did n't—I did n't know for sure that it was a

burglar. You see it might 'a' been the—the cats. And anyhow, ma'am, I 'm given to walkin' in my sleep."

In delivering this disjointed and also incongruous explanation, Susan Poundweight addressed the darkness behind the blazing bull's-eye, while she herself stood in the center of the circle of brilliant light, and looked very much like a blushing half-orphan projected from a magic-lantern upon a screen. These conditions were not favorable to self-possession; yet even when due allowance was made for them, and also for the strain due to the very unusual circumstances of the situation as a whole, it did seem to Mr. Latimer that her contradictory statements were so curious, and that her embarrassment was so much in excess of its apparent causes, that some additional disturbing element remained to be revealed.

When they got up-stairs again, and Susan had been sent off once more to bed, he exhibited to Mrs. Latimer this application of astronomical principles to domestic affairs; and he added that he considered Susan's conduct to be very suspicious indeed. But Mrs. Latimer would have none of his domesticated astronomy; and she resented his suspicions in energetic terms.

"I am ashamed of you, Ridley," she said warmly; "I am thoroughly ashamed of you! Susan has done a very noble and heroic act, and you are treating her as though you had caught her trying to make off with the spoons."

"No, I 'm not sure that she was after the spoons, exactly," Mr. Latimer answered, "but I do think that she was after something or another that she 'd better not have been. You must keep a sharp eye on that young woman. Unless we are very careful she certainly will get us into some sort of a scrape."

"Scrape, indeed!" responded Mrs. Latimer, indignantly. "Your suspicions are as ungenerous as they are utterly unjust. Instead of her getting us into scrapes, I consider that it is an honor to live in the same house with her. Really, Ridley, we must stop talking about her, or I shall get seriously angry with you. You see, nothing that you possibly can say can change my convictions. Susan Poundweight has shown herself nobly true to her duty, and the bravest of the brave. If ever there was one, she is a heroine. She deserves the Victoria Cross."

VI.

TREATING OF MRS. LATIMER'S LONGING FOR ORIENTAL TRAVEL, AND EXHIBITING HER ABILITY TO CHANGE FANCIES INTO FACTS.

As has been inferred, perhaps, from some of the facts already stated, Mrs. Latimer's disposition reasonably might be termed imaginative. That this romantic quality had its practical

drawbacks, no one was more ready to admit than Mr. Latimer—whose experiences in consequence of it at times were very intense indeed. To be cautiously but firmly awakened at two o'clock in the morning, and then hurriedly despatched upon a reconnoissance along such remote frontier passes as the kitchen windows or the scuttle in the roof,—to make sure that marauding parties were not pouring in through those exposed openings,—he found decidedly wearing; and scarcely less wearing did he find what he very offensively styled the smoke-smelling act: to perform which he usually was aroused just as he was dropping off into his first sleep, and was sent flying down-stairs in search of a fire in either the kitchen or the laundry, with supplementary instructions—should these apartments prove to be in their normal state of non-combustion—to keep on to the cellar and make sure that there was not an incipient conflagration in the ash-bin.

But Mrs. Latimer's imagination also had its good side. As has been exhibited, she was quite capable of exalting the smell of scorching Japan-varnish, consequent to the lighting of a new lantern, into an odor of incense burning in an Oriental shrine; and of continuing along the line of fancy thus indicated by imagining that she and Mr. Latimer were visiting not only that particular shrine but various adjacent places of interest in the far East.

This longing for Oriental travel was, indeed, Mrs. Latimer's most vigorously ridden hobby. When the circumstances would permit it, her intention was that they should go upon a long Eastern journey: visiting all the lands mentioned in the Arabian Nights, and conducting themselves, generally, like a prince and princess got at large from that delectable storehouse of romance. Pending their departure upon this expedition, she insisted that they should anticipate its delights by assuming that they actually were traveling in the Orient, and by fancying the adventures of one sort or another which were befalling them by the way.

In order to give a still livelier air of realism to her system of imaginary travel—and especially to brace up the imagination of Mr. Latimer, whose faculty for etherializing himself into an astral shape and then going off with it was not large—Mrs. Latimer very ingeniously contrived, out of cheese-cloth, costumes of an Oriental sort for them to wear while taking their mental jaunts. These garments, very vivid in hue, were patterned after the woodcuts in an old edition of the "Arabian Nights"; and their enthusiastic maker, while not contending that as costumes they were critically correct, insisted that they were near enough to the right thing to help along the illusion tremendously.

"When you actually are dressed like the pic-

ture of the African Magician, you know, Ridley dear," she said very earnestly, "it is impossible for you not to feel like him—even if African magicians in real life are dressed totally differently: and for you to feel like him is all we want. With a true African feeling like that inside of you, everything that we are talking about instantly becomes entirely real. Indeed, the turban alone, with its queer little point coming up in the middle, is enough to make you feel that you are thousands of miles away in a very foreign land."

But even with the assistance of the costumes, Mrs. Latimer had difficulty in imagining, and still more difficulty in making Mr. Latimer imagine, some of the situations which were most after her own heart. The apartment in Irving Place which they had inhabited since their marriage consisted only of a little sitting-room, with a still smaller adjoining bedroom; and, excellent though her powers of mental fabrication unquestionably were, Mrs. Latimer found the strain rather excessive when it came to converting these contracted quarters into, for instance, the palace inhabited by the Prince of the Black Isles. Mr. Latimer, being confronted with this situation, squarely refused to meet it. The best that he could do, he said, was to imagine that the Prince of the Black Isles had rented his palace furnished for the season, and had taken lodgings for himself on Irving Place in the city of New York. Of course, this would not answer at all. As Mrs. Latimer pointed out, they were pursuing the fancy that they were traveling in the East, not that Eastern people were paying them visits in their own home; and the upshot of the matter was that they had to abandon their trip to the Black Isles and take a fresh start in another direction.

As in the case of the palace, so in a dozen other ways were they brought up constantly in the midst of their fancyings with a round turn—such as a papered ceiling intervening when they wanted to contemplate the moon and stars, or a conspicuous absence of slaves when they clapped their hands.

One of the principal reasons, therefore, why Mrs. Latimer had been eager to accept the loan of Mrs. Haverwood's half-orphans and home was the large opportunity which these possessions would afford for making their fanciful life in the Orient more real. At a stroke they would possess a very good imitation of a palace; eight slaves in the persons of the eight half-orphans to come in response to hand-clapping; and, best of all, absolutely unrestricted access to a roof on which they could sit and look at the moon and stars, if they wanted to, through the whole night long.

Being come into her kingdom, Mrs. Latimer found the roof part of it, at least, all that her fancy had pictured and that her heart had de-

sired. Nor was her enjoyment of the romantic pleasure which the roof afforded her appreciably diminished by the fact that in order to attain it they were compelled to overcome certain obstacles of a material and unromantic sort.

"I know perfectly well, Ridley dear," she said, in the course of their first ascent to the housetop, "that when the Caliph of Bagdad went on the roof of his palace with his wife—"

"Wives," interpolated Mr. Latimer.

"If you don't mind, Ridley dear, I prefer to speak of them in the singular. Customs are different in the Orient; but I am sure that their little collection of wives is just as dear to them—to the nice ones, that is—as one wife is to nice husbands here."

Mr. Latimer did not venture any reply to this handsome profession of faith in the existence of a collective monogamous sentiment among the better classes of polygamists, and Mrs. Latimer continued: "Of course I know that when the Caliph of Bagdad and his wife went on the roof of their palace,—to enjoy the coolness of the night and the beauty of the heavens, just as we are now,—they did n't have to climb up a horrid little ladder, and then go creeping across a smelly cockloft, and he did not have to pull her up through the scuttle by her hands as you pull me."

"No," responded Mr. Latimer, "I don't believe he did. Indeed, I don't believe he could. Pulling you up, you see, is easy enough, for there's only one of you to pull. But if you were the kind of wife the Caliph of Bagdad had,—in any number of parts, like a subscription book,—I'd get completely tired out long before I'd hauled you all up here: to say nothing of the fact that you would n't all be up before it would be time to begin to pass you down. Of course the Caliph did n't manage things that way. What he did, I suppose,—with him, of course, expense was no consideration,—was to put in a big elevator and bring her up a dozen at a time."

"Please don't spoil the romance of it all, Ridley dear, by talking that way—and about elevators, too! How many times must I tell you that the palaces, and the dwellings generally, in the Orient are only one, or at most two, stories high? In such a building an elevator would be an absurdity. But what I am trying to tell you, dearest, is that while the Caliph of Bagdad and his wife did n't have to get on their roof in the uncomfortable way that we do, they could n't have had a nicer time after they got there than we are having now."

"On that," answered Mr. Latimer, feelingly, "I am betting high. Indeed," he continued, "I am willing to bet that they did n't have as good a time. How could he manage, for instance, I should like to know, about putting

his head in her lap—when there was just one of him and half an acre more or less of her? Our little plan lays the Caliph's out cold—and, if you don't mind, I'll take off my turban; it's rather in the way."

Perhaps it was just as well that Mr. and Mrs. Latimer's immediate neighbors did not also frequent the housetops, for the effect produced by these young people as they wandered about their roof in the moonlight, clad in loose and flowing draperies which had uncommonly the look of nightgowns, was decidedly queer. And it was a good deal queerer when Mrs. Latimer succeeded in putting the half-orphans into garments of the same Far-Eastern sort, and got them upon the roof in the capacity of slaves.

Mrs. Latimer's first intention had been to maintain the slave fiction continuously by dressing the half-orphans always in Oriental garb. But on more mature reflection she decided that this plan, attractive though it was, must be abandoned. On the score of ethics, she feared that the laying aside of Mrs. Haverwood's uniform dress might have a subversive effect upon the system of half-orphanly training which that excellent woman had devised; and even more to the purpose was the fact that the half-orphans themselves absolutely refused to accept as a chronic garb what Martha Skeat described, disparagingly, as "floppy heathen cloze." Susan Poundweight was still more emphatic, protesting earnestly that if ever she knew that anybody was lookin' at her when she had on things like them loose pants, she'd have a fit and then die.

Being thus unable and unwilling to carry out her plan in its entirety, Mrs. Latimer compromised matters by decreeing that the Eastern dress should be worn only on Mondays; which day was to be known as Arabian Nights day in the household calendar. All the younger children, delighting in the fun of dressing up in queer clothes, of course approved of this arrangement rapturously; and even the elder girls—including Susan Poundweight, who was not ill-natured, though she was as pig-headed as she possibly could be—came into it with a fairly good grace. That the masquerading tended to excite mutinously high spirits among the masqueraders was undeniable, and Mrs. Latimer presently found that things always went more violently wrong on Monday, that is to say, on Arabian Nights day, than on any other day in the week.

VII.

TELLING HOW SUSAN POUNDWEIGHT WRECKED THE PLUMBING AND WAS SUSPECTED OF MYSTERIOUS MISDEEDS.

As the summer slowly moved onward, Mrs. Latimer perceived, with an ever-increasing clearness, that she was carrying a good deal

more of a load of half-orphans than her shoulders were strong enough to bear. All that sustained her was the knowledge that relief was certain at a fixed and not distant point of time. From Mrs. Haverwood there came a letter, about the middle of August, stating that she had arranged with all the surviving parents of her charges to meet her in New York on the day succeeding her return, and then to take them instantly and forever off her hands. But for this cheering light at the end of her dark vista, Mrs. Latimer was of the opinion—as she many times confided to Mr. Latimer—that she necessarily must go wild.

Yet, with a single exception, her half-orphanly tribulations were of a petty sort; mere gnat-stings of trouble which would have been supported easily had they not gathered about her in so dense a swarm. The serious exception to this rule of trivialities was Susan Poundweight. In a purely material way Susan's awkwardness and carelessness were productive of a good deal of annoyance. Her faculty for breaking things was quite phenomenal; and more than phenomenal in that her destructiveness was confined exclusively to the gas- and water-system of the house, and always was of such a nature as to require the immediate presence of a plumber in order to set it right. Advice and correction were thrown away on her. After Mrs. Latimer had shown her exactly how to use the faucets of the kitchen sink,—this was after she had broken one of them off,—she went right ahead in her slap-dash way, and within seven weeks had broken off one or the other of those faucets no less than five times. On top of all this, she broke the sink itself twice by dropping into it first a flat-iron and then a large iron pot; she wrenched off, in some unaccountable way, no less than three gas-brackets; she managed repeatedly to deposit obstructing substances in the waste-pipes of the permanent wash-tubs, and she even contrived to let a heavy gridiron fall in such a malignant fashion that it punched a hole in the big copper boiler beside the kitchen range.

When these catastrophes occurred, Susan always was dreadfully cut up about them, and accepted, with a pathetic penitence, her merited reproof. She always went herself post-haste for the plumber, and usually brought him back with her; and she even insisted—all the while blushing, and evidently very much ashamed of herself—on doing what she could, by holding the candle for him and handing him his tools, to help him repair the wreck which she had caused. He was quite a young plumber, just starting in business, and Mrs. Latimer was both surprised and delighted by the exceeding smallness of his bills. Another thing that surprised Mrs. Latimer in this connection, though it was

some little time before she noticed it, was the odd coincidence that never on Arabian Nights days did the plumbing sustain the smallest injury at Susan Poundweight's devastating hands.

Annoying though these aqueous and gaseous mischances undoubtedly were, however, they were but trifling matters in comparison with the really serious anxiety which Susan Poundweight caused (or was suspected of causing) in another and a much more perplexing way. The strange conduct of this young woman in the depths of the first night which she and Mrs. Latimer had passed together under the same roof never had been adequately explained. Neither of the three explanations, advanced hurriedly and inconsiderately at the moment, had been justified by the subsequent course of events. Mr. Latimer's explanation, that Susan had designs upon the spoons, had been disproved again and again as time went on by conclusive evidence that Susan was as honest as the sun; Mrs. Latimer's explanation, that Susan had gone down heroically to confront a burglar alone, and to capture him single-handed, had been disproved not less conclusively by repeated demonstrations of the fact that Susan was a pleasingly plump but entirely arrant coward; and as to Susan's own confused and contradictory explanation, that she was walking in her sleep, and had come down-stairs because she had heard a noise, its absolute absurdity was obvious from the start.

Yet, vexatious though it had been at the time, this unaccountable venture in nocturnal perambulation would have passed quietly into the realm of oblivion but for Mrs. Latimer's uneasy feeling that Susan's jaunts by night—in what obviously was a condition of dangerously wide-awake somnambulism—still went on. Of course, had she possessed positive knowledge in the premises she would have charged Susan squarely with the sin of misapplied migratory vigilance, and issue would have been joined. But she did not possess positive knowledge. All that she had to go upon certainly was a mass of indirect evidence of a suspicious but not demonstrating sort. Repeatedly she had been aroused from sleep as though by some slight but sudden noise. In almost every instance the noise had ceased before she had become sufficiently wide-awake to tell, with any degree of certainty, whence it came. Once, however, she fancied that she had heard a slight creaking of the stairs; again,—this was one warm night when the door leading into the passage was open,—that she had heard the faint sound of soft footsteps; and on several occasions it had seemed to her that the door of an upper room had been very cautiously opened or closed.

In the earlier stages of these manifestations, Mrs. Latimer regularly woke up Mr. Latimer,

and sent him cantering off into the lower or upper regions of the house—according to her fancied location of the fancied sound—to find out what was going wrong. But as the result of these expeditions invariably was to find that everything was going right, Mr. Latimer more and more resented being despatched upon such bootless errands; and on several occasions—by this time having been almost half a year married—he pained Mrs. Latimer deeply by the reprehensible hesitation that he manifested in getting out of bed, and still more pained her, on his return from hunting her supposititious sounds and smells, by denouncing in a brief but exceedingly forcible commination service of his own devising these acoustic myths and phantom odors of her mind.

It was because the alarming sounds continued without any alarming consequences, such as the murder of herself and Mr. Latimer and the disappearance of the plate, that Mrs. Latimer very unwillingly abandoned her burglar theory and took up in a tentative way the theory that, inasmuch as Susan Poundweight had been at the bottom of one nocturnal disturbance, she might be at the bottom of them all. But why Susan Poundweight thus should go careering around the house at night—supposing, that is, that she did career—was nothing less than an impenetrable mystery. Somnambulism would not account for it, for somnambulism was a product of the imagination, and Susan Poundweight was as conspicuously lacking in that refined mental attribute as Mrs. Latimer was conspicuously over-endowed with it. Nor was it reasonable to suppose that a person of Susan's dull nature would keep awake during the period divinely set apart for slumber save under stress of some motive of such exceptional energy that traces of it would be manifest, also, during the day; but during her waking hours—save for her continued demolition of the plumbing—Susan was as placid as a windless day in June.

In short, the situation was such that Mrs. Latimer could make neither head nor tail of it. Nor was Mr. Latimer able to give her any rational assistance when she exhibited to him her mystery for solution. All that Mr. Latimer did in the premises was to advance the inadequate and brutal opinion that, inasmuch as all the noises on which Mrs. Latimer rested her scheme of bewildering wonderment undoubtedly were the pure creations of her own fancy, there was no mystery to solve. Actually, of course, Mr. Latimer went off on this tack because he could not solve the problem either—as Mrs. Latimer promptly pointed out to him, with the comment (matrimony already had taught her something) that to do that “was so like a man!”

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Thomas A. Janvier.



SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

A LADY IN BLACK. PAINTED BY FREDERICK W. FREER.

VOL. XLVIII.—8.

OLD DUTCH MASTERS.

AELBERT CUYP (1620-1691).



ELBERT CUYP, born at Dordrecht, or Dort, in 1620, and not in 1605, as has been accepted until recently, was perhaps the most versatile of the Dutch masters. He was one of the first of the school, beginning with its robust incipency, and living to witness its decline. He died in 1691. By the diversity of his talent he contributed greatly to enlarge the list of those homely observations which characterize the art of his period, and the variety of his subjects makes up almost a complete repertory of Dutch life, especially in its rural phases. Indeed, such is the multifariousness of his investigations, and the vigor and independence of his way of proceeding, that he must have been one of the most active promoters of the school. He painted landscapes, sunsets and moonlights, marines, cattle and horses, people of various condition, from those of wealth and refinement to shepherds, portraits, pictures of barn-yard fowl, and groups of "still life"; and all with admirable coloring and execution. He was well-to-do, living upon his own estate, and painting what he pleased and at his leisure, and according to the inspiration of the moment. Taking nature ever as his guide, he rarely fails to impress us by a charmingly naïve conception, and an originality of handling quite his own.

Very little is known of his early life; he was the pupil of his father, Jacob Gerritsz Cuyp, an able landscape-painter. It is probable that he visited other parts of Holland before beginning to practise on his own account at Dort. He was little known or appreciated in his day, owing to the taste which sprang up at that time for the extreme finish that the works of Dou and his school exhibit. For this reason Rembrandt also suddenly lost favor, and other rare spirits like Ruysdael were misunderstood and neglected. Until 1750, the best examples of Cuyp were not valued at more than twelve dollars apiece. The English have the honor of first discovering him to the world, and consequently England possesses the majority of his works. The engraved example is one of his finest, and is to be seen in the Louvre at Paris. The picture is one of Cuyp's largest, measuring 5 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches high by 7 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The temperament of Cuyp led him to seek calm

and sunny scenes, and his rare faculty for rendering light, and the atmospheric effects of hazy morning, of glowing afternoon, and of golden evening, is well known. Dwelling on the banks of the placid Maas, he delighted to reproduce the warm skies of summer or autumn, and the amber-colored atmosphere that enveloped the surrounding hills, and found reflection in the dreamy water. To one proceeding directly from Italy to Holland, the difference in the sunlight of the two countries must appear a striking feature; that of the former is white and brilliant compared with the latter, which is soft and decidedly yellow. The brightest of summer days in Holland always impressed me as though the sun were veiled by yellow mists, and one's shadow upon the ground would not show clear-cut as in Italy.

Speaking of the painting here engraved, Fromentin, in his admirable work on the old masters of Belgium and Holland, has the following:

No one could go farther in the art of painting light, of rendering the pleasing and restful sensations with which a warm atmosphere envelops and penetrates one. It is a picture. It is true without being too true; it shows observation without being a copy. The air that bathes it, the amber warmth with which it is soaked, that gold which is but a veil, those colors which are only the result of the light which inundates them, of the air which circulates around, and of the sentiment of the painter which transforms them, those values so tender in a whole which is so strong—all these things come both from nature and from a conception; it would be a masterpiece if there had not slipped into it some insufficiencies which seem the work of a young man or of an absent-minded designer.

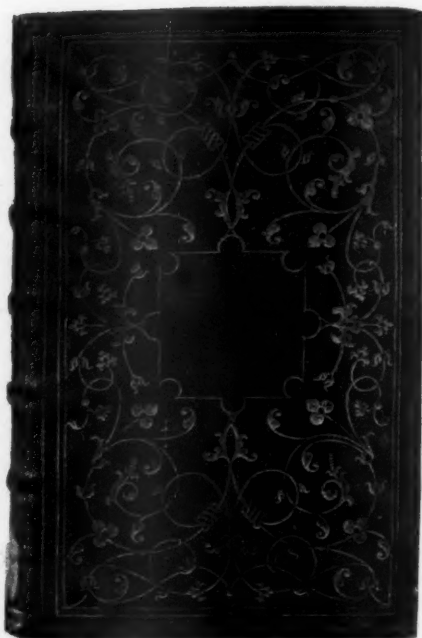
What these "insufficiencies" are may be seen in the proportion of the children to the shepherd playing upon the pipe, though this detracts nothing from the charm and poetry of the whole. Such, apparently, is the enchantment of the scene that I have come to imagine these little creatures as intended by the artist to represent the genii of the place, evoked by the music of the shepherd, and the harmony of this rarest of occasions, when all nature is attuned.

T. Cole.




BOOKBINDINGS OF THE PAST.

NOTES OF A BOOK-LOVER.



"ERIZZO, DISCORSO SOPRA LE MODAGLIE ANTICHE," VENICE, 1559. IN 8VO (IMPRIMÉS EXPOSITION, NO. 526. FLAT RECTO). BOUND FOR GROLIER IN THE STYLE OF THOSE OF GEOFFROY TORY.

It is the only example known of work of this class bearing the name of Grolier. The device is on the verso. (From "Les Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale." By permission of Edouard Rouveyre.)

S I begin to set down here these rambling impressions and stray suggestions about the great bookbinders of the past, I am reminded of a pleasant saying recorded in Burton's "Book-Hunter," that storehouse of merry jests against those who love books not wisely but too well. Burton tells us that in the hearing of a certain dealer in old tomes and rare volumes a remark was ventured that such an one was "said to know something about books," which brought forth the fatal answer: "He know about books? Nothing—nothing at all, I assure you; unless, perhaps, about their insides."

The pertinence of this retort to myself, just now, I cannot but confess at once. What I know best about books is their insides. And yet, perhaps, it is not an unpardonable sin for

an author to concern himself also with the outside of books—if so be he love them, if he care for tall copies, if he be capable of cherishing the good edition, the one with the misprint. This is why I am emboldened to risk myself in a voyage of retrospection in search of the masters and the masterpieces of the bibliopægic art.

I.

GROLIER AND THE RENASCENCE.

IN a letter written to a friend in April, 1518, Erasmus highly praised the civility, the modesty, the integrity, and the munificence of his correspondent, and added, "You owe nothing to books, but in the future books will give you an eternal glory."

The man to whom this was written was a Viscount of Aguisy, for a while treasurer of the army of Italy, then French ambassador to Rome, and afterward treasurer of France under Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., and Charles IX. "Born in 1479, dying in 1565, he lived eighty-six years,"—so M. Le Roux de Lincy, his biographer, tells us,—“during which he showed himself always a zealous protector of the learned, a lover of the good and beautiful books issued by the Giunti and the Aldi, or by the other publishers of the time, and also an ardent collector of coins and of antiquities.” Yet the prediction of Erasmus has so far come true that the name of the ambassador and treasurer of France would be forgotten were it not that the fame of the book-lover has lingered, and spread, until now, more than three centuries after the death of Jean Grolier of Lyons, there is a flourishing club called by his name here in New York, the chief city of a continent undiscovered when he was born.

Grolier had the good fortune to live through the glorious years of the Renaissance, when all the arts were reviving at once and flourishing together; and he had the good judgment to aid in the development of the art of book-binding, to which he attached his name inseparably. The art was not new when he began to collect the best works of the best printers, but it was about to have a new birth; and when it was born again, Grolier helped to guide its early steps. Perhaps the first book-binder was the humble workman who collected the baked clay tiles on which the Assyrians wrote their laws; and he was a bookbinder

also who prepared a protecting cylinder to guard the scrolls of papyrus on which Vergil, and Horace, and Martial had written their verses.

Before the invention of printing, the choicer manuscripts, books of hours, and missals, were made even more valuable by sides of carved ivory, or of delicately wrought silver often studded with gems. Even after printing was invented, the binder was called upon only to stitch the leaves of the book, all further deco-

and again they were hollowed out to hold a crucifix or a pair of spectacles, although sometimes it was only to make room for an almanac. It is no wonder that when a tome thus ponderously begirt fell upon Petrarch it so bruised his leg that for a while there was danger of amputation. Even when these real boards were thin, they were thick enough to conceal a worm, that worst of all the enemies of books; and thus real boards, like the German *condottieri* in many an Italian city, de-

stroyed what they were meant to protect. In time the genuine board was given up for a pasteboard, which was then made by pasting together sheets of paper, and myriads of pages of books no longer in fashion were thus destroyed to stiffen the covers of newer volumes. In our day many an interesting fragment of a forgotten author, and not a few curious and instructive engravings, have been rescued from oblivion, when the decay of old book-covers has led to the picking apart of the pasteboards beneath the crumbling leather.

With the invention of printing, and the immediate multiplication of books, there came an urgent demand for workmen capable of covering a volume in seemly fashion. In many a monastery the binderies must have been increased hastily to meet the demand, and we can trace the handiwork of these monastic craftsmen by the designs they imprinted on the covers of the books they bound—designs made up mainly of motives from the manuscript missals, from the typographic ornaments of the early printers, and from the transcripts of those carvings in wood and stone with which the churches of that time were abundantly enriched.

But the workshops in the monasteries did not suffice, and leather-workers of all sorts—saddlers, harness-makers, and those who put together the elaborate boots and shoes of the times—were impressed into the service, taking over to the new trade of book-binding, not only their skill in dealing with leather, but also the tools and the designs with which they had been wont to decorate the boots, the saddles, the harness, and the caskets of fair ladies and lords of high degree. For the most part these were humble artisans, lacking even in the rudiments of learning. The authorities in France preferred the workman to be ignorant who was called in to bind the records of the State and the royal books of



BINDING EXECUTED FOR THO. MAIOLI, 1536. (FROM "MANUEL HISTORIQUE ET BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE DE L'AMATEUR DE RELIURE," BY FÉLIX MISSION OF LÉON GRUEL.)

ration being the privilege of the silversmith. Benvenuto Cellini was paid six thousand crowns for the golden cover, carved and enriched with precious stones, which he made for a book that Cardinal de' Medici wished to give Charles V. In France the silversmiths claimed the monopoly of binding, and also of dealing in the finer stuffs—not merely in cloth-of-gold, but even in velvet.

Certain of the books bound in the monasteries were incased in boards—veritable boards, of actual wood—so thick that now

account. The late Édouard Fournier, in his essay on the "Art de la Reliure en France," cites the contract of one Guillaume Ogier in Italy, 1492, as a binder of the registers of the treasury, in which the artisan "declared and made oath that he knew not how to read nor to write."

Perhaps one reason for the superiority of the early Italian bindings over the French of the same period was that the workmen employed

We know that Grolier was in Italy in 1512, and that he was still at Milan in 1525. He was a friend and a patron of Aldus. "No book left the Aldine press," M. Le Roux de Lincy declares, "without several copies, some on vellum," some on white or colored paper, being specially printed for the library of the French collector. Voltaire says that "a reader acts toward books as a citizen toward men; he does not live with all his contemporaries, he chooses a few friends." Grolier chose for his friends the best books and the most beautiful; he was fond of a good author no less than of a wide margin. As Dr. Holmes tells us, a library "is a looking-glass in which the owner's mind is reflected"; and it is a noble portrait of the man which we get when we look at the books of Jean Grolier. He was a lover of the New Learning. His praises are repeated in many a dedication from the scholars and the publisher-printers of the period. Many a book was brought out wholly, or partly, at his expense. The managers of the Aldine press often borrowed money from him, and never applied in vain. He quarreled once with Benvenuto Cellini, but he was a close friend of Geoffroy Tory. He was a scholar, as is attested by the elegant Latinity of his extant correspondence. He was an artist of not a little skill with the pencil, as a sketch in his copy of the "Maxims" of Erasmus proves.

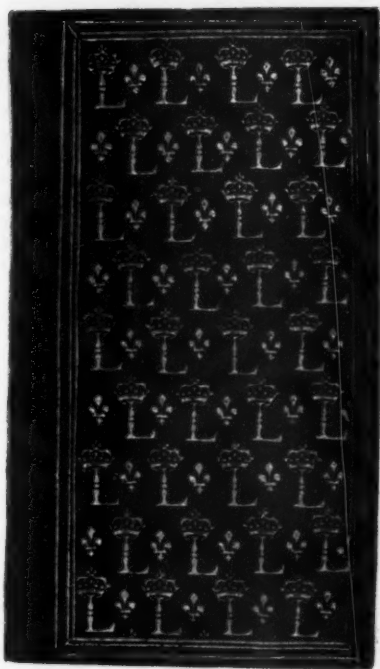
Fournier thought that perhaps Grolier himself designed the graceful arabesques and interwoven bands which characterize the covers of his books. "Compared with the other bindings of the same time, and of the same country, those of Grolier are distinguished by an unequalled and unfailling taste." They are closely akin to the bindings executed for Aldus in Venice, and to the bindings then made by the Italian workmen elsewhere in Italy, in France, and even in England: but they are somehow superior; they have a note of their own; they are the result of a finer artistic sense; and the longer I study the books bound during the Italian renaissance, the more I am inclined to agree with Fournier when he asserts that Grolier, "with Italian methods, created a French art." Certainly he gave to his library so definite an individuality that the volumes which composed it three hundred years ago are now treated as veritable works of art; they have their catalogue, like the pictures of a great painter, or the plates of a great engraver; they are numbered. Every existing book bound for Grolier has its pedigree, and is traced lovingly from catalogue to catalogue of the great collectors.

The beauty of the Grolier bindings is in the lavish and tasteful ornamentation of the sides. In



"COLLOQUIES OF ERASMUS," BASEL, 1537. QUARTO, 7x4½ INCHES; BROWN CALF. (FROM BLENHEIM COLLECTION. OWNED BY MR. BRAYTON IVES.)

in Italy were more intelligent and better educated. In a book printed by Aldus in 1513, the notice to the binder is in Greek! Ambroise Firmin-Didot explained the anomaly of this apparently extraordinary culture on the part of the handicraftsmen of that era by suggesting that the workmen employed by Aldus—who was binder as well as printer—were many of them Greeks who had been driven to Venice after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. Every reader of "Romola" will remember the influence exercised on the Italian renaissance by the personal presence of the Greeks, and in no art was this influence more immediate, more permanent, or more beneficial, than in the art of bookbinding.



BINDING EXECUTED BY CLOVIS ÈVE FOR LOUIS XIII.
(FROM "MANUEL HISTORIQUE ET BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE DE
L'AMATEUR DE RELIURE." BY PERMISSION OF LÉON
GRUEL.)

the early days of printing, and when the traditions of the days of manuscripts still were dominant, the shelves of a library inclined like a reading-desk, and the handsome volumes lay on their sides, taking their ease. Books then were not packed together on level shelves as they are now, shoulder to shoulder, like common soldiers; but each stately tome stood forward by itself singly, like an officer. So the broad sides of the ample folios seemed to invite decoration.

The first books which Grolier had bound in Italy are similar in their style of decoration to those then sent forth from the Aldine press; a few have elegant arabesques, setting off a central shield, but most of them have simple geometrical designs in which interlacing bands, formed by parallel lines gilt-tooled, are relieved by solid ornaments very like those with which the Aldus family then adorned the pages of the books they were printing, and which were suggested some, no doubt, by the illuminations of the old missals, but more, beyond question, by the Oriental traditions of the Greek workmen. The distinguishing quality of these ornaments,

familiar enough to all who know the Aldine style, was grace united to boldness.

Look at a specimen of the earlier of Grolier's bindings. Note the simplicity of the interlaced bands, the sharp strength of the enriching arabesques, the skill with which they are combined; and then remember that this, like every other design, was laboriously tooled bit by bit, and line by line, each separate ornament being stamped on the cover at least twice, once to impress the leather, and again to attach the gold. It is only an understanding of the technic of an art which enables us to appreciate its triumphs. The art of the bookbinder is limited by the "tools" he uses. A "tool," in the parlance of the trade, is the brass implement at the end of which is cut the little device, ornament, or part of an ornament, that is separately to be transferred to the leather. Every figure, every leaf, every branch, every part of the design, is made of one or more tools. The binder conceives his general scheme of decoration, knowing his tools; and it is by a combination and repetition of these tools that he forms his design. One might almost say that tools are style; certainly it is obvious that the tools changed form concurrently with every modification of taste in bookbinding; and a study of the tools, as they have been modified during the past three centuries, is essential to any understanding of the art of bookbinding. Thus we see that when Grolier began to gather his library the binder used tools copied from Aldine typographic devices, and impressed in gold on the cover of a book that figure which on the printed page was a solid black. But the finer taste of the Renaissance soon discovered that, although the broad black of the Aldine devices was pleasing on a



ALDINE TOOLS, SOLID.



ALDINE TOOLS, HOLLOW.

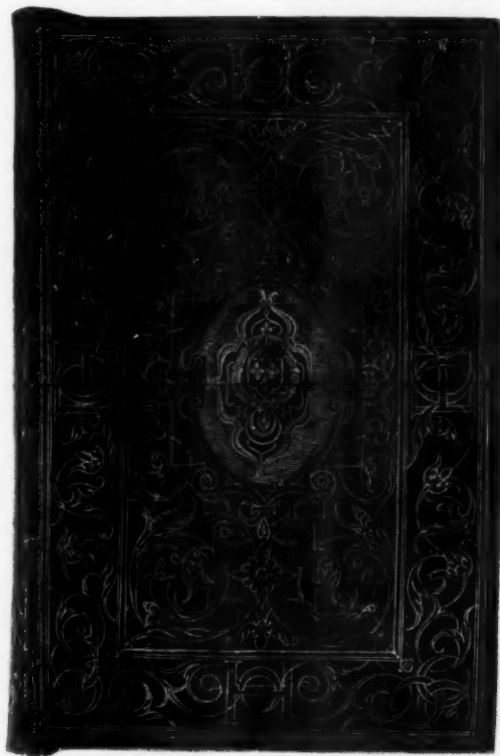
ALDINE TOOLS, AZURED

white page, an excess of solid gold was less satisfactory on the side of a book. So they made these tools sometimes hollowed,—that is, in outline merely, which lightened them

instantly,—and sometimes azured—that is, crossed by horizontal lines, as in the manner of indicating “azure” in heraldry. Then, having the same device in three different values where before they had but one, the adroit binder was able to vary and combine them as he needed solid strength or easy lightness.

The next step was to increase the variety and the complication of the interlacing bands—and it is these interlacing bands which are perhaps the chief characteristic of the Grolier bindings. Instead of being indicated by two fine lines of

On one or the other side of Grolier's books was the legend “Io. Grolierii et amicorum,” a form which M. Le Roux de Lincy thinks he may have borrowed from his friend Maioli, an Italian collector, of whom almost nothing is known, although his books are greatly sought after—Grolier had several of them. M. Clément de Ris, the author of a pleasant volume on the “Amateurs d'Autrefois,” doubts whether Grolier ever lent his books, despite this altruistic declaration. But M. Le Roux de Lincy has been able to trace not a few duplicates



“PANDECTARUM JURIS FLORENTINI, VOL. II.” BINDING WITH THE ARMS OF FRANCE SURROUNDED WITH SCROLLS, AND WITH THE CIPHER OF HENRY II. AND DIANA OF FOITIERS. IN THE MAZARIN LIBRARY. (FROM “LA RELIURE FRANÇAISE,” BY M. MARIUS MICHEL. BY PERMISSION OF DAMASCÈNE MORGAND.)

gold, the bands were marked out by three lines. Finally, the bands traced by plain gold tooling were enriched by paint. Adroitly contrasted colors were chosen to fill up the hollow bands which twisted above and below one another all over the cover of the book. To-day these painted ribbons and the gilding of the design are sadly dulled by the years, but when they were fresh, nothing could have been more magnificently resplendent than this polychromatic decoration.

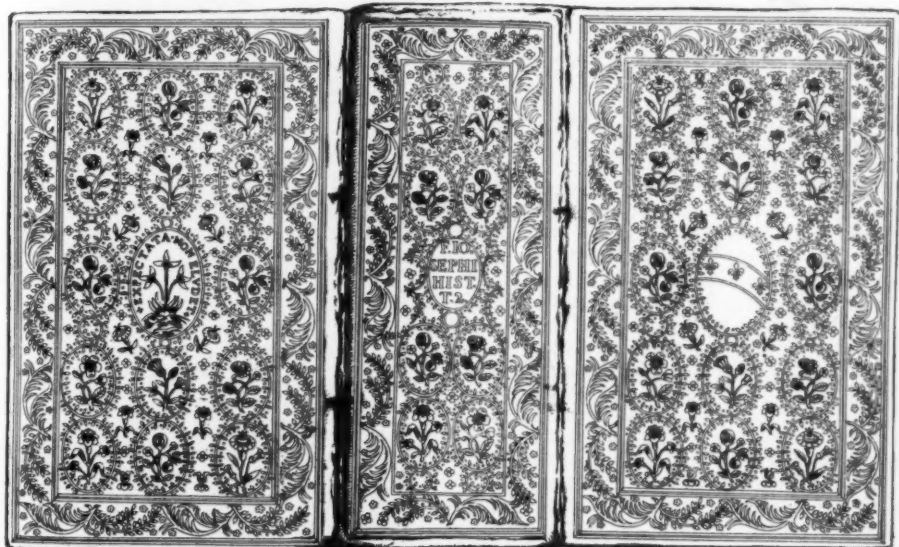
and triplicates from Grolier's collection,—he has even found five copies of the same Aldine edition of Vergil,—whence it is fair to conclude that the book-lover meant the legend to be interpreted in the most liberal manner, in that he stood ready to give his books to his friends, even though he was not willing to lend them. Indeed, to lend a beloved volume is the last thing a true bibliophile can be coaxed to do, although the lending of books was a form of charity specially recommended by a Council

of Paris so far back as 1212. We know that Grolier gave four of the best of his books to the father of J. A. de Thou.

The books bound for Maioli are almost as beautiful as the books bound for Grolier, but, as M. Marius Michel remarks, Maioli had some poor bindings, and Grolier had none. Perhaps it was also due to the example of Maioli that Grolier chose a motto, which ran, "Portio mea, Domine, sit in terra viventium," modified from Psalm cxli. Maioli's was, "Inimici mea michi, non me michi." Marc Laurin of Watervliet, a friend of Grolier and of Maioli, and a book-lover like them, had for his motto, "Virtus in arduo." In as marked a contrast as may be with the friendly legend on Grolier's books is the motto which the learned Scaliger borrowed from the Vulgate, "Ite ad vendentes"—"Go rather to them that sell" (Matthew xxv. 9).

scrollwork flowing through it"; and the Grolier was said to be "an interlaced framework of geometrical figures, circles, squares, and diamonds, with scrollwork running through it, the ornaments of which are of Moresque character, and often azured." A classification of this sort is lacking in scientific precision, since all three of these styles existed at the same time, and are to be found on books bound for Grolier, although there is no doubt that he most often affected the interlacing geometrical patterns. That three styles different enough to bear distinct names should flourish side by side is evidence, were any needed, of the extraordinary artistic richness of the Italian renaissance.

Nor is this the whole story. While Grolier and his fellow-collectors were developing a French art in Italy, and with Italian workmen, the art was taking root in France, and



Desd'Anges

BINDING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. (FROM "HISTOIRE DE LA BIBLIOPHILIE." BY PERMISSION OF J. TECHENER.)

Desd'Anges

PREFIXED to the "Catalogue of an Exhibition of Recent Bookbindings, 1860-1890," held at the Grolier Club in New York in December, 1890, was a note on styles, in which there was a division of the best known work of the Renaissance into three classes rather arbitrarily designated as "Aldine or Italian," "Maioli," and "Grolier." The Aldine was said to have ornaments of solid face without any shading whatever, and these ornaments were of Arabic origin, and such as were used by Aldus and the other early Italian printers; the Maioli was said to be composed generally "of a framework of shields or medallions, with a design of

flourishing lustily. Born in the reign of Louis XII., Grolier died in the reign of Charles IX., and he was a witness of the sturdy development of art in France under Francis I. and Henry II. While he was having books bound in one or another of the three contemporary styles of Italian origin, two styles were in process of evolution in France, without his assistance, and perhaps without his approval. Certainly there is now extant no volume known to have belonged to Grolier decorated either with a *semé* (as the French call it), a "powder," frequently used by Francis I., or with the elaborately enriched central rec-

tangle, surrounded by a frame of rolling arabesques, such as we find Henry II. to have been fond of. In the *semé* there is, perhaps, a lightly tooled fillet around the side of the book, and perhaps a coat of arms, or some other vignette, in the center, and even at each corner, but the binding derives its decorative richness from the sowing broadcast of the king's initial, or of the royal lily, or of some other single tool, repeated regularly in horizontal and perpendicular lines. Sometimes it contains but one device thus repeated geometrically, and sometimes two or three devices are alternated, and agreeably contrasted. In the hands of a feeble binder the "powder" degenerates easily into stiff and barren monotony; but when the devices are adroitly varied, and made to sustain each other skilfully, it is capable of indisputable dignity and strength.

A kindred artful employment of monogram and personal emblem it is which gives distinction to the beautiful bindings which bear the double H of Henry II., and the triple crescent of Diana of Poitiers. The famous Henri Deux ware, for which the lover of ceramic art longs in vain, has not a rarer charm than that of some of the bindings executed at the same time and under the same inspiration. M. Marius Michel, bringing to the study a highly trained understanding of the technic of biblioepic art, declares that there were in France under Henry II. three, and perhaps four, binders of extraordinary merit. Their work survives to this day, and is more and more admired, but their names have perished forever. It is a pity that we cannot do honor to the memory of the noble craftsman who executed some of the most splendid bindings with no other implements than the

straight fillet and curved gouge, disdaining aid of any engraved tools whatsoever. To him we owe the transcendent folio, "Pandectarum Juris Florentini," now in the Mazarin Library at Paris. M. Marius Michel

asserts that no binder had ever such skill of hand. "As clay is transformed under the fingers of the clever sculptor, so the learned arabesques, the graceful volutes, seemed to be born under his instruments; no one has ever carried to such a degree the exquisite sentiment of form."

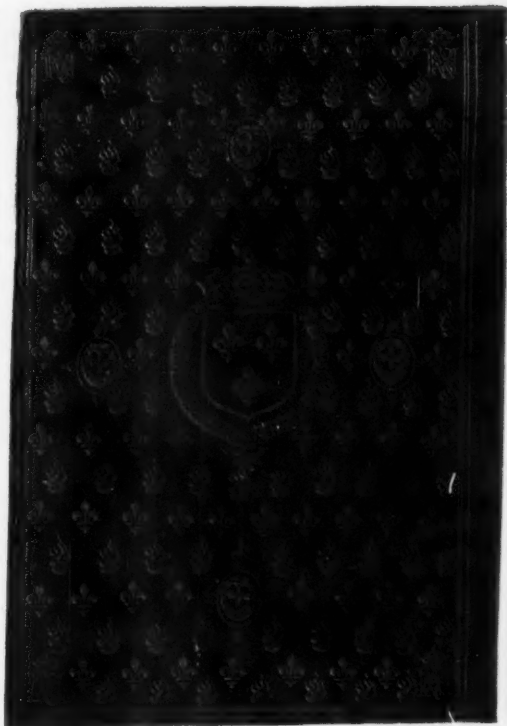


CURVED GOUGES.

II.

DE THOU AND LE GASCON.

In the history of the biblioepic art the names of book-lovers and of bookbinders are inextricably entangled. At one moment the dominant individuality is seen to be a collector like Grolier or Maioli, and at the next it is an artist-artisan like Le Gascon or Derome. After the death of Henry II., the great binders of his reign disappear absolutely; there is no trace of their handiwork or of their tools. Perhaps they were Huguenots, as French historians of the art have surmised, and were done to death, or fled the country, before the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes in 1598.



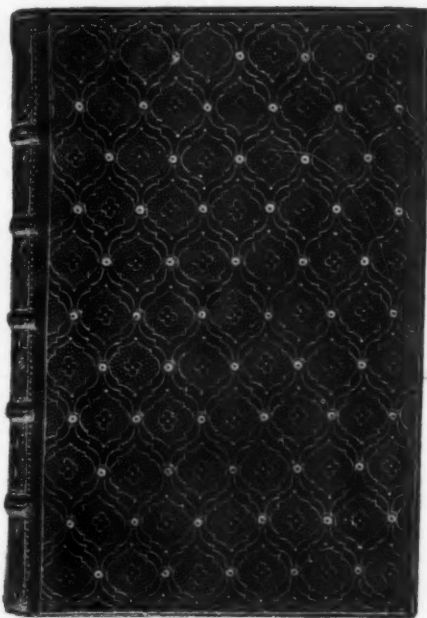
BINDING EXECUTED BY NICOLAS ÈVE, 1579. (FROM "MANUEL HISTORIQUE ET BIBLIOGRAPHIQUE DE L'AMATEUR DE RELIURE." BY PERMISSION OF LÉON GRUEL.)



A "POWDER" (*SEMÉ*) WITH THE DEVICE OF THE DAUPHIN.

Whatever their fate, the tradition was broken, and the art of bookbinding developed on other lines than theirs; and the personality which next comes into view is that of a collector—Jacques Auguste de Thou.

When Grolier was in danger of his life De Thou's father saved him, and Grolier gave the elder De Thou four of the best books of his library. The son was then only nine years old, but perhaps this was the beginning of his love for books—a sacred fire which thus passed from Grolierius to Thuanus by a sort of apostolic succession. Born in 1553, De Thou traveled from 1573 to 1582, paying a visit in 1576 to Plantin. In 1593 he was appointed to the custody of the books of the king, Henry IV., succeeding Jacques Amyot, the translator of Plutarch's "Lives," and of the "Daphnis et Chloe" of Longus. In his new post De Thou was able to save for the nation the library of Catherine de' Medici. Swift says that "some know books as they do lords; learn their titles exactly, and then brag of their acquaintance"; and there are always book-collectors of this sort. But De Thou was a book-lover of another kind; he knew his books, he used them well, he lived with them; and to-day he lives



"OFFICE DE LA SEMAINE SAINTE." BOUND BY N. PADERLOUP. (FROM "REMARKABLE BINDINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM," BY HENRY B. WHEATLEY.)



"VALERII MAXIMI DICTORUM FACTORUMQUE MEMORABILUM, LIBRI IX." BOUND BY NICOLAS ÈVE. FROM THE LIBRARY OF DE THOU. (FROM "REMARKABLE BINDINGS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM," BY HENRY B. WHEATLEY.)

by the fame they have given him since he died in 1617. It is the love of books which has saved his name from oblivion, as M. Clément de Ris declares in his pleasant gossip about the "Amateurs d'Autrefois." "Distinguished magistrate, remarkable writer, historian of rare merit, statesman of exceptional common sense and of great foresight, what survives is the bibliophile. Who remembers that he took part in the abjuring of Henry IV., or that he was one of the most active negotiators of the Edict of Nantes? No one. Who reads the 'History of his Time?'—'that grand and faithful history,' as Bossuet called it. Again, no one. But ask any petty dealer in second-hand books what the emblem was with which he marked his books. He will answer you without the error of a letter. A collector, if he have but an elevated taste, is moved by respect for the past; he seeks the driftwood of time, which the present despises. The future pays the debt of the past"—and hands the collector's name down to posterity.

It was toward the end of the reign of Charles IX., after the death of Grolier (1565), that we find the first specimens of a new style. The side of a book was now covered by a framework of small compartments formed by double-filleted bands. At first these compartments were

empty, and Henry III. added to the barren severity of the design by filling the central space with a stamp representing the crucifixion. As Henry II. put the bow and arrows and triple crescents of the unchaste Diana on the royal bindings, so the somber Henry III., taking life sadly because of his lost love, Mary of Cleves, was fond also of a powder of tears and of death's heads scattered through the lilies of France. So solemn a style of decoration did not tempt his sister Margaret of Valois, afterward known as Queen Margot, and she preferred a powder of marguerites, each flower being framed in an oblong wreath.

For her, also, the cold austerity of the geometrically distributed compartments was done away with, and, while the same regular framework was retained, all the hollow spaces within and without the figures, formed by the double fillets, were filled with



THE LITTLE BRANCHES.

twisting
branches,
with spiral
vines, and

with a multitude of little tools, light, airy, and graceful. These are the bindings which we find on the best of the books of De Thou. These are the bindings which are credited to the Èves, Nicolas and Clovis, two brothers who were the royal binders from 1578 to 1627. Whether or not they are entitled to the credit for the many beautiful bindings rather rashly attributed to them is one of the many moot points in the history of the art. These are the bindings now known as "fanfares," because that was the chief word in the title of an old book which Thouvenin bound in this style for Charles Nodier, during the Restoration. These are the bindings which served as models to that greatest of binders, who is known to us as Le Gascon, and who, so M. Marius Michel surmises, may have been a pupil or apprentice of the binders who worked for De Thou.

AFTER Grolier, perhaps Le Gascon is the foremost personality in the history of bookbinding. Grolier was not a binder himself; he was a collector, an art-patron, and when applied to him the term has no taint of the offensiveness which may attach to it nowadays; and, as it happens, we do not know the names of any of the artist-artisans who worked for Grolier, and to whom we owe the many masterpieces of the most magnificent collection ever yet attempted. Le

Gascon was himself a binder, but this is all we know about him. We do not know for sure whether or not it was he who covered the immortal "Guirlande de Julie"; we do not even know whether Le Gascon is his patronymic, or a mere nickname. Probably it is a sobriquet recalling his Gascon origin. M. Léon Gruel, in his "Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Reliure" (Paris: Gruel & Engelmann. 1887),—one of the most valuable of many volumes the present writer has placed under contribution in the preparation of these pages,—reproduces a binding signed by Florimond Badier (now in the National Library in Paris), and draws attention to the extraordinary resemblance in style which this binding bears to the bindings generally ascribed to Le Gascon. M. Gruel ventured the hypothesis that Florimond Badier might be the real name of the man whose nickname was Le Gascon. But M. Marius Michel, a practical binder himself (as is M. Gruel), in his book about "La Reliure Française" (Paris: Damascène Morgand et Charles Fatout. 1880),—another book to which the writer owes more than he can here confess,—M. Marius Michel had declared this binding of Florimond Badier's to be the handiwork of some clumsy imitator of Le Gascon, who had copied even the dotted outline of a human head which some have taken to be in some sort the trade-mark of the master. Who shall decide when decorators disagree? If a layman may hazard an opinion, it would be to the effect that although Florimond Badier might well be the true name of Le Gascon, yet the binding in question is not equal to the best of those accredited to the supreme artist of bibliopeggy, those marvels of taste and splendor wherein the utmost luxury of gilding is never allowed to become vulgar, tawdry, or even glaring.

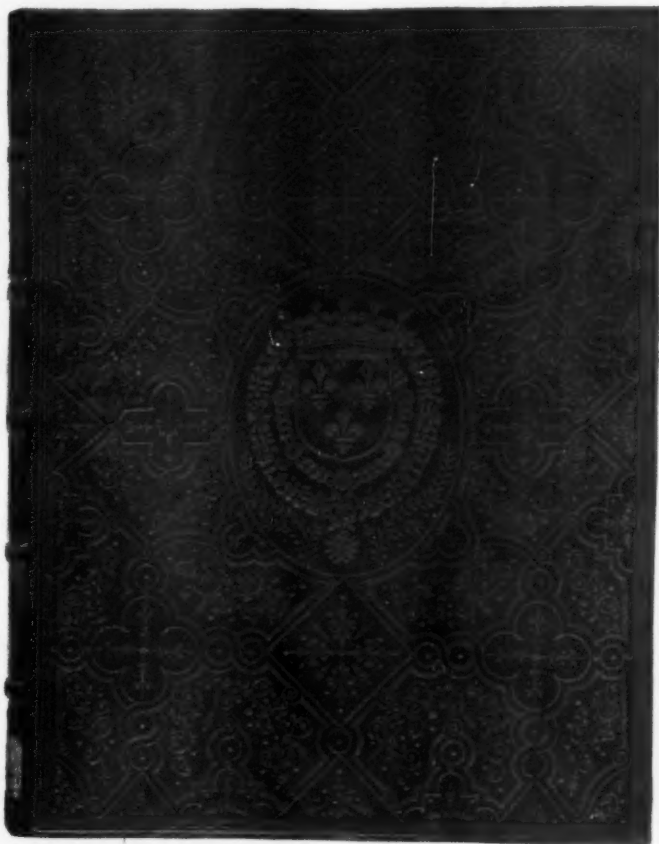
That Le Gascon is the foremost of all the artists who have embellished a book-cover is the verdict of his fellow-craftsmen. M. Gruel does not yield to M. Marius Michel in admiration of the magnificent masterpieces which came from the hands of Le Gascon. In all that M. Marius Michel has written about Le Gascon there is a glow of devoted enthusiasm. Mr. William Matthews is as swift in praise; and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, when I asked him whom he held to be the greatest of all binders, did not hesitate, but answered promptly and positively, "Le Gascon." As Keats has been called the poets' poet, so is Le Gascon the bookbinders' bookbinder. But it does not need the trained eye of the expert to discover his surpassing charm, the richness of his gilding, and the unfailing delicacy and distinction of his design. Yet the most characteristic of his bindings differs but little from those of his im-

TOOLS USED
IN THE
"FAN-
FARES."

mediate predecessors—in so far at least as the mere structure and outline of the decoration are concerned. It was only by slow degrees that he developed his own individuality, and to the end of his career he employed the formal framework of the fanfares whenever he had to do a binding of exceptional importance.

Now and again, however, he preferred a

placed the simple fillet. The full-face device of the Aldine bindings was first azured, to lighten it a little, and then hollowed out, leaving it in outline only; and now it was made still airier, when it appeared only as a string of tiny gilt points. This dotted line is the characteristic of Le Gascon, and it gives their incomparable brilliancy to the best of his bind-



"ARIANUS, DE VENATIONE." PARIS, 1644. IN QUARTO. (IMPRIMÉS EXPOSITION, NO. 619. FLAT RECTO.)

Bound in the arms of Gaston of Orleans, which is often attributed to the mysterious Le Gascon, but which is Eve's, nevertheless. This piece is curious in this respect, that it marks the transition between the flowered decoration of Eve and the pointed foliages of Le Gascon. (From "Les Reliures d'Art à la Bibliothèque Nationale." By permission of Édouard Rouveyre.)

less complicated design, and he used a lace-like border and a broad rectangular framework, boldly tooled, and almost filled with a dazzling array of coruscating spirals, which set off the red leather of the smaller central space, containing generally the coat-of-arms of the fortunate owner. It was only by degrees that he introduced what was almost his only innovation—tools in which a dotted line re-

ings. But it is merely one of the implements at the command of his skill and taste, and he would be almost as great an artist if he had not happened on this particular improvement.

M. Marius Michel thinks that Le Gascon in his youth must have been familiar with the best bindings in the library of De Thou. In his manhood he worked for Cardinal Mazarin, and it is worthy of note, as a proof of the mas-



tery of France in an art borrowed from Italy, that when Cardinal Mazarin (himself an Italian) was in Rome in 1643, he sent to Paris for workmen to bind his books. Barely a century and a quarter earlier, Francis I. and Grolier had been forced to import Italian binders into France. Perhaps Le Gascon lent the cardinal some of his own apprentices. That he had assistants is obvious. No one man could satisfy the demands of the book-lovers of his time. M. Marius Michel thinks that he can pick out certain bindings—four volumes of Thomas Aquinas, for example, now in the Mazarin Library—which were the work of these apprentices, as he believes that he can discern in these books the tools of the master, but not his skill of touch. The tools of Le Gascon are graceful in themselves, but to use them as he used them—*ne fait ce tour qui veut*.

III.

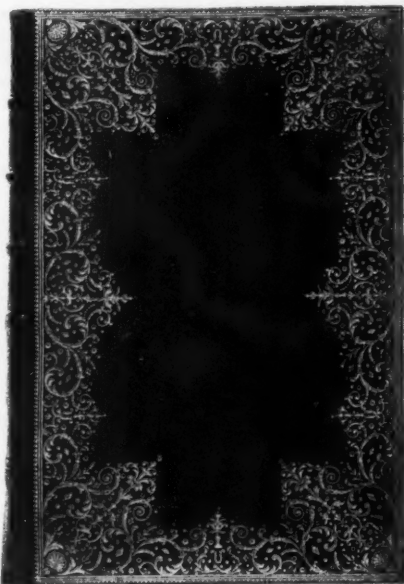
PADELOUP AND DEROME.



TOOLS OF
LE GASCON.

WHEN Louis XIV. succeeded to the throne of France, and began the long reign which opened in splendor and ended in sadness, probably Le Gascon was still binder to the king; but the influence of the greatest of bibliopegic artists diminished as the years went on, and as the proud king sought to dominate every art, and to center all things in himself as the sun from which all things were to draw light. The reign of Louis XIV. was the golden age of French literature; it was but the over-gilt age of French binding. The characteristic of the art toward the end of the long rule of the Grand Monarch was a brutal luxury of heavy gilding. The king's own books were bound in a fashion as leaden as the architecture of Versailles, and as expressive of the royal pride. The royal arms, exaggerated out of all proportion, were stamped on the center of the side of a book, and they were girt about by a broad border, equally emphatic and equally dull. These borders were often imprinted by a roulette, a wheel on which a pattern was incised in the same way that the cylinder-rings of the Egyptians were engraved. The use of a roulette, repeating the same motive indefinitely as it is rolled over the leather, is indefensible; it is the negation of art; it destroys the free play of hand which is the very essence of handicraft.

The fashion set by the king was copied by



"ARIOSTE, ORLANDO FURIOSO." VENICE, 1584. BINDING OF DEROME THE YOUNGER. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. (BY PERMISSION OF DAMASCÈNE MORGAND.)

the courtiers, and on most of the books bound under Louis XIV. we find little more than a border around the margin, and a coat-of-arms in the center. Sometimes a roulette was prepared broad enough to imprint a heavy wreath three inches in width; sometimes there would be two or three borders one within the other, the corners forming themselves as best they could, haphazard and happy-go-lucky. Sometimes huge and heavy corner-pieces were employed. Sometimes even the whole side of a book was engraved in the same heavy style, thus reducing the binder's task almost to the level of a day-laborer's. When the public accepts a mechanical and lifeless substitute for artistic and individual handicraft, the result is a deadening of the artistic impulse, and a decadence into the inertia of commonplace.

Possibly we may fairly charge this decline to the inexorable self-assertion of the king; certainly there was no great bookbinder in France while Louis XIV. was on the throne, and no great book-lover. His reign is not distinguished by the development either of a Grolier or of a Le Gascon. Yet it was while he ruled that, under the influence of the traditions



THREE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BORDERS.

bequeathed by Le Gascon, the tools known to book-lovers as the *fers du dix-septième siècle*, these seventeenth-century tools, were brought into use; and these lovely tools continue in use to this day, and form the basis of the stock in trade of the best binders of the nineteenth century. And in the reign of Louis XIV., also, by sheer reaction against the leaden showiness of the fashion set by the king, there arose the simple style of binding called after Jansen, and adopted by the sect of Port-Royal. The Jansenists bound their books soberly, with no gilding whatsoever on the sides, relying on the simple beauty of the leather in which their volumes were clad, and decorating only the inside border—the “dentelle,” as it was called, from its resemblance to delicate lacework. These under-decorated books were better bound, in a technical sense, than those of an earlier day, however much more beautiful the older books were to the eye. The books bound by Boyet, for example, toward the end of the seventeenth century, were more solidly prepared, more carefully sewn, more cautiously covered, than those sent forth from the workshops of his immediate predecessors. The Boyets, one of whom in 1733 was binder to the king, kept alive the traditions of Le Gascon; and although they were not encouraged and sustained in their more artistic endeavors, as their indisputable skill deserved, yet they are the bridge from the days of Le Gascon to those of the Padeloups and the Deromes.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIV. was produced one of the most remarkable bindings in the history of the art—the “Daphnis et Chloe” of 1715, which is adorned with the arms of the regent, and which was recently in the Quentin-Bauchard collection. Its chief characteristic is that it is a mosaic—that it has a polychromatic decoration formed by inlaid leathers of various colors. The colored bindings of Grolier’s time owed their varied tints to bands of paint, and although there had been now and again attempts at inlaying, there had been no such bold effort as this “Daphnis et Chloe,” attributed generally to Nicolas Padeloup, one of a long family of binders, existing for more than a century and a half. A binding in mosaic of the regency, or of Louis XV., is generally credited to Padeloup, just as a picture with a white horse is often ascribed to Wouwerman without further warrant. The decoration of the “Daphnis et Chloe” was obviously inspired by the designs of the contemporary potters.

And here occasion serves to say that the interdependence of all the decorative arts, their varying influence one upon the other, can be seen in the history of bookbinding, perhaps, more clearly than anywhere else. The modern

art of bookbinding began boldly in the fifteenth century in Venice, which had close relations with the Orient, and to which many Greek and Arab workmen had been attracted, bringing with them their theories and habits of decoration. Geometric designs of Arabic origin are abundant on all the objects made by Venetian handicraftsmen at this time, especially on the fragile glassware for which the city of islands is still famous; and M. Marius Michel reproduced a decorative band taken from the tiles which adorned the interior of a mosque in Constantinople, and applied also the Venetian embroideries, then given as a model in a volume of Andrea Guadagnino, promptly copied by the Italian bookbinders, and soon borrowed by their French brethren.

At first, very naturally, the decoration of the outside of books was influenced by the decoration of their insides, and we find bindings the design of which was obviously suggested by the rich and lavish embellishment of medieval manuscripts, and others adorned with patterns modified but slightly from the elaborate typographic ornaments of the early printers. The Aldi were binders as well as printers, and the same devices decorated their noble folios both within and without. Geoffroy Tory, the author of “Champ Fleury,” who reformed the art of type-founding and brought about the abandonment of black-letter, was a printer who was also a binder. He is supposed to have worked for his contemporary, Grolier. Mr. Story makes Raphael declare:

It seems to me

All arts are one—all branches on one tree,
All fingers, as it were, upon one hand.

The solidarity of the decorative arts, at least, is indisputable. Even the casual observer cannot but note the hints of design borrowed and lent, and paid back with interest, and borrowed again. Under Louis XIII., for example, when lace-making flourished, the bookbinders took over not a few of the lace-makers’ designs, modifying them to suit the conditions of the bibliopegic art. Perhaps it is not fanciful to see something of the formal grace of the stately gardens of Le Nôtre reflected in the covers of the sumptuous tomes of Louis XIV., influenced for the worse, as these were, by the heavy hand of Lebrun.

As we turn the pages of M. Marius Michel’s instructive and interesting essay, we note that Le Gascon used tools one design of which was suggested by contemporary embroideries; that Padeloup, with a duller sense of fitness, found models in ecclesiastical stained-glass; and that Derome was influenced by the remarkably varied and skilful work of the master iron-workers of the day.



The close interaction of the decorative arts is made obvious again when we find experts like M. Marius Michel seeking for the source of certain of the florid designs attributed to Padeloup in the painted pottery of the regency, and in the symmetrically disposed parterres of the great gardens of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Perhaps the mosaics of Padeloup (or at any rate the turning of his attention to mosaic) are due to the example of Boule, who died only in 1732, and who carried to the highest perfection the art of incrusting in wood designs of gold and of brass, of shell and of ivory.

The main defect of Padeloup was an insufficient sense of form. Some of these floral designs in mosaic are as unrelated to the shape of the book they decorate as though they had been cut out of an embroidered silk or a printed calico. Some of them have a monotonous repetition of the same framework, as though they were torn from a roll of wall-paper. Form and symmetry, composition and balance—these are essentials of decorative art. Most of Padeloup's designs are fragmentary; they lack unity of motive; they have no center to which the rest of the decoration is duly subordinate. Some of them, less pretentious than others, have a quality of their own. Beyond all question they are characteristic of their period. In the main they are heavy, and they lack skill, style, grace. Style they lack most plentifully, for Padeloup was as eclectic as a quack-doctor. He would mingle in the cover of any one unfortunate book tools and methods borrowed from the whole history of the art.

I confess to having fallen into a popular error here, in speaking of Padeloup as though he were a single entity, despite the fact that there were, first and last, twelve of the Padeloups. And of the Derome dynasty, which for a while was contemporaneous, there were no less than



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY TOOLS.

fourteen who were more or less known as binders. Perhaps the greatest of these was Nicolas Denis Derome, who was received master in 1761, and who is generally known as the Younger Derome. The Younger Derome was a rapid binder, a merit most rare in those who practise this craft; and he was an honest workman, loyally following the mandates of his customers. His bindings have solidity and substance. But he was too fond of the knife, and, like a cruel surgeon, too careless in its use. He cut to the quick, and many a beautiful book has died under his treatment. Margins and edges were shorn away with merciless persistence; no tall copies ever left his shop. Dibdin cries out against Derome again and again, and we cannot but feel that the cutting-iron of the binder had pierced the soul of that traveling book-lover. The Englishman declares that a folio of "Priscianus," printed by John of Spire in 1470, had lost a head and shoulders, and that a good half of the miniatures are cut into at the top. This is a crime for which the guillotine itself is the only fit punishment.

As it is the custom to attribute to Padeloup all the mosaics of the period, so to Derome are credited



A DEROME BORDER.

all the bindings whereon we see the *fer à l'oiseau*, a gracefully cut tool wherein a tiny bird with outstretched wings gives life and vivacity to the decoration of the book. In Derome's hands this decoration consisted generally of a dentelle, a lacework border obviously modeled on the marvelously easy and varied wrought-iron of the French smiths of the middle of the eighteenth century. Nothing could be at once lighter and firmer, and of its kind more charming, than the best of the open-work borders of Derome, solidly tooled on broad morocco. And the motives, borrowed from the artist-artisans who were forging the gates and making the locks of the French connoisseurs of that century, are capable of infinite variation. Probably there are no two bindings of Derome's exactly alike.

I confess that I have here praised Derome more warmly than do the French critics at whose feet I sit, and whose learned taste I envy. Derome's work seems to me to be preferable at all points to Padeloup's; easier, more graceful, more appropriate—in a word, more decorative. After Padeloup and Derome the eighteenth century had no binder in France over whose work we need dwell now. The art was getting clumsy and sluggish. Strangely enough, the vignettists, even at the height of their vogue, did not inspire those who decorated the outsides of the volumes, the insides of which they had illustrated with such dainty and delicious fantasy. Eisen was a friend of a

binder named Dubuisson, but the friendship had no appreciable effect upon Dubuisson's handiwork. Gravelot designed the tools to be used on the sides and back of the volumes of his "Contes" of La Fontaine (1762), of his Racine (1768), and of his Corneille (1771); but his hand seems to have lost somewhat of its cunning when it undertook a task for which it had no training. At least so M. Marius Michel thinks, and his is a trained taste which a layman may wisely follow. Cochin did not suggest a chaste disorder to those who bound the books he had adorned with his delicate plates; nor did Moreau—and if a French decorative artist of the last century could not be stimulated by Moreau, then the effort was hopeless.

It is not a treatise on bookbinding that I have here attempted, or a history of the art, or even a set and formal essay. All I have sought to do is to jot down a few stray notes—to gossip about those who have helped to make the Book Beautiful. What I have tried to show in my rambling paragraphs, and in the illustrations chosen to accompany them, is the sequence of styles, and the way one style was evolved from another, and their relations one to the other. At first we find almost simultaneously the Aldine and the Mañoli, the Grolier and the Henry II., styles. Then followed the *semé* (which probably suggested the wreaths), the fanfares of the *Èves*, and the brilliant fantasies of Le Gascon. Finally came Padeloup with his polychromatic mosaics (some of them deriving their monotonous framework from the wreaths and the *semé*), and Derome with his vigorous borders. And as I wandered down the history of bookbinding, I have tried to show that the key to any understanding of the succeeding styles is to be found in a study of the tools of each epoch.

That the names of the gifted bookbinders

and devoted book-lovers which came to the end of my pen in the course of my stroll down the vista of bibliopgy were nearly all French is not wilful on my part, but inevitable. The art of bookbinding was cradled in France, even if it was born elsewhere, and in France it grew to maturity. Italy shared the struggle with France in the beginning, but soon fell behind exhausted. Germany invented the book-plate to paste inside a volume, in default of the skill so to adorn the volume externally that no man should doubt its ownership. England has had but one binder—Roger Payne—that even the insular enthusiasm of his compatriots would dare to set beside the galaxy of bibliopgy stars of France. The supremacy of the French in the history of this art is shown in the catalogues of every great book sale and of every great library; the gems of the collection are sure to be the work of one or another of the Frenchmen to whose unrivaled attainments I have once more called attention in these pages. It is revealed yet again by a comparison of the illustrations in the many historical accounts of the art, French and German, British and American; nearly nine tenths of the bindings chosen for reproduction are French. And, after enjoying these, we are often led to wonder why a misplaced patriotism was blind enough to expose the other tenth to a damaging comparison. These remarks, of course, apply only to the binders whose work was done before the beginning of the nineteenth century. Of late years the superiority of French binders has been undisputable, but it has not been overwhelming. There are at present in Great Britain and in the United States binders whom no one has a right to pass over in silence, and about whom I hope to be allowed to gossip again in these pages; but in the past it was France first and the rest nowhere.

Brander Matthews.



A DEROME BORDER.



THE KEARSARGE.

IN the gloomy ocean bed
 Dwelt a formless thing, and said,
 In the dim and countless eons long ago,
 "I will build a stronghold high,
 Ocean's power to defy,
 And the pride of haughty man to lay low."

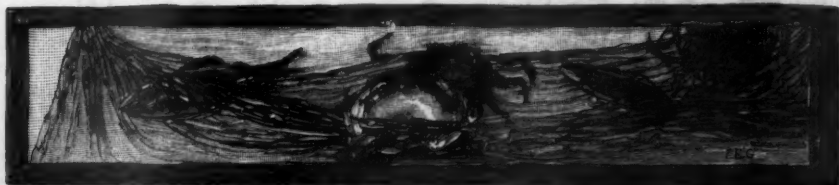
Crept the minutes for the sad,
 Sped the cycles for the glad,
 But the march of time was neither less nor more;
 While the formless atom died,
 Myriad millions by its side,
 And above them slowly lifted Roncador.

Roncador of Caribee,
 Coral dragon of the sea,
 Ever sleeping with his teeth below the wave;
 Woe to him who breaks the sleep!
 Woe to them who sail the deep!
 Woe to ship and man that fear a shipman's grave!

Hither many a galleon old,
 Heavy-keeled with guilty gold,
 Fled before the hardy rover smiting sore;
 But the sleeper silent lay
 Till the preyer and his prey
 Brought their plunder and their bones to Roncador.

Be content, O conqueror!
 Now our bravest ship of war,
 War and tempest who had often braved before,
 All her storied prowess past,
 Strikes her glorious flag at last
 To the formless thing that builded Roncador!

James Jeffrey Roche.



"THEIR EXITS AND THEIR ENTRANCES."



HOSE who had been at luncheon had gone away, and the first of the usual Sunday-afternoon throng had not appeared.

"I thought, Florence," said Miss Valence, seating herself, after she had kissed her friend, and the servant had shut the door,

"that at this hour I might find you alone."

"Yes, Winifred. I don't know what I am going to do about it," sighed Mrs. Outton, helplessly. "I never have any time. All the week it is some one, and when it is n't some one, it is something. I have a few *entr'actes*, as it were; just moments between things, as it is now, but nothing else."

"I understand and pity you," assented Winifred; "a poor, hard-worked woman of the world."

"So are you," retorted Mrs. Outton; "and do you have such an easy time of it?"

"Oh, I!" exclaimed the girl. "I am not married, and a personage."

"But still you are quite as much a slave to others—"

"Yes," sighed Winifred; "there is a great deal that one must do, and I get so tired of it. There must be something else."

"Ah!" mused Mrs. Outton, "that 'something else'—that fair, glittering something that is always troubling the minds when it is n't troubling the hearts of womankind. What a nuisance it is—"

"But there must be something else," insisted the girl.

"Certainly," laughed Mrs. Outton; "there always is. It's the Golden Fleece after which we are always setting out, the Grail for which we are always going in search. But what particular form does that 'something else' take with you at the present moment?"

"I don't know," answered Winifred, weakly.

"Are you quite sure?" demanded Mrs. Outton. "You are dissatisfied."

"I am sure of that," said Miss Valence, promptly.

"You want—want, and don't know what you want."

"I am twenty-six," said the girl, abruptly, "and I am tired of doing just what I have done—always."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Outton, softly, "who is the man? Really, this seems serious?"

"There is n't any man—honestly," replied the girl, quickly; and then she added, with a

slight flush of color on her pale fine face: "Frankly, I suppose that is the matter as much as anything—that there is n't any."

She rose impatiently, and with an abruptness very unusual with her leaned her elbow on the mantel, and stood looking into the fire.

"Don't kick that log," said Mrs. Outton; "you'll make it smoke. Now tell me more."

"There is n't any more to tell," continued Winifred, wearily and a little sullenly.

"So the S. S. S.—" began Mrs. Outton.

"What do you mean?" interrupted the other.

"Why, don't you know what you are called—S. S. S., 'the Stupendous Social Success'?"

"Yes. That was some time ago; I had forgotten—and I thought it was so amusing then," commented the rebellious young woman, again viciously kicking the end of one of the sticks of burning wood.

"And all your glories are as nothing now?"

"Yes. Is n't it silly that I cannot be satisfied with what I have? But really I do not know that it is, after all. Year after year I have gone on doing the same thing—and I am twenty-six."

"And there is n't any man?" prompted Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," said the girl, with another quick flush.

"Why not recognize the truth? I am sure that if some one were in love with me with whom I was in love then I should be happy."

"But there have been very many in love with you."

"And what good was that," said the girl, contemptuously, "if I was n't in love with any one of them? When you are young—when you are just out—it is amusing enough to have almost any man in love with you; but after you have gone on a bit, there is no earthly use in it; it is only an annoyance—unless you can be in love with him."

"And you never have been in love?" asked Mrs. Outton.

"No; never," answered Winifred, deliberately. "I am sure, and I should so like to be. It seems to me that if I could it would make me feel that I had a reason for being—that it would justify the past, and satisfy the future. Does what I say seem so very strange?"

"No," said Mrs. Outton.

"Let her say what she pleases," continued Winifred, "it's what every girl who's worth the flowers that have been sent to her really expects. Of course, when you have just started you are distracted by other things; you are

dazzled a little bit, and dizzy. Then, too, you always insensibly expect that it is coming. But at twenty-six,—when it has not come,—you begin to think and to question."

"And you have never seen any one who made you think—it was coming?"

"No," replied Winifred. "And this is n't because I am different from any other girl. I only ask to meet some one who is strong, and brave, and truthful, and true—"

"Is that all?" asked Mrs. Outton.

"And—and sympathetic," continued Miss Valence.

"Yes; and sympathetic," said Mrs. Outton, with an inflection that clearly indicated that the gist of the whole matter had, in her opinion, at length been reached.

"Yes; I suppose that is it—and sympathetic," sighed Winifred.

"In short, you have n't found the other half of the apple," observed Mrs. Outton.

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"Has n't any one told you that *yet*?" exclaimed Mrs. Outton in astonishment. "Why, men always do it; it's part of their stock in trade. But I understand; I imagine they generally keep it for married women. Well, you must know, my dear, that once upon a time,—long ago,—in India, men and women grew on trees like apples, and, what is singular, each man and each woman grew together. That was all very nice, but one day some god—some Vishnu, or Siva, or somebody—felt particularly mischievous, so he gathered all the apples, and proceeded to cut them in two, and then shook up all the halves in a basket, the result being that each half has gone about the world searching for the other half ever since."

"Yes?" said the girl.

"It is a pretty tale," commented Mrs. Outton, meditatively; "it has been told to me at least three times by different men in the last two months."

"I see what you mean," said Miss Valence, wearily.

"But there must be some reason for this," Mrs. Outton went on. "Something has happened."

"Nothing has happened," said Winifred. "If only something had happened I could understand; but it came suddenly,—the night before last,—and I have been blue and bothered."

"The night before last?" repeated Mrs. Outton.

"I was at the opera,—in the Auchenleck box, and you know they are not exciting,—and little Prince Rittenburg would insist upon showing me how well he could speak English, and I was bored, and it was the third act of 'Faust'—"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Outton.

"Florence," interrupted Miss Valence, "I

shall not be daunted by your very opprobrious 'Ah.' 'Faust' always does affect me, and that night it set my heart beating—not to say the blood running through my veins—as usual. I began to think: seven years had I been out, and seen all that in a young-lady-like manner it was possible for me to see of the world, and this was all there was of it, that I should be doing in my twenty-seventh year exactly what I had been doing in my twentieth. 'I am going to retire—as gracefully as possible. Either I am a failure or life is a failure, but which does n't make the least difference; the result is the same.'

"And what do you purpose to do?"

"I thought," said Winifred, a little diffidently, "that I should study kindergartens in Chicago."

"You!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," the girl hurried on; "I know that it is horribly commonplace and usual, but I can't think of anything else. I don't care for very small children, but I am sorry for them, and perhaps I should do."

"O Winifred," said Mrs. Outton, "it would be so dreary for you!"

"No," said the girl, evidently trying to be cheerful. "Perhaps you would ask me to dinner sometimes, and I should have one decent frock. Oh, if I were rich it would be different; but I am horribly poor, and the alternative—"

"There is an alternative?" inquired Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," shuddered the girl.

"And the alternative offers—*solid* attractions."

"Yes," said the girl in a low tone.

Mrs. Outton was silent for a moment; then she looked up quickly at her companion:

"Winifred," she said, "you have nothing to do, and I want you to stay here until four o'clock."

"Certainly," assented the other, but with an accent of astonishment.

"And you are not going to carry out this preposterous kindergarten scheme at once?"

"I shall not begin this afternoon," answered Miss Valence, smiling sadly.

"You know what I mean—not for some little time."

"I have two visits to make this week and the next—to the Chetwodes's at Cedarhurst, and to the Kempsschotts's at Tuxedo. They both have house-parties, and I have promised."

"Where do you go first?" asked Mrs. Outton, eagerly.

"The Chetwodes's this week, the Kempsschotts's the next," replied Miss Valence.

"How very provoking!" cried Mrs. Outton, disappointedly.

"Why?" demanded Winifred.

"Oh, nothing," answered the other.

Here Outton entered the room, and, having spoken to Winifred Valence, stood irresolute.

"Sidney," said Mrs. Outton, "you look like a person going through the agonizing process of making up his mind."

"I want to see Cuthbert Clarges," he replied, "and I don't know where to find him."

"Then," said Mrs. Outton, "I don't mind in the least telling you that your own fireside

"And I'll come back," said Outton, going out.

Left alone, both women were silent for a moment.

"O Florence, Florence," murmured Winifred, at length, "it's fearful to have made such a failure of my life, and when I thought that I knew it all!"

"I know," said Mrs. Outton, "that you have always tried to be an artist in existence —"



DRAWN BY W. L. METCALF.

"I THOUGHT," SAID WINIFRED, A LITTLE DIFFIDENTLY, "THAT I SHOULD STUDY KINDERGARTENS IN CHICAGO."

will be the very best place. He is to be here at four exactly."

"Oh!" exclaimed Winifred, "that is the reason —"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Outton; "that is the reason: I want you to meet him; you might like him."

"The best fellow in the world," Outton asserted warmly, "and with the warmest heart, in spite of his apparent coldness and stiffness."

"I have heard about him," said Miss Valence; "he has not been in the country for a long time."

"Only got back a month ago after being away years," said Outton.

"You *must* stay," said Mrs. Outton.

"I said that I would," assented Winifred.

"And then to come out this way! When I wanted my life to be a masterpiece, to have it come down to being merely a 'pot-boiler'!"

"How very trying," said Mrs. Outton, irrelevantly, "that Cuthbert Clarges should be going this week to the Kempschotts's when you are going to the Chetwodes's, and next week to the Chetwodes's when you are going to the Kempschotts's."

"Is he?" asked the girl, indifferently.

A servant entered the room as she spoke, and stood at the door with a note.

"Give it to me," said Mrs. Outton.

"It is for Miss Valence, madam," said the man.

"Really?" exclaimed Winifred, receiving the missive. "They knew at home, I suppose, that

"I was coming here, and sent it." She tore open the envelop hurriedly, and glanced along the lines. "What a pity, Florence—I can't wait! My Great-aunt Matilda is at the house, and wants to see me."

"Bother!" cried Mrs. Outton. "And I wanted you here so very much."

"Mama says that she cannot stay very long," continued Winifred, glancing at the note. "You know she is at our place up the river, and she has to catch a train."

"The very thing," responded Mrs. Outton. "What o'clock is it now? Three. Go immediately; you can easily get back by four."

"Perhaps," said the girl.

"You *must* come," urged Mrs. Outton.

"Very well," said Winifred, rising. "But I must hurry now."

After Miss Valence had hastily departed, Mrs. Outton remained for some time gazing at the fire; then she rose and moved uneasily about the room. With a dissatisfied air she picked the withered petals from some flowers, looked at a book here and there, and finally, taking up a magazine, returned to her place, and began to cut the leaves.

"Mr. Clarges," announced the servant, slowly opening the door.

The knife fell from Mrs. Outton's hand, and she glanced quickly at the clock and then at a young man who immediately entered.

"I hope I have not done wrong," he exclaimed, advancing.

"I sincerely hope not," said Mrs. Outton, severely. "Still, I am not by any manner of means sure."

"I mean in coming now instead of later. I knew that you were always at home all Sunday afternoon, and if I could n't have come at this time I should have had to give up coming at all."

"But I thought you said that you were coming at four?"

"I did," he said, in evident distress; "but let me explain. Jack Seaton, you know, is a very ill man—I have been unable to see him since I came back, and he's my oldest friend. Just a few moments ago, I got a note from his physician, saying that I could see him at four and at no other time, and that he believed that it would do him the greatest possible good. I knew that I should have to go almost as soon as I told you, but I was n't going to lose a chance of seeing you, and therefore I ventured to call so much earlier."

"But I wanted you at four," said Mrs. Outton, plaintively.

"I imagined that it would make no difference; but if I am in the way, I'll run off now."

"No," she said; "it is n't that I don't want you now, but that I wanted you particularly *then*."

"As I go back so soon, and might not have another chance, I came," he pleaded.

"Go back so soon?" repeated Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," he replied; "I go to the Kempsschotts's, as you know, this week, and the Chetwodes's the next, and then I sail immediately."

"But I thought you were going to remain a long time—all winter," she said disapprovingly.

"Please don't speak to me in that way. I really would do better if I could. I came back with the very best intentions. I have tried to make it go, but it's no use."

"What is the matter?" she asked severely.

"There is no place for me," he replied. "I have been wandering around the world so very long that I come back only to find myself completely cut off from everything. All I knew before are either married, divorced, or dead, and have new interests in which I am entirely 'out.' I have been torn up for so many years that I find I cannot strike root again."

"And you don't mind?" asked Mrs. Outton.

"But that is just it," he answered very seriously. "I do mind a great deal. I am tired, and I want a change."

"You should fall in love," said Mrs. Outton. "I don't mean in the way you have probably always been doing it, but really, *irrevocably*—with one woman."

"I am only too eager and anxious," said Clarges, decidedly. "I have felt it coming on for some time—an attack of creeping sentiment that renders me quite useless. The symptoms have been noticeable for several months, but the full effect surprised me only the night before last."

"At the opera?" suggested Mrs. Outton.

"Yes," he answered; "but how do you know?"

"Curious, is n't it?" she said, laughing.

"They were giving 'Faust,'" he continued, "and the music made me think and feel. I was with the Kerchevals, and they must have found me stupid enough. I sat there dreaming. I don't know what it was, but I seemed to see the past in a different light, and the future—in no light at all. It was so very dark and cheerless. You said I should fall in love: if only there were a Marguerite—"

"With modern improvements," corrected Mrs. Outton. "You never could endure a little middle-class German maiden."

"Yes," he said doubtfully; "I suppose that I do mean some one a little different; but I do mean some one as real as Marguerite—as tender and true and impulsive, and withal distinguished—"

"Why not say Juliet at once," suggested Mrs. Outton. "She was a swell, and yet she had a heart."

"Yes; Juliet," assented Clarges, eagerly.

"And if there were such a one," asked Mrs. Outton—"a Juliet with a brain as well as a heart, as anxious to be won as Capulet's daughter, what then?"

"It would solve every problem for me," he replied. "I would not rest until she listened to me—until with ring, wedding-march, and all, I had made her mine."

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Outton, reflectively.

"You may laugh at me," he continued; "I laugh at myself. It is all so very different from anything that I ever expected to feel." He paused a moment, and then went on rather shamefacedly: "I'm pretty rich, you know,—not that I have anything to do with that,—and it seems to me that if I only knew how I could do more with the money than I have—I think that if there were only some nice, bright girl who would be willing to help me, that I might be of some use—do my fellow-beings a little good—and—and all that sort of thing."

His face was burned a deep brown, but as his words straggled, and "tailed" off ineffectively, it grew distinctly redder.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton, solicitously, "what a very great pity!"

"What?" he asked.

"That you have got to go and see your friend. Now, if I asked you to do something for me, particularly, would you do it?"

"Certainly," he replied.

"Then," she said, "I will tell you what I want. You will not remain long with a man who is ill, and I want you to come back here at five."

"At five?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said; "I have a reason."

"I shall be delighted," he agreed. "And you are not disgusted with my maudlin state of sentimentality?"

"I think," she laughed, "that it does equal honor to your head and to your heart."

"And you don't dismiss me utterly from your consideration because I have wearied you with such a long description of the inadequacy of my existence?"

"I'm very glad you told me."

"There is no mistake about it; my life is incomplete; there is something lacking—"

"I thought it was somebody," she interrupted.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, rising. "You know the legend about the apples—"

"Oh, horrors!" cried Mrs. Outton; "and you too! However, I forgive you, as you have not tried to imply that I was the other half. Good-by for the present," she continued, holding out her hand. "And don't forget—at five exactly."

"At five," he said, kissing her fingers, and immediately departing.

As Clarges left the room, Mrs. Outton glanced

at the clock, and then, picking up the paper-knife, began vigorously to divide the still uncut leaves of the magazine. Across her smooth forehead was a small, soft fold—not a wrinkle—of thought, and her lips were pinched together firmly. For some time she was alone, the noise made by the knife as it tore through the paper being the only sound in the silent room; but as the three quarters struck, the door was again opened.

"Clarges not come yet?" said Outton, entering.

"But that is just it," she exclaimed, recklessly casting book and knife from her; "he has come and gone."

"Gone!" said her husband.

"I never knew anything so altogether maddening," she lamented. "Winifred Valence was here, as you remember, at three. I expected that she would stay, but she was called away by her bothersome old Great-aunt Matilda, so I made her promise to come back at four. At that time I expected Cuthbert Clarges; but what must he do but have a friend who is ill, and who sends for him, and can see him only at that hour! The result is that he arrives here five minutes after Winifred goes out."

"But what is the difference?" he demanded blankly.

"What is the difference!" she exclaimed impatiently. "Sidney, how stupid you are! They are both in a most unfortunate state of mind, dissatisfied and miserable,—you should hear them talk,—tired with what they have always been doing, and just pining for a change. He is going back to Europe, and she—just think of it!—Winifred Valence talks of 'kindergarten'."

"And you think that if they met—" began Outton.

"They are made for each other," asserted Mrs. Outton. "If they only came together it would be a case of love at first sight, and they are just living for something of the kind."

"And can't you do anything?" asked Outton.

"I have made Cuthbert promise solemnly that he would be back here at five, and when Winifred returns I shall keep her until then. Of course I could n't tell him why I wanted him, because that would have spoiled everything. If I had recommended her to him he never would have looked at her. Men have such a mania for *discovering* girls."

"Then it's all right," said her husband.

"It's nearer right than I thought it would be, for all that will be necessary will be for them to see each other." She was silent for a moment, and then she continued: "Isn't it strange the way the world is managed! Now here are two people who have been complaining bitterly to me this afternoon, and yet have happiness al-

most within their grasp, if they only knew it. I wonder if Fortune is often waiting for us around the corner without our knowledge. It is perfectly maddening to think that at any moment we may be throwing away the chance of a life, and not be in the least aware that we are doing it. And if we can't tell what is best to do, why do anything?—because when we are doing what may seem the very best, it may be the very worst possible; and if that is so, what is life anyway?"

"I say," cried Outton, appealingly, "don't! You make me quite dizzy. Do leave me something or—a somewhere."

"There is n't any," said Mrs. Outton, solemnly.

"And all because two people have missed each other in your drawing-room!"

"Such a thing is so upsetting—two people who would complete each other—"

"The two halves of the apple," said Outton, glibly. "I wonder if you've ever heard the little legend—"

"Heard it!" exclaimed Mrs. Outton. "I've heard nothing else. But really, I will not endure that from my own husband."

Both were silent for a moment.

"I am very cross and altogether disagreeable, I know," said Mrs. Outton, contritely; "but I am provoked. If one is to be thrown about like this one might as well be a mere molecule, or some speck of meteoric dust. What is human will and voluntary agency if fate can play us such tricks?"

"That is only the way it sometimes appears."

"You easy-going optimist, and what do you say about this case?"

"Are n't they going to see each other at five?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. Outton, unwillingly.

"And I'll come back again," said Outton, turning.

He had hardly taken half a dozen steps toward the door when it was opened, and the servant admitted Miss Valence.

"You see," she said, entering swiftly, "I'm in time. I am even before time."

"It's nice of you, dear," said Mrs. Outton, helplessly, "but it's no use."

"I am glad you've come," said Outton.

"Florence is n't exactly satisfied this afternoon with the way that the universe is managed. I've done what I could to say a good word for it, but I don't appear to have been very successful."

"Don't you agree with me, Winifred?" demanded Mrs. Outton. "Is n't it perfectly humiliating to consider how much one is the creature of circumstance?"

"I have n't thought," said the girl. "Am I?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Outton, impressively, "we none of us can do anything; we just merely drift."

"Really," observed Miss Valence, "it has always seemed to me that I have managed my own affairs."

"You poor blind plaything in the hands of Fate!" murmured Mrs. Outton, pityingly.

"You see how it is," commented Outton;

"Florence is in one of her despondent moods."

"But I did right to come?" asked Winifred.

"If you had n't," said Mrs. Outton, "I never could have forgiven you. I only meant that it was no use your being here on time. He has been here and gone."

"And I am not needed to amuse the distinguished stranger."

"But you are," said Mrs. Outton, quickly; "he is coming back again, and you must help me. There will be other people here, and I absolutely must have you."

"Oh, but," began the girl, "when will he be here?"

"At five," replied Mrs. Outton.

"Then it is quite impossible," said Winifred. "I ran away only because you were so decided about my returning, but I promised that I should be ready to go in fifteen minutes. Aunt Matilda is to stop for me as she drives up-town, and I have got to go—absolutely got to go and see that she gets off all right on her train."

"There," said Mrs. Outton, triumphantly; "what do you say now?"

"What do I say about what?" asked her husband.

"What do you say," demanded Mrs. Outton, "when the casual appearance of an Aunt Matilda—forgive me, my dear," she continued, glancing at Winifred; "I have as great a respect as any one for your very worthy aunt, but really she is not an exciting person. What do you say," she resumed, again looking at her husband, "when the innocent presence of a harmless old lady can be so important?"

"Aunt Matilda's presence—important?" said Winifred, blankly.

"Never mind what I am saying," commanded Mrs. Outton; "you do not know what I am talking about," and she added, again addressing Outton, "What do you say?"

"It's an accident," he answered.

"That is just it," she insisted. "And everything is an accident; and that being so, what is the use—and where are we, and why are we doing it—"

"Anything else?" demanded Outton.

Winifred stood looking from one to the other in evident perplexity.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that I can't stay."

"But you *must*," insisted Mrs. Outton; "I can't allow you to go. It would n't be right. I owe it to you to keep you by brute force, if necessary."

"It can't be done," said Miss Valence, decidedly.

"And you are going away to-morrow?" mourned Mrs. Outton.

"On a ten-o'clock train," answered Winifred.

"The first thing in the morning."

"And to the Chetwodes's?" lamented her friend.

"Oh, no—no," said Winifred; "I forgot to tell you. All that has been changed since I left you."

"Changed?" inquired Mrs. Outton.

"Yes; the Chetwodes's have written me—you remember that I know them awfully well—that they would much rather have me on the following week, and so I am going to the Kempeschott's—"

"You are going to the Kempeschott's to-morrow?" cried Mrs. Outton, jumping up, and embracing Miss Valence excitedly.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"And you are going on to the Chetwodes's for the house-party there the week afterward?"

"Yes," replied the girl in evident astonishment.

"Thank goodness!" cried Mrs. Outton, fervently. "It's all right, and Aunt Matilda may come and take you away as soon as ever she pleases."

"She may be here at any moment," said Winifred.

"I don't care," continued Mrs. Outton; "it does n't make any difference now."

"I don't understand."

"Very likely. But that does n't make any difference either. You will some time, and that is quite enough. If you don't see yourself why I'm so delighted, then I'll tell you."

Faintly through the heavy windows could be heard the noise made by a carriage as it drove up before the house.

"There's the brougham now," said Winifred. "I must not keep her waiting—she always hates that, you know."

"But when am I going to see you again?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Miss Valence, pausing. "I won't be in town, except for a day, in two weeks." Then she added a little sadly, "If I am going away kindergartening—"

Mrs. Outton laughed merrily.

"Kindergartening, my dear!" she said. "I don't think that you will go kindergartening, and I am sure that I shall see you soon, and we shall have a long talk. And I am so glad," she concluded, impulsively kissing her astonished friend. "Now run along quickly, and don't keep Aunt Matilda waiting."

She hurried the girl out of the room with many protestations and endearments, and then returned to her husband, almost breathless.

"Well," he said, looking at her exultingly, "what do *you* say now?"

"I don't know," she replied; "I don't say anything. Is n't it all right?"

"But the principle involved?" he remonstrated.

"Oh, bother the principle involved!" she cried joyously. "Winifred is going to the Kempeschott's first, and that is much more to the point."

"And you take back all that you said about Fate?"

"I don't take back anything," she went on, rising and falling on her toes as she walked gaily across the room; "all I know is that they are going to be shut up first in one country-house for a week and then in another house for another—"

"And you think that will settle it?" said Outton.

"A country-house—just think!" she exclaimed—"of all places, and when they have so much in common—"

"Mr. Clarges," said the servant, abruptly opening the door.

Mrs. Outton had hardly time to glance at the clock before Clarges spoke.

"Mrs. Outton," he said, "how can I hope that you will ever forgive me for my very abrupt reappearance?"

"What is it now?" she asked.

"I could n't see Seaton, after all. He's better, but he was asleep, and they thought best not to disturb him, and therefore I came directly on here; but I shall have to go back immediately."

"It does n't make so much difference now," said Mrs. Outton, still intent upon the subject in her mind.

"Not so much difference?" observed Clarges, evidently a little puzzled.

"Oh, don't think I'm rude!" cried Mrs. Outton. "I was thinking of something else. Of course I'm glad to see you."

"How are you, Cuthbert?" said Outton, advancing. "You see, the truth is that Florence this afternoon has plunged rather heavily into abstractions, and what with taking the cares of Fate upon her shoulders, and playing after a fashion the part of a small *dea ex machina*, she is, to say the least of it, thoughtful."

"Don't let him make fun of me," interrupted Mrs. Outton, "for, really, I am awfully glad to see you."

"Please be," went on Clarges, "because I can stay only a moment, as I must run directly back to Seaton, and you know that he is away up-town. I came in only to say good-by. I knew that I should n't have another chance. I sail immediately after I have got through the visits I am going to make, and shall not be in town

more than an hour or two. As this is going to be farewell for a long time, I want to thank you and Sidney for all your great kindness to me."

"But perhaps it won't be farewell, after all," said Mrs. Outton.

"But it will be," he said. "I am really going. As I tell you, there is nothing to keep me here, and I shall just go back,"—he hesitated a moment, and then added with a certain weariness in his tone,—“and wander as I have always done."

"I don't believe it," she said.

"Yes," he maintained, holding out his hand; "there 's no other way for it. I can't stand it here with every one else with interests and homes and belongings—"

"I should be so sorry for you," she said, "if I were not sure —"

"It is n't," he interrupted, "a very cheerful lookout for me, as you may imagine—the same old round, the same old grind. But there 's no help for it, and—good-by."

"Good-by," she responded, smilingly shaking his hand.

"I 'm going with you to the door," said Outton, as Clarges retraced his steps across the room.

"Good-by, again," exclaimed Clarges, pausing at the threshold. "You 've been awfully good to me,—you and Sidney,—and I 'm going to write to you, and try to tell you all that I feel—"

"I firmly expect," maintained Mrs. Outton, "that you will not write, but that you will come yourself and inform us—that you think we have been nice people."

"I certainly should," Clarges replied, "if I was n't off the first thing in the morning for the Chetwodes's—"

"But," gasped Mrs. Outton, "I thought it was the Kempschotts's."

"Oh, that 's all been changed since I 've been away," he replied, carelessly. "I got a telegram from the Kempschotts's—you remember I know them very well—saying that the plans for the party were different, and therefore I am going to the Chetwodes's this week, and to the Kempschotts's the week after. Good-by."

WHEN Outton again entered the room, he did not speak, but went and stood before the window, with his hands deep in his pockets, looking out at the bright, quiet Sunday avenue.

"What do you say now?" said Mrs. Outton, at length.

Outton did not answer, and only thrust his hands deeper into his coat.

"I say," continued Mrs. Outton, "that it is a perfect tragedy."

"But how can it be," he urged, "when people have never seen each other—and nothing has happened?"

"I don't care," said Mrs. Outton, decidedly; "I maintain that it is a perfect tragedy."

George A. Hibbard.

LOVE AND MAY-TIME.

LOVE, gentle Love, I am weary of waiting!
Why hast thou lingered so long on the way?
Birds 'mid the boskage are wooing and mating:
It is May!

Cold was the Winter, with snow-plumy pinions,
Holding our hearts in his insolent sway;
Now he is gone to his icy dominions:
It is May!

Brooks down the hillsides are leaping and singing,
What makes their laughter so rollicking gay?
Why are the hedges with merriment ringing?
It is May.

Love, gentle Love, I would welcome thee gladly,
Yet far aloof from my roof dost thou stray;
I cannot sing, for my song would fall sadly:
It is May!

Love, gentle Love, bring me joy without measure!
Make me thy debtor this jubilant day;
Here is my heart in exchange for thy treasure:
It is May! It is May!

Nathan Haskell Dole.



THE DONKEY BOYS INSPECT THE "DEVIL'S CARRIAGE."

ACROSS ASIA ON A BICYCLE.

THE JOURNEY OF TWO AMERICAN STUDENTS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE TO PEKING.

I.—BEYOND THE BOSPORUS.



ON a morning early in April the little steamer conveying us across from Stamboul touched the wharf at Haider Pasha. Amid the rabble of Greeks, Armenians, Turks, and Italians we trundled our bicycles across the gang-plank, which for us was the threshold of Asia, the beginning of an inland journey of seven thousand miles from the Bosphorus to the Pacific. Through the morning fog which enveloped the shipping in the Golden Horn, the "stars and stripes" at a single masthead were waving farewell to two American students fresh from college who had nerved themselves for nearly two years of separation from the comforts of western civilization.

Our guide to the road to Ismid was the little twelve-year-old son of an Armenian doctor, whose guests we had been during our sojourn in Stamboul. He trotted for some distance by our side, and then, pressing our hands in both of his, he said with childlike sincerity: "I hope God will take care of you"; for he was possessed with the thought popular among Armenians, of pillages and massacres by marauding brigands.

The idea of a trip around the world had been conceived by us as a practical finish to a theoretical education; and the bicycle feature was adopted merely as a means to that end. On reaching London we had formed the plan of penetrating the heart of the Asiatic continent, instead of skirting its more civilized coast-line. For a passport and other credentials necessary in journeying through Russia and Central Asia we had been advised to make application to the Czar's representative on our arrival at Teheran, as we would enter the Russian dominions from Persia; and to that end the Russian minister in London had provided us with a letter of introduction. In London the secretary of the Chinese legation, a Scotchman, had assisted us in mapping out a possible route across the Celestial empire, although he endeavored, from the very start, to dissuade us from our purpose. Application had then been made to the Chinese minister himself for the necessary passport. The reply we received, though courteous, smacked strongly of reproof. "Western China," he said, "is overrun with lawless bands, and the people themselves are very much averse to foreigners. Your extraordinary mode of locomotion would subject you to annoyance, if not to positive danger, at the hands of a people who are naturally curi-

ous and superstitious. However," he added, after some reflection, "if your minister makes a request for a passport we will see what can be done. The most I can do will be to ask for you the protection and assistance of the officials only; for the people themselves I cannot answer. If you go into that country you do so at your own risk." Minister Lincoln was sitting in his private office when we called the next morning at the American legation. He listened to the recital of our plans, got down the huge atlas from his bookcase, and went over with us the route we proposed to follow. He did not regard the undertaking as feasible, and apprehended that, if he should give his official assistance he would, in a measure, be responsible for the result if it should prove unhappy. When assured of the consent of our parents, and of our determination to make the attempt at all hazards, he picked up his pen and began a letter to the Chinese minister, remarking as he finished reading it to us, "I would much rather not have written it." The documents received from the Chinese minister in response to Mr. Lincoln's letter proved to be indispensable when, a year and a half later, we left the last outpost of western civilization and plunged into the Gobi desert. When we had paid a final visit to the Persian minister in London, who had asked to see our bicycles and their baggage equipments, he signified his intention of writing in our behalf to friends in Teheran; and to that capital, after cycling through Europe, we were now actually *en route*.

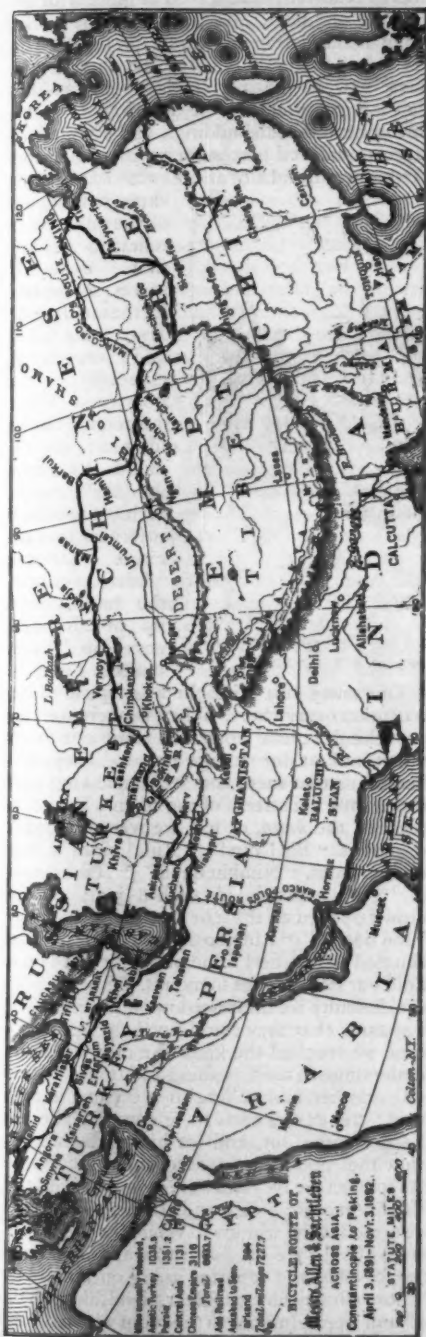
Since the opening of the Trans-Bosporus Railway, the wagon-road to Ismid, and even the Angora military highway beyond, have fallen rapidly into disrepair. In April they were almost impassable for the wheel, so that for the greater part of the way we were obliged to take to the track. Like the railway skirting the Italian Riviera, and the Patras-Athens line along the Saronic Gulf, this Trans-Bosporus road for a great distance scarps and tunnels the cliffs along the Gulf of Ismid, and sometimes runs so close to the water's edge that the puffing of the *kara vapor* or "land steamer," as the Turks call it, is drowned by the roaring breakers. The country between Scutari and Ismid surpasses in agricultural advantages any part of Asiatic Turkey through which we passed. Its fertile soil, and the luxuriant vegetation it supports, are, as we afterward learned, in striking contrast with the sterile plateaus and mountains of the interior, many parts of which are as desolate as the deserts of Arabia. In area, Asia Minor equals France, but the water-supply of its rivers is only one third.

One of the principal agents in the work of transforming Asia Minor is the railroad, to which the natives have taken with unusual readiness.

The locomotive is already competing with the hundred and sixty thousand camels employed in the peninsula caravan-trade. At Geiveh, the last station on the Trans-Bosporus Railway, where we left the track to follow the Angora highway, the "ships of the desert" are beginning to transfer their cargoes to the "land steamer," instead of continuing on as in former days to the Bosporus.

The Trans-Bosporus line, in the year of our visit, was being built and operated by a German company, under the direct patronage of the Sultan. We ventured to ask some natives if they thought the Sultan had sufficient funds to consummate so gigantic a scheme, and they replied, with the deepest reverence: "God has given the Padishah much property and power, and certainly he must give him enough money to utilize it."

A week's cycling from the Bosporus brought us beyond the Allah Dagh mountains, among the barren, variegated hills that skirt the Angora plateau. We had already passed through Ismid, the ancient Nicomedia and capital of Diocletian; and had left behind us the heavily timbered valley of the Sakaria, upon whose banks the "Freebooter of the Bithynian hills" settled with his four hundred tents and laid the foundation of the Ottoman empire. Since leaving Geiveh we had been attended by a mounted guard, or *saptieh*, who was sometimes forced upon us by the authorities in their anxiety to carry out the wishes expressed in the letters of the Grand Vizir. On emerging from the door of an inn we frequently found this unexpected guard waiting with a Winchester rifle swung over his shoulder, and a fleet steed standing by his side. Immediately on our appearance he would swing into the saddle and charge through the assembled rabble. Away we would go at a rapid pace down the streets of the town or village, to the utter amazement of the natives and the great satisfaction of our vainglorious *saptieh*. As long as his horse was fresh, or until we were out of sight of the village, he would urge us on with cries of "Gell-chabuk" ("Come on, ride fast"). When a bad piece of road or a steep ascent forced us to dismount he would bring his horse to a walk, roll a cigarette, and draw invidious comparisons between our steeds. His tone, however, changed when we reached a decline or long stretch of reasonably good road. Then he would cut across country to head us off, or shout after us at the top of his voice, "Yavash-yavash" (Slowly, slowly). On the whole we found them good-natured and companionable fellows, notwithstanding their interest in *baksheesh* which we were compelled at last, in self-defense, to fix at one piaster an hour. We frequently shared with them our frugal,



and even scanty meals; and in turn they assisted us in our purchases and arrangements for lodgings, for their word, we found, was with the common people an almost unwritten law. Then, too, they were of great assistance in crossing streams where the depth would have necessitated the stripping of garments; although their fiery little steeds sometimes objected to having an extra rider astride their haunches, and a bicycle across their shoulders. They seized every opportunity to impress us with the necessity of being accompanied by a government representative. In some lonely portion of the road, or in the suggestive stillness of an evening twilight, our Turkish Don Quixote would sometimes cast mysterious glances around him, take his Winchester from his shoulder, and throwing it across the pommel of his saddle, charge ahead to meet the imaginary enemy. But we were more harmful than harmed, for, despite our most vigilant care, the bicycles were sometimes the occasion of a stampede or runaway among the caravans and teams along the highway, and we frequently assisted in replacing the loads thus upset. On such occasions our pretentious cavalier would remain on his horse, smoking his cigarette and smiling disdainfully.

It was in the company of one of these military champions that we emerged on the morning of April 12 upon the plateau of Angora. On the spring pasture were feeding several flocks of the famous Angora goats, and the *karamanli* or fat-tailed sheep, tended by the Yurak shepherds and their half-wild and monstrous collies, whose half-savage nature fits them to cope with the jackals which infest the country. The shepherds did not check their sudden onslaught upon us until we were pressed to very close quarters, and had drawn our revolvers in self-defense. These Yuraks are the nomadic portion of the Turkish peasantry. They live in caves or rudely constructed huts, shifting their habitation at will, or upon the exhaustion of the pasturage. Their costume is most primitive both in style and material; the trousers and caps being made of sheepskin and the tunic of plaited wheat-straw. In contradistinction to the Yuraks the settled inhabitants of the country are called Turks. That term, however, which means rustic or clown, is never used by the Turks themselves except in derision or disdain; they always speak of themselves as "Osmanli."

The great length of the Angora fleece, which sometimes reaches eight inches, is due solely to the peculiar climate of the locality. The same goats taken elsewhere have not thriven. Even the Angora dogs and cats are remarkable for the extraordinary length of their fleecy covering. On nearing Angora itself, we raced at

high speed over the undulating plateau. Our zaptieh on his jaded horse faded away in the dim distance, and we saw him no more. This was our last guard for many weeks to come, as we decided to dispense with an escort that really retarded us. But on reaching Erzerum, the Vali refused us permission to enter the district of Alashgerd without a guard, so we were forced to take one.

fices of Nineveh, have served as models for the Turkish architect. We have seen the Turks, when making the mud-straw bricks used in house-building, scratch dirt for the purpose from between the marble slabs and boulders that lay in profusion over the ground. A few of the government buildings, and some of the larger private residences are improved by a coat of whitewash, and now and then the warm spring

showers bring out on the mud roofs a relieving verdure, that frequently serves as pasture for the family goat. Everything is low and contracted, especially the doorways. When a foreigner bumps his head, and demands the reason for such stupid architecture, he is met with that decisive answer, "Adet"—custom, the most powerful of all influences in Turkey and the East.



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPH.

HELPING A TURK WHOSE HORSES RAN AWAY AT SIGHT OF OUR BICYCLES.

We were now on historic ground. To our right, on the Owas, a tributary of the Sakaria, was the little village of Istanas, where stood the ancient seat of Midas, the Phrygian king, and where Alexander the Great cut with his sword the Gordian knot to prove his right to the rulership of the world. On the plain, over which we were now skimming, the great Tatar, Timur, fought the memorable battle with Bajazet I., which resulted in the capture of the Ottoman conqueror. Since the time that the title of Asia applied to the small coast-province of Lydia, this country has been the theater for the grandest events in human history.

The old mud-houses of modern Angora, as we rolled into the city, contrasted strongly with the cyclopean walls of its ancient fortress. After two days in Angora we diverged from the direct route to Sivas through Yüzgat, so as to visit the city of Kaisarieh. Through the efforts of the progressive Vali at Angora, a macadamized road was in the course of construction to this point, a part of which—to the town of Kirshehr—was already completed. Although surrounded by unusual fertility and luxuriance for an interior town, the low mud-houses and treeless streets give Kirshehr that same thirsty and painfully uniform appearance which characterizes every village or city in Asiatic Turkey. The mud buildings of Babylon, and not the marble edi-

Our entry into Kirshehr was typical of our reception everywhere. When we were seen approaching, several horsemen came out to get a first look at our strange horses. They challenged us to a race, and set a spanking pace down into the streets of the town. Before we reached the *khan*, or inn, we were obliged to dismount. "Bin! bin!" ("Ride! ride!") went up in a shout. "Nimkin deyl" ("It is impossible"), we explained, in such a jam; and the crowd opened up three or four feet ahead of us. "Bin bocale" ("Ride, so that we can see") they shouted again; and some of them rushed up to hold our steeds for us to mount. With the greatest difficulty we impressed upon our persistent assistants that they could not help us. By the time we reached the *khan* the crowd had become almost a mob, pushing and tumbling over one another, and yelling to every one in sight that "the devil's carts have come." The innkeeper came out, and we had to assure him that the mob was actuated only by curiosity. As soon as the bicycles were over the threshold, the doors were bolted and braced. The crowd swarmed to the windows. While the *khanji* prepared coffee we sat down to watch the amusing by-play and repartee going on around us. Those who by virtue of their friendship with the *khanji* were admitted to the room with us began a tirade against the boyish curiosity of their less



DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPHS.

- 1, A CONTRAST; 2, A TURKISH FLOUR-MILL; 3, THE ENGLISH CONSUL AT ANGORA FEEDING HIS PETS;
4, PASSING A CARAVAN OF CAMELS; 5, FLOWING IN ASIA MINOR.

fortunate brethren on the outside. Their own curiosity assumed tangible shape. Our clothing, and even our hair and faces, were critically examined. When we attempted to jot down the day's events in our note-books they crowded closer than ever. Our fountain-pen was an additional puzzle to them. It was passed around, and explained and commented on at length.

Our camera was a "mysterious" black box. Some said it was a telescope, about which they had only a vague idea; others, that it was a box containing our money. But our map of Asiatic Turkey was to them the most curious thing of all. They spread it on the floor, and hovered over it, while we pointed to the towns and cities. How could we tell where the places were until we had been there? How did we even know their names? It was wonderful — wonderful! We traced for them our own journey, where we had been and where we were going, and then endeavored to show them how, by starting from our homes and continuing always

in an easterly direction, we could at last reach our starting-point from the west. The more intelligent of them grasped the idea. "Around the world," they repeated again and again, with a mystified expression.

Relief came at last, in the person of a messenger from Osman Beg, the inspector-general of agriculture of the Angora vilayet, bearing an invitation to supper. He stated that he had already heard of our undertaking through the Constantinople press, and desired to make our acquaintance. His note, which was written in French, showed him to be a man of European education; and on shaking hands with him a half-hour later, we found him to be a man of European origin — an Albanian Greek, and a cousin of the Vali at Angora. He said a report had gone out that two devils were passing through the country. The dinner was one of those incongruous Turkish mixtures of sweet and sour, which was by no means relieved by the harrowing Turkish music which our host ground out from an antiquated hand-organ.

Although it was late when we returned to the khan, we found everybody still up. The room in which we were to sleep (there was only one room) was filled with a crowd of loiterers, and tobacco smoke. Some were playing games similar to our chess and backgammon, while others were looking on, and smoking the gurgling narghile, or water-pipe. The bicycles had been put away under lock and key, and the crowd gradually dispersed. We lay down in our clothes, and tried to lose consciousness; but the Turkish supper, the tobacco smoke, and the noise of the quarreling gamblers, put sleep out of the question. At midnight the sudden boom of a cannon reminded us that we were in the midst of the Turkish Ramadan. The sound of tramping feet, the beating of a bass drum, and the whining tones of a Turkish bagpipe, came over the midnight air. Nearer it came, and louder grew the sound, till it reached the inn door, where it remained for some time. The fast of Ramadan commemorates the revelation of the Koran to the prophet Mohammed. It lasts through the four phases of the moon. From daylight, or, as the Koran reads, "from the time you can distinguish a white thread from a black one," no good Mussulman will eat, drink, or smoke. At midnight the mosques are illuminated, and bands of music go about the streets all night, making a tremendous uproar. One cannon is fired at dusk, to announce the time to break the fast by eating supper, another at midnight to arouse the people for the preparation of breakfast, and still another at daylight as a signal for resuming the fast. This, of course, is very hard on the poor man who has to work during the day. As a precaution against oversleeping, a watchman goes about just before daybreak, and makes a rousing clatter at the gate of every Mussulman's house to warn him that if he wants anything to eat he must get it instant. Our roommates evidently intended to make an "all night" of it, for they forthwith commenced the preparation of their morning meal. How it was despatched we do not know, for we fell asleep, and were only awakened by the muezzin on a neighboring minaret, calling to morning prayer.

Our morning ablutions were usually made *à la Turk*: by having water poured upon the hands from a spouted vessel. Cleanliness is, with the Turk, perhaps, more than ourselves, the next thing to godliness. But his ideas are based upon a very different theory. Although he uses no soap for washing either his person or his clothes, yet he considers himself much cleaner than the *giaour*, for the reason that he uses running water exclusively, never allowing the same particles to touch him the second time. A Turk believes that all water is purified after running six feet. As a test of his faith we have often seen him

lading up drinking-water from a stream where the women were washing clothes just a few yards above.

As all cooking and eating had stopped at the sound of the morning cannon, we found great difficulty in gathering together even a cold breakfast of *ekmek*, *yaourt*, and raisins. *Ekmek* is a cooked bran-flour paste, which has the thinness, consistency, and almost the taste of blotting-paper. This is the Turkish peasant's staff of life. He carries it with him everywhere; so did we. As it was made in huge circular sheets, we would often punch a hole in the middle, and slip it up over our arms. This we found the handiest and most serviceable mode of transportation, being handy to eat without removing our hands from the handle-bars, and also answering the purpose of sails in case of a favoring wind. *Yaourt*, another almost universal food, is milk curdled with rennet. This, as well as all foods that are not liquid, they scoop up with a roll of *ekmek*, a part of the scoop being taken with every mouthful. Raisins here, as well as in many other parts of the country, are very cheap. We paid two piasters (about nine cents) for an *oche* (two and a half pounds), but we soon made the discovery that a Turkish *oche* contained a great many "stones"—which of course was purely accidental. Eggs, also, we found exceedingly cheap. On one occasion, twenty-five were set before us, in response to our call for eggs to the value of one piaster—four and a half cents. In Asiatic Turkey we had some extraordinary dishes served to us, including daintily prepared leeches. But the worst mixture, perhaps, was the "Bairam soup," which contains over a dozen ingredients, including peas, prunes, walnuts, cherries, dates, white and black beans, apricots, cracked wheat, raisins, etc.—all mixed in cold water. Bairam is the period of feasting after the Ramadan fast.

On preparing to leave Kirshehr after our frugal breakfast we found that Turkish curiosity had extended even to the contents of our baggage, which fitted in the frames of the machines. There was nothing missing, however; and we did not lose so much as a button during our sojourn among them. Thieving is not one of their faults, but they take much latitude in helping themselves. Many a time an innkeeper would "help us out" by disposing of one third of a chicken that we had paid him a high price to prepare.

When we were ready to start the chief of police cleared a riding space through the streets, which for an hour had been filled with people. As we passed among them they shouted "Oorooglar olsun" ("May good fortune attend you"). "Inshallah" ("If it please God"), we replied, and waved our helmets in acknowledgment.



DRAWN BY GEORGE W. CHAMBERS.

AN ANGORA SHEPHERD.

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE BARTLE.

At the village of Topakle, on the following night, our reception was not so innocent and good-natured. It was already dusk when we reached the outskirts of the village, where we were at once spied by a young man who was driving in the lowing herd. The alarm was given, and the people swarmed like so many rats from a corn-bin. We could see from their costume and features that they were not pure-blooded Turks. We asked if we could get food and lodging, to which they replied: "Evet, evet" ("Yes, yes"), but when we asked them where, they simply pointed ahead, and shouted, "Bin, bin!" We did n't "bin" this time, because it was too dark, and the streets were bad. We walked, or rather were pushed along by the impatient rabble, and almost deafened by their shouts of "Bin, bin!" At the end of the village we repeated our question of where. Again they pointed ahead, and shouted "Bin!" Finally an old man led us to what seemed to be a private residence, where we had to drag our bicycles up a dark narrow stairway to the second story. The crowd soon filled the room to suffocation, and were not disposed to heed our request to be left alone. One stalwart youth showed such a spirit of opposition that we were obliged to eject him upon a crowded stairway, causing the mob to go down like a row of ten-pins. Then the owner of the house came in,

and in an agitated manner declared he could not allow us to remain in his house overnight. Our reappearance caused a jeering shout to go up from the crowd; but no violence was attempted beyond the catching hold of the rear wheel when our backs were turned, and the throwing of clods of earth. They followed us, *en masse*, to the edge of the village, and there stopped short, to watch us till we disappeared in the darkness. The nights at this high altitude were chilly. We had no blankets, and not enough clothing to warrant a camp among the rocks. There was not a twig on the whole plateau with which to build a fire. We were alone, however, and that was rest in itself. After walking an hour, perhaps, we saw a light gleaming from a group of mud huts a short distance off the road. From the numerous flocks around it, we took it to be a shepherds' village. Everything was quiet except the restless sheep, whose silky fleece glistened in the light of the rising moon. Supper was not yet over, for we caught a whiff of its savory odor. Leaving our wheels outside, we entered the first door we came to, and, following along a narrow passageway, emerged into a room where four rather rough-looking shepherds were ladling the soup from a huge bowl in their midst. Before they were aware of our presence, we uttered the usual salutation "Sabala khayr olsun." This startled



GIPSIES OF ASIA MINOR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

some little boys who were playing in the corner, who yelled, and ran into the haremlük, or women's apartment. This brought to the door the female occupants, who also uttered a shriek, and sunk back as if in a swoon. It was evident that the visits of gïaours to this place had been few and far between. The shepherds returned our salutation with some hesitation, while their ladies dropped into the soup, and their gaze became fixed on our huge helmets, our dog-skin top-coats, and abbreviated nether garments. The women by this time had sufficiently recovered from their nervous shock to give scope to their usual curiosity through the cracks in the partition. Confidence now being inspired by our own composure, we were invited to sit down and participate in the evening meal. Although it was only a gruel of sour milk and rice, we managed to make a meal off it. Meantime the wheels had been discovered by some passing neighbor. The news was spread throughout the village, and soon an excited throng came in with our bicycles borne upon the shoulders of two powerful Turks. Again we were besieged with entreaties to ride, and, hoping that this would gain for us a comfortable night's rest, we yielded, and, amid peals of laughter from a crowd of Turkish peasants, gave an exhibition in the moonlight. Our only reward, when we returned to our quarters, was two greasy pillows and a filthy carpet for a coverlet. But the much

needed rest we did not secure, for the suspicions aroused by the first glance at our bed-cover proved to be well grounded.

About noon on April 20, our road turned abruptly into the broad caravan trail that runs between Smyrna and Kaisarieh, about ten miles west of the latter city. A long caravan of camels was moving majestically up the road, headed by a little donkey, which the *devede-gee* (camel-driver) was riding with his feet dangling almost to the ground. That proverbially stubborn creature moved not a muscle until we came alongside, when all at once he gave one of his characteristic side lurches, and precipitated the rider to the ground. The first camel, with a protesting grunt, began to sidle off, and the broadside movement continued down the line till the whole caravan stood at an angle of about forty-five degrees to the road. The camel of Asia Minor does not share that antipathy for the equine species which is so general among their Asiatic cousins; but steel horses were more than even they could endure.

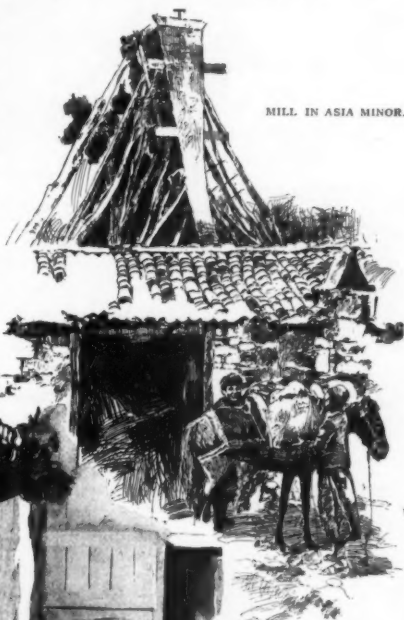
A sudden turn in the road now brought us in sight of old Arjish Dag, which towers 13,000 feet above the city of Kaisarieh, and whose head and shoulders were covered with snow. Native tradition tells us that against this lofty summit the ark of Noah struck in the rising flood; and for this reason Noah cursed it, and prayed that it might ever be covered with snow.

It was in connection with this very mountain that we first conceived the idea of making the ascent of Ararat. Here and there, on some of the most prominent peaks, we could distinguish little mounds of earth, the ruined watch-towers of the prehistoric Hittites.

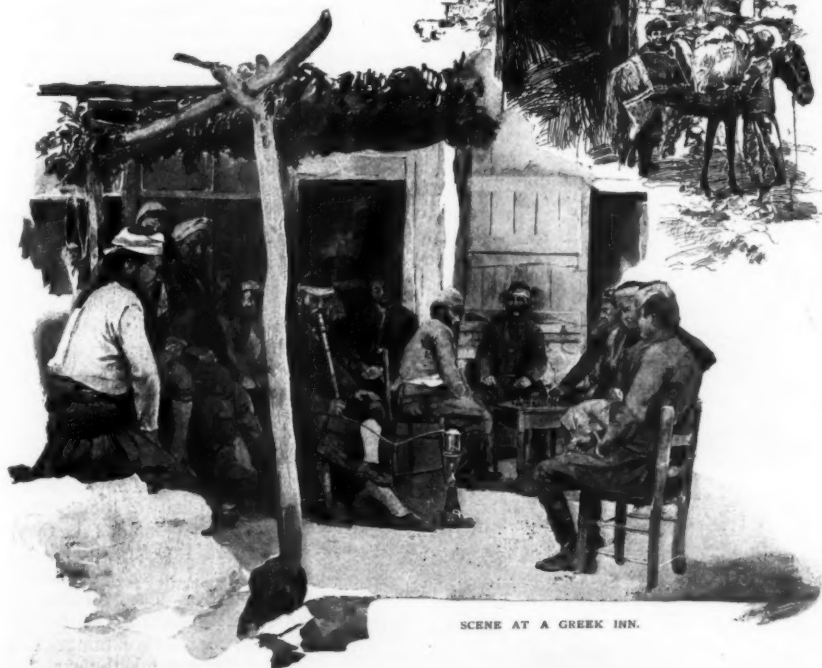
Kaisarieh (ancient Caesarea) is filled with the ruins and the monuments of the fourteenth-century Seljuks. Arrow-heads and other relics are every day unearthed there, to serve as toys for the street urchins. Since the development of steam-communication around the coast, it is no longer the caravan center that it used to be; but even now its *charshi*, or inclosed bazaars, are among the finest in Turkey, being far superior in appearance to those of Constantinople. These *charshi* are nothing more than narrow streets, inclosed by brick arches, and lined on either side with booths. It was through one of these that our only route to the khan lay — and yet we felt that in such contracted quarters, and in such an excited mob as had gathered around us, disaster was sure to follow. Our only salvation was to keep ahead of the jam, and get through as soon as possible. We started on the spurt; and the race began. The unsuspecting merchants and their customers were suddenly distracted from their thoughts of gain as we whirled by; the crowd close be-

hind sweeping everything before it. The falling of barrels and boxes, the rattling of tin cans, the crashing of crockery, the howling of the vagrant dogs that were trampled under foot, only added to the general tumult.

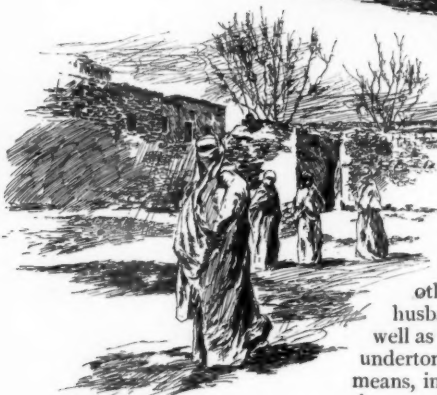
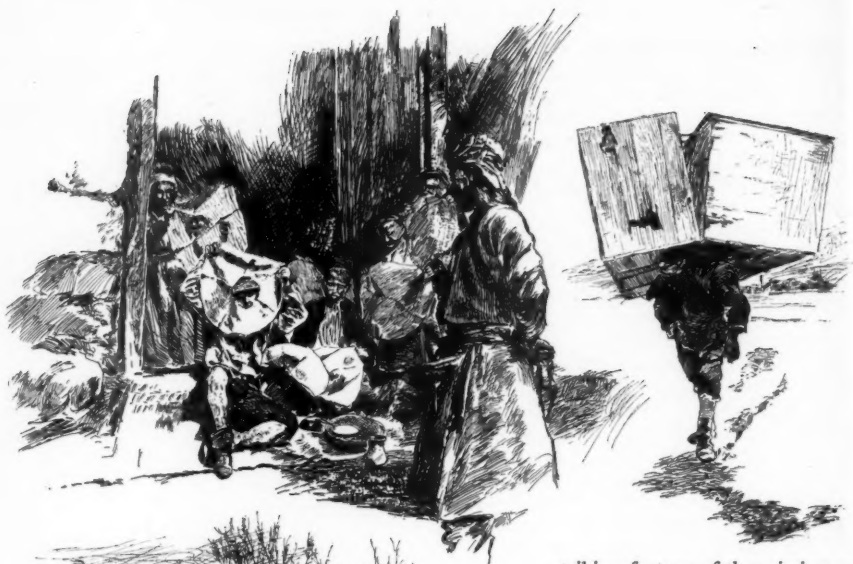
Through the courtesy of Mr. Peet of the American Bible House at Constantinople, we were provided with letters of introduction to the missionaries at Kaisarieh, as well as elsewhere along our route through Asiatic Turkey, and upon them we also had drafts to the amount of our deposit made at the Bible House before starting. Besides, we owed much to the hospitality and kindness of these people. The most



MILL IN ASIA MINOR.



SCENE AT A GREEK INN.



striking feature of the missionary work at Kaisarieh is the education of the Armenian women, whose social position seems to be even more degraded than that of their Turkish sisters. With the native Armenians, as with the Turks, fleshiness adds much to the price of a wife. The wife of a missionary is to them an object both of wonderment and contempt. As she walks along the street, they will whisper to one another: "There goes a woman who knows all her husband's business; and who can manage just as well as himself." This will generally be followed in an undertone by the expression, "Madana satana," which means, in common parlance, "a female devil." At first it was a struggle to overcome this ignorant prejudice, and to get girls to come to the school free of charge; now it is hard to find room for them even when they are asked to pay for their tuition.

The costume of the Armenian woman is generally of some bright-colored cloth, prettily trimmed. Her coiffure, always elaborate, sometimes includes a string of gold coins, encircling the head, or strung down the plait. A silver belt incloses the waist, and a necklace of coins calls attention to her pretty neck. When washing clothes by the stream, they frequently show a gold ring encircling an ankle.

In the simplicity of their costumes, as well as in the fact that they do not expose the face, the Turkish women stand in strong contrast to the Armenian. Baggy trousers *à la* Bloomer, a loose robe skirt opening at the sides, and a voluminous shawl-like girdle around the waist and body, constitute the main features of

DRAWN BY G. WRIGHT.

FROM AUTHORS' PHOTOGRAPHS.

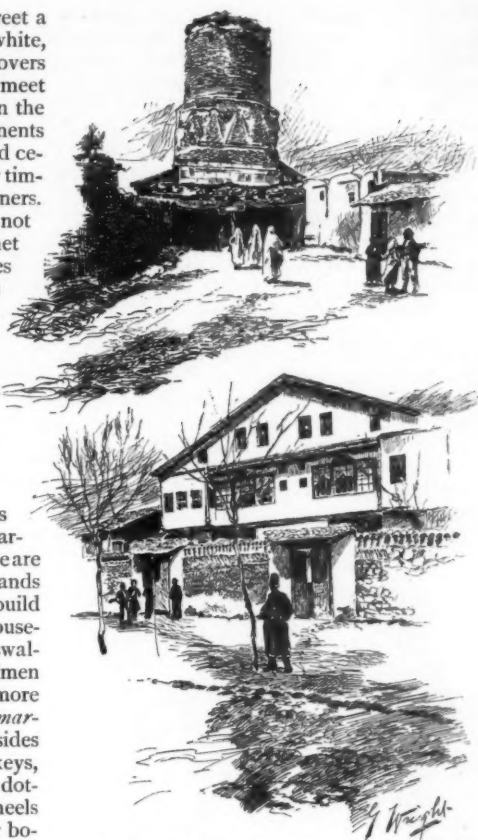
1, EATING KAISARIEHAN (EKMEK) OR BREAD; 2, A TURKISH (HAMAAL) OR CARRIER; 3, TURKISH WOMEN GOING TO PRAYERS IN KAISARIEH; 4, GRINDING WHEAT.

the Turkish indoor costume. On the street a shroud-like robe called *yashmak*, usually white, but sometimes crimson, purple, or black, covers them from head to foot. When we would meet a bevy of these creatures on the road in the dusk of evening, their white, fluttering garments would give them the appearance of winged celestials. The Turkish women are generally timorous of men, and especially so of foreigners. Those of the rural districts, however, are not so shy as their city cousins. We frequently met them at work in groups about the villages or in the open fields, and would sometimes ask for a drink of water. If they were a party of maidens, as was often the case, they would draw back and hide behind one another. We would offer one of them a ride on our "very nice horses." This would cause a general giggle among her companions, and a drawing of the *yashmak* closer about the neck and face.

The road scenes in the interior provinces are but little varied. One of the most characteristic features of the Anatolian landscape are the storks, which come in flocks of thousands from their winter quarters in Egypt and build summer nests, unmolested, on the village rooftops. These, like the crows, magpies, and swallows, prove valuable allies to the husbandmen in their war against the locust. A still more serviceable friend in this direction is the *smarmar*, a pink thrush with black wings. Besides the various caravan trains of camels, donkeys, horses, and mules, the road is frequently dotted with ox-carts, run on solid wooden wheels without tires, and drawn by that peculiar bovine species, the buffalo. With their distended necks, elevated snouts, and hog-like bristles, these animals present an ugly appearance, especially when wallowing in mud puddles.

Now and then in the villages we passed by a primitive flour-mill moved by a small stream playing upon a horizontal wheel beneath the floor; or, more primitive still, by a blindfolded donkey plodding ceaselessly around in his circular path. In the streets we frequently encountered boys and old men gathering manure for their winter fuel; and now and then a cripple or invalid would accost us as "Hakim" ("Doctor"), for the medical work of the missionaries has given these simple-minded folk the impression that all foreigners are physicians. Coming up and extending a hand for us to feel the pulse they would ask us to do something for the disease, which we could see was rapidly carrying them to the grave.

Our first view of Sivas was obtained from the top of Mount Yildiz, on which still stands the ruined castle of Mithridates, the Pontine monarch, whom Lucullus many times defeated, but



1, THE "FLIRTING TOWER" IN SIVAS; 2, HOUSE OF THE AMERICAN CONSUL IN SIVAS.

never conquered. From this point we made a very rapid descent, crossed the Kizil Irmak for the third time by an old ruined bridge, and half an hour later saw the "stars and stripes" flying above the U. S. consulate. In the society of our representative, Mr. Henry M. Jewett, we were destined to spend several weeks; for a day or two after our arrival, one of us was taken with a slight attack of typhoid fever, supposed to have been contracted by drinking from the roadside streams. No better place could have been chosen for such a mishap; for recovery was speedy in such comfortable quarters, under the care of the missionary ladies.

The comparative size and prosperity of Sivas, in the midst of rather barren surroundings, are explained by the fact that it lies at the converging point of the chief caravan routes between the Euxine, Euphrates, and Mediterranean. Besides being the capital of Rumili, the former Seljuk province of Cappadocia, it

is the place of residence for a French and American consular representative, and an agent of the Russian government for the collection of the war indemnity, stipulated in the treaty of '78. The dignity of office is here upheld with something of the pomp and splendor of the East, even by the representative of democratic America. In our tours with Mr. Jewett we were escorted at the head by a Circassian *cavass* (Turkish police), clothed in a long black coat, with a huge dagger dangling from a belt of cartridges. Another native *cavass*, with a broadsword dragging at his side, usually brought up the rear. At night he was the one to carry the huge lantern, which, according to the number of candles, is the insignia of rank. "I must give the Turks what they want," said the consul, with a twinkle in his eye—"form and red tape. I would not be a consul in their eyes, if I did n't." To illustrate the formality of Turkish etiquette he told this story: "A Turk was once engaged in saving furniture from his burning home, when he noticed that a bystander was rolling a cigarette. He immediately

stopped in his hurry, struck a match, and offered a light."

The most flagrant example of Turkish formality that came to our notice was the following address on an official document to the Sultan:

The Arbiter; the Absolute; the Soul and Body of the Universe; the Father of all the sovereigns of the earth; His Excellency, the Eagle Monarch; the Cause of the never-changing order of things; the Source of all honor; the Son of the Sultan of Sultans, under whose feet we are dust, whose awful shadow protects us; Abdul Hamid II., Son of Abdul Medjid, whose residence is in Paradise; our glorious Lord, to whose sacred body be given health, and strength, and endless days; whom Allah keeps in his palace, and on his throne with joy and glory, forever. Amen.

This is not the flattery of a cringing subordinate, for the same spirit is revealed in an address by the Sultan himself to his Grand Vizir:

Most honored Vizir; Maintainer of the good order of the World; Director of public affairs with wisdom and judgment; Accomplisher of the important transactions of mankind with intelligence and good sense; Consolidator of the edifice of Empire and of Glory; endowed by the Most High with abundant gifts; and "Moushir," at this time, of my Gate of Felicity; my Vizir Mehmed Pasha, may God be pleased to preserve him long in exalted dignity.

Though the Turks cannot be called lazy, yet they like to take their time. Patience, they say, belongs to God; hurry, to the devil. Nowhere is this so well illustrated as in the manner of shopping in Turkey. This was brought particularly to our notice when we visited the Sivas bazaars to examine some inlaid silverware, for which the place is celebrated. The customer stands in the street inspecting the articles on exhibition; the merchant sits on his heels on the booth floor. If the customer is of some position in life, he climbs up and sits down on a level with the merchant. If he is a foreigner, the merchant is quite deferential. A merchant is not a merchant at all, but a host entertaining a guest. Coffee is served; then a cigarette rolled up and handed to the "guest," while the various social and other local topics are freely discussed. After coffee and smoking the question of purchase is gradually approached; not abruptly, as that would involve a loss of dignity; but circumspcctly, as if the buying of anything were a mere afterthought. Maybe, after half an hour, the customer has indicated what he wants, and after discussing the quality of the goods, the customer asks the price in an off-hand way, as though he were not particularly interested. The merchant replies, "Oh, whatever your highness pleases," or, "I shall



1, ARABS CONVERSING WITH A TURK. 2, A KADI EXPOUNDING THE KORAN.



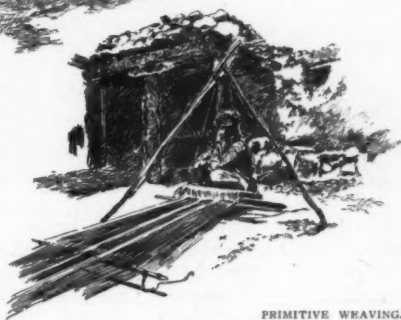
EVENING HALT IN A VILLAGE.

be proud if your highness will do me the honor to accept it as a gift."

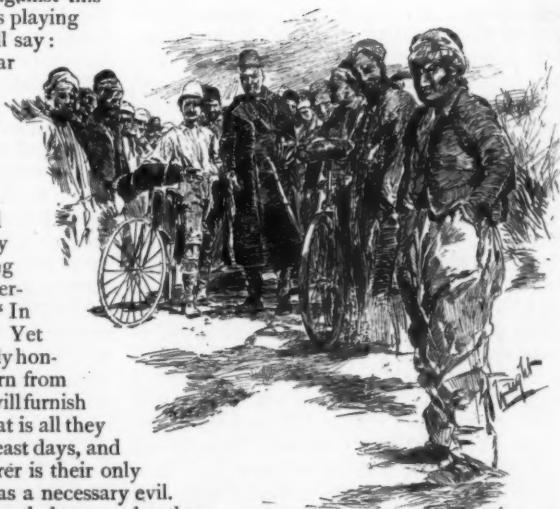
This means nothing whatever, and is merely the introduction to the haggling which is sure to follow. The seller, with silken manners and brazen countenance, will always name a price four times as large as it should be. Then the real business begins. The buyer offers one half or one fourth of what he finally expects to pay; and a war of words, in a blustering tone, leads up to the close of this everyday farce.

The superstition of the Turks is nowhere so apparent as in their fear of the "evil eye." Jugs placed around the edge of the roof, or an old shoe filled with garlic and blue beads (blue glass balls or rings) are a sure guard against this illusion. Whenever a pretty child is playing upon the street the passers-by will say:

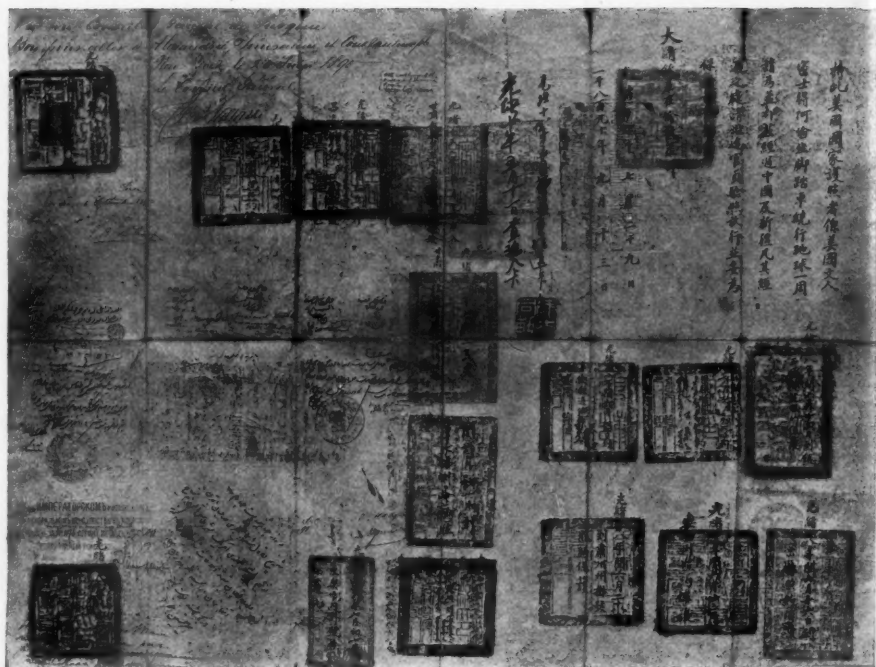
"Oh, what an ugly child!" for fear of inciting the evil spirit against its beauty. The peasant classes in Turkey are of course the most superstitious because they are the most ignorant. They have no education whatever, and can neither read nor write. Stamboul is the only great city of which they know. Paris is a term signifying the whole outside world. An American missionary was once asked: "In what part of Paris is America?" Yet it can be said that they are generally honest, and always patient. They earn from about six to eight cents a day. This will furnish them with ekmek and pilaff, and that is all they expect. They eat meat only on feast days, and then only mutton. The tax-gatherer is their only grievance; they look upon him as a necessary evil. They have no idea of being ground down under the oppressor's iron heel. Yet they are happy because they are



PRIMITIVE WEAVING.



A VILLAGE SCENE.



ASIATIC STAMPS AND INDORSEMENTS ON THE BACK OF ONE OF OUR AMERICAN PASSPORTS.

contented, and have no envy. The poorer, the more ignorant, a Turk is, the better he seems to be. As he gets money and power, and becomes "contaminated" by western civilization, he deteriorates. A resident of twenty years' experience, said: "In the lowest classes I have sometimes found truth, honesty, and gratitude; in the middle classes, seldom; in the highest, never." The corruptibility of the Turkish official is almost proverbial; but such is to be expected in the land where "the public treasury" is regarded as a "sea," and "who does not drink of it, as a pig." Peculation and malversation are fully expected in the public official. They are necessary evils — *adet* (custom) has made them so. Offices are sold to the highest bidder. The Turkish official is one of the politest and most agreeable of men. He is profuse in his compliments, but he has no conscience as to bribes, and little regard for virtue as its own reward. We are glad to be able to record a brilliant, though perhaps theoretical, exception to this general rule. At Koch-hissar, on our way from Sivas to Kara Hissar a delay was caused by a rather serious break in one of our bicycles. In the interval we were the invited guests of a district kadi, a venerable-looking and genial old gentleman whose acquaintance we had made in an official visit on the previous

day, as he was then the acting *caimacam* (mayor). His house was situated in a neighboring valley in the shadow of a towering bluff. We were ushered into the *selamluk*, or guest apartment, in company with an Armenian friend who had been educated as a doctor in America, and who had consented to act as interpreter for the occasion.

The kadi entered with a smile on his countenance, and made the usual picturesque form of salutation by describing the figure 3 with his right hand from the floor to his forehead. Perhaps it was because he wanted to be polite that he said he had enjoyed our company on the previous day, and had determined, if possible, to have a more extended conversation. With the usual coffee and cigarettes, the kadi became informal and chatty. He was evidently a firm believer in predestination, as he remarked that God had foreordained our trip to that country, even the food we were to eat, and the invention of the extraordinary "cart" on which we were to ride. The idea of such a journey, in such a peculiar way, was not to be accredited to the ingenuity of man. There was a purpose in it all. When we ventured to thank him for his hospitality toward two strangers, and even foreigners, he said that this world occupied so small a space in God's dominion, that

we could well afford to be brothers, one to another, in spite of our individual beliefs and opinions. "We may have different religious beliefs," said he, "but we all belong to the same great father of humanity; just as children of different complexions, dispositions, and intellects may belong to one common parent. We should exercise reason always, and have charity for other people's opinions."

From charity the conversation naturally turned to justice. We were much interested in his opinion on this subject, as that of a Turkish judge, and rather high official. "Justice," said he, "should be administered to the humblest person; though a king should be the offending party, all alike must yield to the sacred law of justice. We must account to God for our acts, and not to men."

The regular route from Sivas to Erzerum, passes through Erzincan. From this, however, we diverged at Zara, in order to visit the city of Kara Hissar, and the neighboring Lidjissy mines, which had been pioneered by the Genoese explorers, and were now being worked by a party of Englishmen. This divergence on to unbeaten paths was made at a very inopportune season; for the rainy spell set in, which lasted, with scarcely any intermission, for over a fortnight. At the base of Kosse Dag, which stands upon the watershed between the two largest rivers of Asia Minor, the Kizil Irmak and Yeshil Irmak; our road was blocked by a mountain freshet, which at its height washed everything before it. We spent a day and night on its bank, in a primitive flour-mill, which was so far removed from domestic life that we had to send three miles up in the mountains to get something to eat. The Yeshil Irmak, which we crossed just before reaching Kara Hissar, was above our shoulders as we waded through, holding our bicycles and baggage over our heads; while the swift current rolled the small boulders against us, and almost knocked us off our feet. There were no bridges in this part of the country. With horses and wagons the rivers were usually fordable; and what more would you want? With the Turk, as with all Asiatics, it is not a question of what is better, but what will do. Long before we reached a stream, the inhabitants of a certain town or village would gather round, and with troubled countenances say, "Christian gentlemen—there is no bridge," pointing to the river beyond, and graphically describing that it was over our horses' heads. That would settle it, they thought; it never occurred to them that a "Christian gentleman" could take off his clothes and wade. Sometimes, as we walked along in the mud, the wheels of our bicycles would become so clogged that we could not even push them before us. In such a case we would take the nearest shelter, whatever

it might be. The night before reaching Kara Hissar, we entered an abandoned stable, from which everything had fled except the fleas. Another night was spent in the pine-forests just on the border between Asia Minor and Armenia, which were said to be the haunts of the border robbers. Our surroundings could not be relieved by a fire for fear of attracting their attention.

When at last we reached the Trebizond-Erzerum highway, at Baiboot, the contrast was so great that the scaling of Kop Dag, on its comparatively smooth surface, was a mere breakfast spell. From here we looked down for the first time into the valley of the historic Euphrates, and a few hours later we were skimming over its bottom lands toward the embattled heights of Erzerum.

As we neared the city, some Turkish peasants in the fields caught sight of us, and shouted to their companions: "Russians! Russians! There they are! Two of them!" This was not the first time we had been taken for the subjects of the Czar; the whole country seemed to be in dread of them. Erzerum is the capital of that district which Russia will no doubt demand, if the stipulated war indemnity is not paid.

The entrance into the city was made to twist and turn among the ramparts, so as to avoid a rush in case of an attack. But this was no proof against a surprise in the case of the noiseless wheel. In we dashed with a roaring wind, past the affrighted guards, and were fifty yards away before they could collect their scattered senses. Then suddenly it dawned upon them that we were human beings, and foreigners besides—perhaps even the dreaded Russian spies. They took after us at full speed, but it was too late. Before they reached us we were in the house of the commandant pasha, the military governor, to whom we had a letter of introduction from our consul at Sivas. That gentleman we found extremely good-natured; he laughed heartily at our escapade with the guards. Nothing would do but we must visit the Vali, the civil governor, who was also a pasha of considerable reputation and influence.

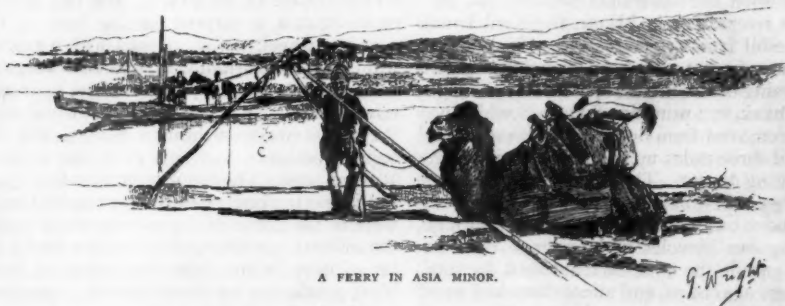
We had intended, but not so soon, to pay an official visit to the Vali to present our letter from the Grand Vizir, and to ask his permission to proceed to Bayazid, whence we had planned to attempt the ascent of Mount Ararat, an experience which will be described in our next article. A few days before, we heard, a similar application had been made by an English traveler from Bagdad, but owing to certain suspicions the permission was refused. It was with no little concern, therefore, that we approached the Vali's private office in company with his French interpreter. Circumstances

augured ill at the very start. The Vali was evidently in a bad humor, for we overheard him storming in a high key at some one in the room with him. As we passed under the heavy matted curtains the two attendants who were holding them up cast a rather horrified glance at our dusty shoes and unconventional costume. The Vali was sitting in a large arm-chair in front of a very small desk, placed at the far end of a vacant-looking room. After the usual salaams, he motioned to a seat on the divan, and proceeded at once to examine our credentials while we sipped at our coffee, and whiffed the small cigarettes which were immediately served. This furnished the Vali an opportunity to regain his usual composure. He was evidently an autocrat of the severest type; if we pleased him, it would be all right; if we did not, it would be all wrong. We showed him everything we had, from our Chinese passport to the little photographic camera, and related some of the most amusing incidents of our journey through his country. From the numerous questions he asked we felt certain of his genuine interest, and were more than pleased to see an occasional broad smile on his countenance. "Well," said he, as we rose to take

leave, "your passports will be ready any time after to-morrow; in the mean time I shall be pleased to have your horses quartered and fed at government expense." This was a big joke for a Turk, and assured us of his good-will.

A bicycle exhibition which the Vali had requested was given the morning of our departure for Bayazid, on a level stretch of road just outside the city. Several missionaries and members of the consulates had gone out in carriages, and formed a little group by themselves. We rode up with the "stars and stripes" and "star and crescent" fluttering side by side from the handle-bars. It was always our custom, especially on diplomatic occasions, to have a little flag of the country associated with that of our own. This little arrangement evoked a smile from the Vali, who, when the exhibition was finished, stepped forward and said, "I am satisfied, I am pleased." His richly caparisoned white charger was now brought up. Leaping into the saddle, he waved us good-by, and moved away with his suite toward the city. We ourselves remained for a few moments to bid good-by to our hospitable friends, and then, once more, continued our journey toward the east.

Thomas G. Allen, Jr.
William L. Sachtleben.



A FERRY IN ASIA MINOR.

WITHERLE'S FREEDOM.

HIS little world was blankly astonished when Witherle dropped out of it. His disappearance was as his life had been, neat, methodical, well-arranged; but why did he go at all?

He had lived through thirty-seven years of a discreetly conducted existence with apparent satisfaction; he had been in the ministry for fifteen years; he had been married nearly as long; he was in no sort of difficulty, theological, financial, or marital; he possessed the favor of his superiors in the church, the confidence of his wife, and he had recently come into a small fortune bequeathed him by a great-aunt.

Every one regarded him as very "comfortably fixed"—for a minister.

Of all the above-enumerated blessings he had divested himself methodically, as a man folds up and lays aside worn garments. He resigned his charge, he transferred his property to his wife, and wrote her a farewell note in which he said in a light-hearted way which she mistook for incoherence that she would never see him again. These things done, he dropped out of the sight of men as completely as a stone falls into a pond.

His friends speculated and investigated, cu-

riously, eagerly, fearfully, but to no purpose. What was the motive? Where had he gone? Had he committed suicide? Was he insane? The elders of the church employed a detective, and the friends of his wife took up the search, but Witherle was not found. He had left as little trace whereby he could be followed as a meteor leaves when it rushes across the sky.

Presently, of course, interest in the event subsided; the church got a new minister; Witherle's wife went back to her own people; the world appeared to forget. But there was a man of Witherle's congregation named Lowndes who still meditated the unsolved problem at odd moments. He was a practical man of affairs, with the psychological instinct, and he found the question of why people do the things that they do perennially interesting. Humanity from any point of view is a touching spectacle; from a business standpoint it is infinitely droll. Personally Lowndes was one of the wholesome natures for whom there are more certainties than uncertainties in life, and he felt for Witherle the protecting friendliness that a strong man sometimes has for one less strong. He advised him as to his investments on weekdays, and listened patiently Sunday after Sunday, as the lesser man expounded the mysteries of creation and the ways of the Creator, sustained by the reflection that Witherle was better than his sermons. He did not consider him an interesting man, but he believed him to be a good one. When Witherle was no longer at hand, Lowndes counseled and planned for his wife, and otherwise made himself as useful as the circumstances would permit. He felt sorry for Witherle's wife, a nervous woman to whom had come as sharp an upheaval of life as death itself could have brought about, without the comfort of the reflection that the Lord had taken away.

Fate, who sometimes delivers the ball to those who are ready to play, decreed that, in May, about a year after Witherle's disappearance, Lowndes should be summoned from the Pennsylvania village where he lived to one of the cities of an adjoining State. His business took him along the dingy river-front of the town. Crossing a bridge one evening toward sunset, he stopped idly to note the shifting iridescent tints that converted the river for the hour into a heavenly waterway between the two purgatorial banks lined with warehouses and elevators black with the inexpressibly mussy and depressing blackness of the soot of soft coal. His glance fell upon a coal-barge being loaded at the nearest wharf. He leaned over the rail, wondering why the lines of the figure of one of the workmen looked familiar to him. The man seemed to be shoveling coal with a peculiar zest. As this is a species of toil not usually performed for the love of it, his manner natu-

rally attracted attention. While Lowndes still stood there pondering the problematical familiarity of his back, the man turned. Lowndes clutched the rail. "By Jove!" he said excitedly, for he saw that the features were the features of Witherle. Their expression was exultant and illuminated beyond anything ever vouchsafed to that plodding gospeler. Moving along the bridge to a point just above the barge, he took out his watch and looked at it. It was nearly six o'clock.

The next fifteen minutes were exciting ones for Lowndes. His mind was in a tumult. It is no light matter to make oneself the arbiter of another man's destiny; and he knew enough of Witherle to feel sure that the man's future was in his hands. He looked down at him dubiously, his strong hands still clutching the rail tensely. For a minute he felt that he must move on without making his presence known, but even as he resolved, the clocks and whistles clamorously announced the hour.

When the men quitted their work, the man whom Lowndes's eyes were following came up the stairs that led to the bridge. As he passed, Lowndes laid a hand lightly on his shoulder.

"How are you, Witherle?" he said.

The man stared at him blankly a second, recoiled, and his face turned livid as he shook off the friendly hand. The other men had passed on, and they were alone on the bridge.

"I'm a free man," said Witherle, loudly, throwing back his shoulders. "Before God, I'm a free man for the first time in my life. What do you want with me?"

"Don't rave," said Lowndes, sharply. "I sha'n't hurt you. You could n't expect me to pass you without speaking, could you?"

"Then you were n't looking for me?" asked Witherle, abjectly.

"I have business on hand," Lowndes spoke impatiently, for he did not enjoy seeing his old friend cower. "I am here for the Diamond Oil Co. I was crossing the bridge just now, when I saw a man down there shoveling coal as if he liked it; and I delayed to look, and saw it was you. So I waited for you. That is all there is of it. You need n't stop if you don't wish."

Witherle drew a deep breath. "My nerves are n't what they were," he said apologetically. "It played the mischief with them to—" He left the sentence hanging in the air.

"If you were n't going to like the results, you need n't have gone," observed Lowndes in an impartial tone. "Nobody has been exactly able to see the reasons for your departure. You left the folks at home a good deal stirred up."

"What do they say about me there?"

Lowndes hesitated. "Most of them say you were crazy. Your wife has gone back to her people."

"Ah!"

Lowndes looked at the man with a sudden impulse of pity. He was leaning against the rail, breathing heavily. His face was white beneath the soot, but in his eyes still flamed that incomprehensible ecstasy. He was inebriated with the subtle stimulus of some transcendent thought. But what thought? And what had brought him here? This creature, with his sensitive mouth, his idealist's eyes, his scholar's hands, black and hardened now, but still clearly recognizable, was at least more out of place among the coal-heavers than he had been in the pulpit. Lowndes felt mightily upon him the desire to shepherd this man back to some more sheltered fold. The highways of existence were not for his feet; not for his lips the "Song of the Open Road." He did not resist the desire to say meditatively:

"You have no children—"

"God in his mercy be praised for that one blessing!" Witherle muttered. But Lowndes went on as if he did not hear:

"But you might think of your wife."

"I have thought of her—too much. I thought about everything too much. I am tired of thinking," said Witherle. "I wonder if you understand?"

"Not in the least."

Witherle looked about him restlessly. "Come where we can talk—down there on that pile of boards. I think I'd like to talk. It is very simple when once you understand it."

He led the way to the opposite end of the bridge, and down an embankment to a lumber-pile at the water's edge. Up the river the May sun had gone down in splendor, leaving the water crimson-stained. Witherle sat down where he could look along the river-reaches.

"Hold on a minute, Witherle. Don't talk to me unless you are sure you want to."

"That's all right. There's nothing much to tell. I don't seem to mind your understanding."

Witherle was silent a minute.

"It is very simple," he said again. "This is the way I think about it: either you do the things you want to do in this world or else you don't. I had never done what I wanted until I left home. I did n't mean to hurt anybody by coming away in that style, and I don't think that I did. I'd rather not be selfish, but life got so dull. I could n't stand it. I had to have a change. I had to come. The things you have to do, you do. There was a Frenchman once who committed suicide, and left a note that said, 'Tired of this eternal buttoning and unbuttoning.' I know how he felt. I don't know how other men manage to live. Perhaps their work means more to them than mine had come to mean to me. It was just dull, that was all, and I had to come."

Lowndes stared. Truly, it was delightfully simple. "Why, man, you can't chuck your responsibilities overboard like that. Your wife—"

"When I was twenty-one," interrupted Witherle, "I was in love. The girl married somebody else. Before I met my wife, she had cared for a man who married another woman. You see how it was. We were going to save the pieces together. As a business arrangement that sort of thing is all right. I have n't a word to say against it. She is a good woman, and we got on as well as most people, only life was not ecstasy to either of us. Can't you see us tied together, snaking our way along through existence as if it were some gray desert, and we crawling on and on over the sand, always with our faces bent to it, and nothing showing itself in our way but the white bones of the men and women who had traveled along there before us—grinning skulls mostly? Can't you see it?"

Looking up, he caught an expression in Lowndes's eyes the meaning of which he suspected. "Oh, you need n't be afraid," he added hastily, "that this is insanity. It's only imagination. That's the way I felt. And my work was only another long desert to be toiled through—with the Sphinx at the end. I was n't a successful preacher, and you know it. I had n't any grip on men. I had n't any grip on myself—or God. I could n't see any use or any meaning or any joy in it. The whole thing choked me. I wanted a simpler, more elemental life. I wanted to go up and down the earth, and try new forms of living, new ways of doing things, new people. Life—that was what I wanted: to feel the pulse of the world throb under my touch, to be in the stir, to be doing something. I was always haunted by the conviction that life was tremendous if only you once got at it. I could n't get at it where I was. I was rotting away. So when that money was left me, it came like a god-send. I knew my wife could live on that, and I did n't think she'd miss me much, so I just came off."

"And you like it?"

The man's eyes flamed. "Like it? It's great! It's the only thing there is. I've been from Maine to California this year. I wintered in a Michigan lumber-camp—that was hell. I was a boat-hand on the Columbia last summer—that was heaven. I worked in a coal-mine two months—a scab workman, you understand. And now I'm at this. I tell you, it is fine to get rid of cudgeling your brains for ideas that are n't there, and of pretending to teach people something you don't know, and take to working with your hands nine hours a day and sleeping like a log all night. I had n't slept for months, you know. These people tell me about themselves. I'm seeing what life is like. I'm getting down to the foundations. I've

learned more about humanity in the last six months than I ever knew in all my life. I believe I've learned more about religion. I'm getting hold of things. It's like getting out on the open sea after that desert I was talking about—don't you see? And it all tastes so good to me!" He dropped his head into his hands, exhausted by the flood of words he had poured rapidly out.

Lowndes hesitated long before he spoke. He was reflecting that Witherle's exaltation was pathological—he was drunk with the air of the open road.

"Poor little devil!" he thought. "One might let alone a man who finds ecstasy in being a coal-heaver; but it won't do."

"Life is big," he admitted slowly; "it's tremendous, if you like; it's all you say—but it is n't for you. Don't you see it is too late? We're all of us under bonds to keep the world's peace, and finish the contracts we undertake. You're out of bounds now. You have got to come back."

Witherle stared at him blankly. "You say that? After what I've told you? Why, there's nothing to go back for. And here—there is everything! What harm am I doing, I'd like to know? Who is hurt? What claims has that life on me? Confound you!" his wrath rising fiercely, "how dare you talk like that to me? Why is n't life for me as well as for you?"

This Witherle was a man he did not know. Lowndes felt a little heart-sick, but only the more convinced that he must make his point.

"If you did n't feel that you were out of bounds, why were you afraid of me when I came along?"

The thrust told. Witherle was silent. Lowndes went on: "Bread is n't as interesting as champagne, I know, but there is more in it, in the long run. However, that's neither here nor there—if a man has a right to his champagne. But you have n't. You are mistaken about your wife. She was all broken up. I don't pretend to say she was desperately fond of you. I don't know anything about that. But, anyhow, she had made for herself a kind of life of which you were the center, and it was all the life she had. You had no right to break it to pieces getting what you wanted. That's a brutal thing for a man to do. She looked very bad when I saw her. You've got to go back."

Witherle turned his head from side to side restlessly, as a sick man turns on the pillow.

"How can I go back?" he cried, keenly protesting. "Don't you see it's impossible? I've burned my ships."

"That's easy enough. You went off in a fit of double consciousness, or temporary insan-

ity, or something like that, and I found you down here. It will be easy enough to reinstate you. I'll see to that."

"That would be a lie," said Witherle, resolutely.

Lowndes stared at him curiously, reflecting upon the fastidiousness with which men pick and choose their offenses against righteousness, embracing one joyously, and rejecting another with scorn.

"Yes; so it would. But I have offered to do the lying for you, and you *are* off your head, you know."

"How?" demanded Witherle, sharply.

"Any man is off his head who can't take life as it comes, the bad and the good, and bear up under it. Suicide is insanity. You tried to commit suicide in the cowardliest way, by getting rid of your responsibilities, and saving your worthless breath. Old man, it won't do. You say you've learned something about religion and humanity—come back and tell us about it."

Witherle listened to his sentence in silence. His long lower lip trembled.

"Anything more?" he demanded.

"That's all. It won't do."

The man dropped his head into his hands, and sat absolutely still. Lowndes watched the river growing grayer and grayer, and listened to the lapping of the water against the lumber, remembering that one of the poets had said it was a risky business tampering with souls, and matter enough to save one's own. The reflection made him feel a little faint. What if Witherle had a right to that life in spite of everything—that life for which he had given all?

Witherle lifted his head at last. "You are sure my wife was broken up over it?" he demanded despairingly.

"Sure."

Witherle cast one longing glance across the darkening river to the black outlines of the barge. There, ah, even there, the breath of life was sweet upon his lips, and toil was good, and existence was worth while:

"I thought no soul in the world had a claim on me. Curse duty! The life of a rat in a cage!" he cried. "Oh, Lord, I have n't the head nor the heart for it!"

The words were bitter, but his voice broke with compliance. He rose to his feet, and stretched out his arms with a fierce gesture, then dropped them heavily by his side.

"Come on," he said.

Lowndes, watching him with that curious, heart-sickening sympathy growing upon him, was aware that he had seen the end of a soul's revolt. Rightly or wrongly, Witherle's freedom was over.

Cornelia Atwood Pratt.

CŒUR D'ALENE.

By the author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

XI.

OUT OF THE GULCH.



IT is safe to say that if every ransomed Christian in the Cœur d'Alene had lived, according to the word that we preach to the heathen, as simply, as fearfully as Wan pursued his timorous way by the glimmer of his perfumed joss-sticks, there would have been no call for martial law. Yet Wan was destined to be one of the chosen victims of the labor question, his part in which, as a proletarian, was little more considered than that of the pony in the doctor's corral.

It fell out as the doctor had predicted. The case of Mike and Darcie had been postponed; it was not forgotten. There came a moment, in that hour of insane victory, when it did occur to some of the Big Horn men that there was a little job unfinished at the mine. One or two of them who had been concerned in the shooting on Tuesday night were burning to avenge that silly failure.

The trains were still running on the narrow-gauge track between Gem and the mines of Big Horn Gulch, but they were in the hands of the strikers, and carried chiefly armed men and munitions of murder. They brought the posse of fifty men who had detailed themselves for special duty at the mine.

Faith witnessed this ill-omened arrival from the second-story gallery, where she was walking alone in the starlight, herself being unseen in the shadow of the roof. She watched the movements of the men with anxiety, and saw them in threatening consultation with Abby. Even as she listened to the sound of their bodeful voices, her own name was under discussion, and the men were proposing to put her to the question concerning the whereabouts of the spy.

"Don't bother with her; it's time wasted for nothing," Abby advised. "She was asking Wan about him herself this morning, and Wan was sulky and scared, and pretended he did n't know. 'But I saw you going away somewhere with him,' says she. That's what she said; I heard her myself. You bet he knows all there is to know! You go find Wan."

The doctor also had witnessed the ominous

arrival, and was that moment in the cellar, warning the refugees to be ready, and to have out their light, in case it should be seen when the cellar door opened to admit the unhappy girl who was going with them.

Darcie's heart was in his mouth with fear and joy, and Mike's blood was bounding at the thought of the wild night's flight in the free, open darkness, and the deeds of daring he might have occasion to display; for Mike had a warm Irish imagination, and he was as vain of his valor as he was sure of it. The doctor had omitted to mention, as a detail of his plan, that he had not as yet presented the same to Faith. He was deliberately conspiring with the cruel circumstances that beset the girl to capture all her scruples at once; there was no other way but to harden his heart against doubts and compunctions, and to put confidence in the men he had chosen in the place of her natural protectors. The doctor was no bungling judge of male character, and, in his opinion, a man may be a young girl's natural protector in other than the established way; but the doctor was not yet a father.

As he left the cellar, his ear was shocked by a sound of pitiable screams and hoarse, brutal cries, and, looking across the gulch, he saw, as in a vision of the "Inferno," a wretched, struggling figure haled along at the end of a rope, towed by a mass of men, as fast as they could go over the rough ground, in the direction of the secret tamaracks. The person of the victim was scarcely distinguishable, but the doctor knew it could be only the miserable Chinaman; and a strange familiarity with the fact crossed him, as if he had beheld the shameful scene before in some moment of prophetic consciousness, and had always known that such would be the end of Wan.

In that horror-stricken moment Faith had flown to her father, forgetful of the breach between them, and confident of his protection for the wretched Wan. She could not yet count him as naught, or quite believe, for all the doctor's unrelenting summing up of facts that were sadly in evidence, what a string of shreds and patches was the manager of the Big Horn.

At this after-dinner hour he was usually clothed on with his evening liquor, and incommunicable to the pitch of surliness. It was thus

that she found him. He had risen from his chair, and was moving with circumspection from the table to the sideboard, when his daughter's excited entrance startled him. He let fall the key which he held—that very precious duplicate key of the sideboard closet where his liquors and brandies were kept, the possession of which he had thus far been able to conceal from the vigilant Abby. As it slipped from his fat, smooth, shaking fingers, all that was left of his intelligence groveled after it upon the floor.

"Father, father!" cried Faith, rushing upon him. "Come, come with me! Oh, rouse up, do! Come out, and stop this fearful thing!"

Seeing no hope of comprehension in his glassy, floating eye, which tried to fix hers with a reprehensive frown, she seized him and shook him passionately, trying to awaken in that dead heart some spark of warmth from the indignation that burned in her own.

"Will you listen to that poor thing begging for his life! Do you want to have your people murdered!"

But the late Mr. Bingham simply stared, working his empty fingers, feeling for the lost key; his mind was concentrated solely on that interrupted journey to the sideboard.

"Keep 'way—don't talk sho lou'; where-sh it? Only key—I got. Abby fin' she—I—wha' sh'll I do?" he whimpered.

"Oh, oh!" shuddered the girl.

Mr. Bingham groped for the chair he had imprudently forsaken, and seated himself majestically upon the arm. The heavy chair tipped with his weight. Faith helped him to regain his seat. She stooped to search for his key, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Here it is, poor father," she said, putting the key back into his hand. "There; have you got it? Let me put it into your pocket. See, you will lose it again."

It was all that he cared for; so let him have it, and find his way to the sideboard, and so find his way out of the world, where he was no longer of any use. Faith could not have reasoned in this cold-blooded fashion; she acted on the impulse, simply, to do one little thing for him that he wanted done before she left him. If not that night, yet she must leave him soon; she could not afford to be harsh with what was already a memory, a grave.

There was yet one man in his senses in that distracted place whose courage and humanity could be counted on; the doctor, Faith knew, had returned to the mine. But as she flew to seek him at his office he was on his way to her, and thus they missed each other by contrary paths in the dark.

The office was locked. Faith beat upon the door with her bare hands, but got no answer. Then she ran around to the kitchen door, which

stood open, showing a light burning in an empty house.

The doctor could not be far away, she thought, and, stepping outside, she stood on the platform and shrieked, "Oh, doctor, doctor!" in a voice of anguish, which brought, not the doctor, but Darcie Hamilton out of the cellar where her piercing cry had reached him. He sprang to her side, and put his good arm around her as the simplest way of answering that there he was if she needed him.

"What do you want of the doctor? What has happened? Dear, what is this horror in your face?"

"I thought you were gone," she said, "days ago!" She had forgotten that it was only the night before that he had left her father's house: it seemed as if it might have been years.

"We are going to-night," he answered.

"Have you not seen the doctor?"

"No, no; I cannot find him. They are doing something dreadful to Wan, to make him tell where you are; and they are not done with him. I must find the doctor!"

"They *are* done with him," said Darcie, listening. "Hark! it's all quiet up the gulch."

"What do you mean? He is dead?"

"He has told."

"*What!* Does he know?"

"Why, it was he who brought me here. He'll tell, you know, if that will save him," Darcie explained.

The shock of this discovery, and its self-evident consequences, left the poor girl no strength wherewith to "counterfeit" any longer, for pride's sake. It was the simple truth that Darcie read in her face as their sad eyes met, in the sincerity of a moment that might be their last on earth together.

"Go this instant! Why do you stay here? Oh, mercy! where *can* he go?"

She tried to push him from her, while he held her in a dream, hardly daring to believe what her pale face told him.

"We were waiting for you, Faith dear. The doctor said you were to go with us; but I said you would never go—with me. But would you go?" he implored.

Here Mike's double bass interrupted, lamenting in a suppressed roar, "Musha, musha! the docther has not towld her a word!"

"If it's about my going—don't say another word," pleaded Faith. "I would n't go for all the world. I should only keep you back. You'd have no chance at all with me along."

"And do you think that I am going if you stay here?" said Darcie, half beside himself with joy.

"But there's no danger here for me."

"It would be parting soul and body," he said.

"Ye 'll not keep soul an' body long together av ye stay," said Mike.

"You break my heart," Faith cried distractedly. "Those men will have no pity—and you have none—to refuse me this one chance for your life. Once more, will you go?"

"Arrah, here comes the docther! He's the man we want," said Mike.

It was the doctor, in a panting hurry, half choked for breath.

"Well, young woman! So here you are, and I've been all over the country looking for you. Well, boys, have you got this thing all fixed?"

"It's bechune her an' him," said Mike, in despair. "She 'll not go for fear she 'd delay us, an' he 'll not go an' l'ave her, an' I 'll not shtir widout him; an' there ye have it—a caucus av fools if iver there was one!"

"Tut, tut! what a waste of time! If she won't go, she won't, and there's an end of that. Your legs are your best friends now, boys. Get in there; all ashore that's going.

"Come, Darcie, don't make this kick now, and ruin everything. I know it's hard," the doctor whispered, with his hand on Darcie's shoulder, "but, Lord! man, you're not the only friend she's got! Trust me, we 'll get her safe out of this; they don't exterminate the girls. I 'll bet you fifty dollars you cross the lake with her to-morrow night. How 's that? Do you want any better chance than that to plead for your sins? Give her a kiss now, and get along with you! They are headed down the gulch," said the doctor to Mike. "In about five minutes you can break cover. I 'll delay them all I can."

XII.

THE EXPULSION.

MR. BINGHAM was very weary of his paternal joys. If a selfish motive had been at the bottom of his sudden late demand for his daughter's society in the West; if he had fancied that it would impart a trifling zest to his jaded existence to have youth and beauty near him, and increase his popularity with his brother mine-owners at a critical time, he had been properly disappointed in the sequel. The cloud of suspicion that rested on the mine had never lifted; the time had not been suited to an exchange of hospitalities, even with a beautiful young daughter to be introduced to the society of the camps; and all the brightness Faith had brought with her to the Big Horn, and that promise of adaptability that her father had welcomed in her, had been extinguished under the burden of himself and his elderly failings which she had taken upon her virgin conscience. It was simply keeping a recording anger in the house for his sole and

personal benefit; one who wept, perhaps, but never "dropped a tear" upon the page where her father's slips were unfalteringly set down. The grief of his angel had never interfered with the strictness of her record. It was preposterous! He smiled with sardonic enjoyment of the joke that he was to be reformed, at his time of life, according to the "maiden aunt" school of training. But it was also a beastly annoyance; it sent him, more than often, to the society of those familiars which he kept under lock and key in his sideboard closet. With his daughter presiding, conscience-wise, over his personal habits, and with Darcie Hamilton investigating his business management, it was no wonder that a frail-minded old gentleman, with a rather darkling record, should have gone off somewhat in his temper. Heaven and earth! was he to be baited by children?

He had said to Faith that she could not go, without extraordinary precautions for her safety, in the excited state of feeling at the mines; but this had been merely for the purpose of reminding her that she was not quite mistress of the situation—free to repudiate her father, and depart from him whenever he should have paid for her ticket eastward. As a fact, she was not half so anxious to go as was he to have her: he did not desire her presence in his house, either as monitor or witness, any longer. She had seen too much already, considering her general intelligence and her uncompromising way of looking at things. She must go back to the East, where in a short time such frank incidents as the ordeal of Wan and the ambushing of Darcie Hamilton in the tamaracks would appear to her as incredible as the nightmare visions of a fever. And that she might not unwisely recall her visions in speech, he had, in that last painful interview in the library, taken measures to make her very tired of the subject of Darcie Hamilton. On this point at least he was easy.

As to Darcie, that young gentleman had been vastly busy at the manager's expense: he had formulated some dangerous discoveries; incidentally he had made rapid love to his daughter. Between business and pleasure he had been going very much at large. But he had been careless, as the too sure-footed are apt to be. If the Big Horn directors chose to send their younger sons, masquerading as honest miners, into the Cœur d'Alene, they must post them better upon the local institutions. "Monkeying with the buzz-saw" was pastime for children compared with a conflict of opinions with the Miners' Union in the summer of 1892. Mr. Bingham proposed to shift his personal responsibilities frankly upon the Union. If Darcie should never reach London with his verbal report (the documents were in Mr. Bing-

ham's hands), and an international correspondence, transcending questions of business, should ensue, the manager was prepared to wash his own hands, and to point to the guns in the hands of his irrepressible allies of the Union. The trade-unions have thus suffered always, and ever will suffer most, at the hands of their so-called friends.

And now we come to the last scene before the close of the war—the deportation of the “scabs,” including a few non-combatants, among whom was Faith. Recording angels, recorders of the truth of any sort, were not in demand at that time in the Cœur d'Alene; the victors proposed to record matters to suit themselves.

On the twelfth day of July there were gathered at the Mission some sixty or seventy non-union miners, prisoners from the surrendered mines, awaiting transportation across the lake, and out of the Cœur d'Alene. The fast little lake-boat *Georgia Oakes* was unaccountably many hours behind her usual time, and there were no officials at the landing, in her service, who could be interviewed on the subject of this delay. Rumors passed from mouth to mouth, and it was whispered, “She is held back under military orders; she will bring the troops!” But so many contradictory telegrams had been flying across the wires, which were now controlled by the Union, that the hope was barely breathed—so many were the counter-doubts and fears.

The old Mission is one of the most dream-like spots ever chosen by travel as the trysting-place of a steamboat and a railroad. The Northern Pacific lake-steamer and the narrow-gauge railroad, a noisy adventurer from the mountain camps and roaring cañons of the Cœur d'Alene, here transact their daily meetings with the utmost publicity; yet, to land upon the wharf-boat and to step aboard the train is to stroll (by steam upon a steel pathway) between the “fields of sleep,” beside the “waters of forgetfulness.” The charming place, in its deep, sweet, sunshiny seclusion, seems to have been half-reluctantly yielded by nature long ago to the temporary occupation of man, and then fondly reclaimed into her own wild tendance. The Mission meadows are as rich as those upland pastures where the milk-white hulder maidens of the northern legend fed their fairy herds. The wild flowers in their beauty unite the influences of the West and the North, with the breath of the soft chinook to atone for the neighborhood of snow-slides. The river slips in silence past bowers of blossoming shrubs and leaning birches, and somber pines lift their dark spires out of the tender mass of deciduous green.

In it all there is an effect of abiding peace strangely in contrast with some of the scenes

which the historic Mission has been called to witness. Needless to say, it is the ideal resort of the summer excursionist, whether he come for fishing or flirtation, or to search the poetic past, or merely from the common gregarious instinct of a people that loves to do everything in crowds. But it was no holiday company gathered this day at the Mission. The greater number were men who carried their worldly goods in their hands: they wore their best clothes, and their latest-earned wages were in their pockets: but the thought was not wanting that safety, and life itself, had been risked for those few dollars which they were taking with them, and that they were passing out of the country under a shameful ban. There was no Traveler from Altruria to ask: Who are these decent poor men? Why have they come here, and why do they go, by a common, sad impulse, as if through fear and force? And if so, who compels them? And what is their offense that they should be looked at askance and herded apart, like tainted cattle? A deeper question, this would be, than most of us are prepared to answer. Even the facts can hardly be trusted to answer; for facts are cruel, and they frequently lie, in the larger sense of truth. Hence it is with extreme reluctance that one approaches the story of what was done at the Mission on the night of July 12, during the labor troubles of 1892. The inferences must speak for themselves; no one would dare to be responsible for the logic of these cruel facts, which seem to accuse generally, yet really accuse only a few—the blind guides and faithless shepherds who were condemned in the communities where they are best known, and were brought to an inadequate punishment, but were afterward set free, through a technicality of the law, which in effect pronounced them guiltless. These are not “laboring-men”; but they are clothed and fed by laboring-men, who in turn are betrayed by them through injurious counsels.

The rank and file of the non-Union prisoners were of the ordinary class of Western miners who “pack” their blankets from camp to camp; but among the number were several men of better condition, and of more than average ability and intelligence, who had held responsible positions at the mines; and these, as if conscious of unfriendly observation,—both aboard of the train, where Union men, armed with Winchesters, sat in the same car with them, and at the Mission, after the guards had left them and returned,—kept apart by themselves, and were quiet and wary.

Michael Casson, ex-foreman of the Caltrop, one of the upper-country mines, had his wife and children with him on the train. The wife, a comely, high-spirited woman, with well-seasoned nerves, but a soft heart in trouble, kept

a motherly watch upon Faith, coming down in the same car with her from Wallace. Faith was known to be Manager Bingham's daughter, leaving the country under the special protection and guarantee of the Union leaders; but the signs of recent trouble in her tear-flushed face aroused Mrs. Casson's sympathies, and that neighborly woman soon discovered that the manager's daughter, notwithstanding her fashionable dress, prosperous connections, and look of delicate pride, was very much alone, and very warmly disposed toward the ostracized portion of the laboring community to which Mrs. Casson and her "man" belonged. Hence a sudden and, on Faith's part, rather hysterical intimacy. The voice of the kind woman, speaking with the rich, sympathetic, Irish intonation, touched the chord that vibrates in sobs or laughter. Sometimes Faith's eyes filled, sometimes she laughed, at Mrs. Casson's delicious, hearty talk; and the train rumbled on between the river and the mountains, thundering over its bridges; and the green, fair vista of the Mission opened; and the out-bound passengers gathered in groups, or scattered till the moment of departure.

At the Mission Mrs. Casson's children had to be fed. Faith was not enticed by the sort of meal that the Mission set forth that day to its seventy visitors: anything at all, at a good round price, was right for the scabs; the Mission did what it could to retain a little of that apostate money in the land of the faithful. But Nature offered them her own refreshment—flowers, and deep, soft grass to lie upon, and shed the light of her jocund sunshine upon their recent troubles, and upon the anxious future before them; and the habit of making the best of a bad outlook was the habit of them all.

Faith had idly extended her acquaintance to a chatty little lad, one of the rising hopes of the Mission, who, having his time much at his own disposal, was pleased to bestow it largely upon her. He was a wise child in the happiest sort of knowledge—that of the "foot-path way." He took her across the meadows, where the blue camass flower was just falling from over-bloom. They crept under the boughs along the river, and loaded themselves with wild roses, pale and red, and every shade of pink between. He told her the names of the new flowers, as he knew them, and she likened them to other flowers at home. She noted the strange character of the river, which here at the Mission is not like a mountain stream, but cuts into the rich bottom-land, deep and still, like a Southern bayou, and has no beaches, but only banks, which drop off suddenly into thirty feet of water, or put forth a toe of tree-roots overlaid with dried mud, where drift-wood gathers, or great logs, traveling down-stream,

halt as at a landing-place. Lovely reflections line the shores, binding the land and water together in an inverted borderage of green, with a clear sky pattern down the middle stream, dashed out of sight by the breeze, or returning again like a smile.

They crossed to the knoll, where stands the old church of the Mission, built in the days of intrepid zeal, where, in the deep forest wilderness, want of skill or want of tools was no detriment, and men wrought with faith and their bare hands in the sincerity of wood and imperishable stone. The priest's house, adjoining the church, and a shabby modern foil to its ancient dignity, was closed, and Faith was forced to abandon her desire to enter the church of the fathers; but they sat upon the steps, the odd young pair, and talked of the past. The little boy was not much of an historian: Faith did not put implicit confidence in his tales of Father de Smet, who was dead,—that at least was true,—and of Father Josette, who was still of the living. She knew, perhaps, quite as much about the history of the "old church" as he did, born in its shadow. But there were other subjects of contemporaneous and imperative interest on which he could offer her a few surprises. He had gathered that he was talking with no less a personage than the young lady of the Big Horn, and, for reasons which we know, the name of her father's mine inspired this wise child of the Union with the fullest faith in her as a partizan, notwithstanding that he had seen her consorting with scabs. So he poured forth his tale without hesitation—to behold her stare at him in incredulous horror!

"What was this he was saying?" she demanded; but the child drew back, and would not repeat his words. He had made a very great mistake; he now became confused, distrustful, and unhappy; they were no longer company for each other.

Faith sought an opportunity, later, when they were out of hearing of the other prisoners, to repeat the child's astounding confidence to Mr. Casson.

"Do you think such a thing could possibly be true?" she cried excitedly.

"Why, you may say, after what we've seen, that anything is possible," Mr. Casson began guardedly. "There's bad men everywhere, and in a time like this they naturally get bold, like thieves at a fire; but it's a thing the Union leaders would try to prevent, I'm sure, if they got wind of it. They have the whole thing in their hands now, and whatever happens, the blame of it lays at their door. They have done the preachin', and they'll get the credit for whatever sort of practice it'll lead to. They can't afford to let such a thing happen. No, miss;

it's more likely some mean talk the child has heard, and is givin' it away for earnest; else he was just tryin' it on for fun, to see if he could frighten you."

"Oh, no; he did n't think I would be frightened," said Faith. "He thought I would be pleased. That was the dreadful part of it. It was I that frightened him. I could n't make him say it over again after he'd seen how I took it. I suppose he thought that no one belonging to the Big Horn could have a spark of sympathy for a non-Union man."

"Call them 'scabs,' miss; don't spare the word on my account. It's a name I bear in honest company. If any of them dynamite divils should fall upon us to-night,—and we without a weapon on us, leavin' the country peaceable under promise of our safety,—why it makes no matter to me what name they choose to kill me by. The law has a name for them that's as old as the commandments; and maybe the law will be heard from again, some day, in the Co'r de Lane."

"Then you will not make light of it, Mr. Casson, even if you can't believe it?"

"I will not make light of it, miss; neither will I spread it, to make a panic. And I'll ask you, if you please, not to breathe a word of it to Mrs. Casson; she's easy excited, and no wonder, after what she's been through. I would n't mention it to any one, for fear it would get about."

"I shall see no one to repeat it to," said Faith. "I shall stay here until the boat gets in."

They were walking under the trees that interspersed the wild, park-like common, between Mission station and the landing, where the river makes a sharp bend. To the right, between the railroad track and the dark-blue shadows of Fourth of July Cañon, stretch the beautiful Mission meadows, bathed in sunlight, where the deep summer grass, ripe for mowing, was lazily rolling in the breeze.

"And what would you be stayin' here for, miss, if I might make so bold?" Casson inquired.

"I am looking for two friends of mine who are coming down the river, hoping to get here in time for the boat," said Faith. "I can see them from here as soon as they pass the bend."

"And would n't they be stopping above by the station?"

"No," said Faith; "they must not be seen. I must tell this to them, Mr. Casson, for they are hunted men; they have not even the safeguard of disarmed prisoners."

"Do ye mean that they are fixed to fight?"

"I do; and they would fight if they saw these poor men attacked. How could they help it, even if they threw their lives away! They must not be seen, and they must not see. But they

must know all that there is to tell. I must tell them."

"That's right," said Casson, gravely; "but there's others can tell them. What might be their business in the Co'r de Lane?"

"Mining. That is, one is a miner. The other is a sort of miner — an amateur."

"I would n't advise any man to be minin' in the Co'r de Lane this year, unless minin' is his business; there's neither love nor money in it for fancy miners, and it's not healthy for them — that's sure!" said Mr. Casson.

"Yes," Faith assented. "He fell under suspicion of the Union from the first, and they warned him to leave, but he would not go. And then they took means to get rid of him quietly, but they did not succeed the first time. Do they ever give such a thing up?"

"I would be safer for them to finish the job," said Casson.

"What should you advise them, Mr. Casson, supposing — anything — even that this story cannot be true? What should you say they had better do?"

"I would advise them to stay with their boat, and not set foot on shore till the steamer's at the landin'."

"Mr. Casson?" Faith implored, studying his face. He was as inscrutable as if he were talking to a child. Still, she was sure that she could trust him.

"Ye need not be questionin' me, miss. I know the men," he answered to her look. "But it's just as well not to be namin' names. The very leaves of the trees will whisper it."

"I call them my friends," Faith needlessly explained, "because they were very good to me once — I would do anything in the world!"

"Surely ye would," Mr. Casson interrupted easily; "and if they were not your friends, a life is a life, though it's only the life of a 'scab' or a 'spy.'" Faith colored hotly at the word. "Ye need not fear me, Miss Bingham. I've had a taste of their language myself. I'm a 'thraitor,' a 'wage-slave,' I'm 'bought an' sold' for the bread that goes into me children's mouths. I'm an excrescence on a healthy laborin' community, to be sloughed off like the foulness of disease. I'm as fond of the Miners' Union that's bossin' this country as Mike McGowan is, and they'll make as much out of me, just, if they come askin' me questions. Now ye leave me to watch out for the boys, and I'll tell them anything at all ye want."

"Thank you, Mr. Casson; I trust you perfectly, but I cannot let you do it. They stood by me, and I will stay by them. It may be the one thing I am here to do; and you have your wife and children."

"They're not meddlin' with women and children. Ye had better leave the men to me."

"I could n't, Mr. Casson," said the girl, with sad persistence. She was distressed by his questioning regard, and blushed for her own disingenuousness. "We have had a fearful time at the mine," she went on, leading him away from the tenderer subject. "Did you hear about our poor Chinaman?"

"I did, miss; and a wonder they left the life in him so long. Sole an' lone he was, the only Chinyman in the Co'r de Lane, so I hear; and only for Abby Steers not wantin' to do her own work he 'd have been fired, they say, the same as all the rest, before he 'd barely set foot in it. For what that woman says is law with the Union boys."

"Oh, she 's a terror!" exclaimed Faith. "The times have brought her out. But we have some very bad men at the mine, and they are the ones who seem to have all to say. I suppose it would not be safe to discharge them, now. My father simply has to endure the things they do, until he can get support for his own authority." Outwardly, Faith was still on the defensive in regard to her father's position. "Did you hear about the shooting?" she asked in a low voice.

"I did," said Casson, shortly. He did not admit her plea for the martyred authority of Manager Bingham; he conceived him quite as did the rest of the mining community, in his mixed character of the bat in the fable, posing between bird and beast till the outcome of battle should decide to which kingdom it was safest to belong. A bat he was, and nothing but a bat; and neither birds nor beasts would own him.

"One of the men I am watching for is he—the one who was wounded," said Faith, averting her face. "I don't know what state he may be in, after such a journey. It would be hard upon a well man, last night, through the timber, across those wild divides, and around Sunset Peak before it was light; and to-day, in the hot sun, coming down Beaver Cañon; and then in some sort of boat on the river! Do you think that Mike McGowan can row?"

"They 'd be polin', not rowin', in a dugout, whilst the river is shallow; and below they 'll come fast enough with the current, just keepin' her head down-stream. Ye would n't maybe like to have Mrs. Casson bide here with ye? She 'd be as good as a doctor for him—and I'm loth to leave ye wanderin' here by yourself."

In reply to this fatherly suggestion Faith only blushed miserably, and shook her head.

"I hope we shall all be together, crossing the lake to-night," she said—"all of us for whom the Cœur d'Alene has no use." But she did not move from her post.

"Well," said Mr. Casson, who saw that she was bent on having her own way with her friends, "I wish them safe out of this, and all

of us the same. But don't you let that child's prattle be runnin' in your head. It 's not a thing any one could believe—not even of them."

"Not of the men who blew up the Frisco Mill?" asked Faith, with a woman's partizan relentlessness.

Mr. Casson would not admit the thought, or pretended that he would not. "Think of it!" said he. "Think how a massacre would sound in print! We're not quite bad enough for that, Union or non-Union; men has their feelin's. They 'd draw the line at promiscuous shootin' at unarmed men."

"I think dynamite and giant powder are tolerably promiscuous," bitterly argued Faith. But she was comforted, nevertheless, by Mr. Casson's pretense of unbelief.

He walked away toward the landing to watch for a sight of the boat. Once he looked back at her and seemed to hesitate, but then he walked on. "They 'd never touch a woman," he said to himself.

Faith continued to pace the short grass under the trees, watching for her friends.

XIV.

THE MASSACRE.

THE shadows, at this hour, had gained a portentous length; they laid long fingers across the fields, pointing darkly toward the cañon. "About sunset," the child had said.

Up at Wallace and at Gem the rumor was flying that the negro troops from Missoula had marched around the burned bridges, and were coming in by way of Mullan, to gather the non-Union men, and to bring them back and protect them in their places; and the Union had sworn that the thing should not be. Therefore there should be bloodshed that night at the Mission; not a "scab" should be left for the "niggers" to bring back. For "scabs" to be forced upon them by "niggers" was an aggravation of injury by insult which the pride of these valiant Irish leaders could not brook.

This was the story of the confiding little boy at the Mission, told in the simple faith of one who believes that his friends can do no wrong; all the bad men were on the other side. Not a shadow or a stain of its cruel meaning seemed to have touched his childish apprehension.

Faith was unhappy and fearful in her mind; yet—she tried to comfort herself—the thing was, as Mr. Casson had said, too monstrous, too suicidal, a disgrace for the Union leaders to permit to touch their organization, still less to invite as a means of discipline. The sun was getting low. Faith rebuked her impatience by turning her back on the up-stream view, and, taking a longer stroll toward the landing, resolved not to look around again till the sounds

she yearned to hear announced her friends; but no new sound broke the quiet stir of the leaves and the softly moving water. She grew sick with suspense. They would not come in time to get her warning; else they would not come at all—and what could have happened! This was a day when one might not talk of a morrow.

Suddenly, close inshore, making for the next bend across a loop of the river, a long, sharp canoe, or dugout, shot by, loaded with disaster; for Mike stood balanced, alone, guiding the slim craft, and along the bottom, stretched upon his back, lay a man, helpless, motionless, a shape with the face hidden. What did the coat conceal that covered the face? Was it death? There was enough of Darcie there for Faith to recognize. He was coming to meet her at the Mission, and this was the fate he had encountered on the way.

"Oh, Mike—oh, stop!" she groaned, upon her knees on the bank, stretching her arms out above the water. The breeze shook the bushes; the dismal load shot by. Mike had not heard her choking cry or seen her gesture of anguish. Gathering herself up, she stumbled through the grass, past the trees, that delayed her like idle, curious persons crowding upon one in a moment of extreme distress; but by the time she had rounded the loop by land, Mike had crossed it by water—as the bow-string measures the bow, had landed his freight under the bushes in the shade, and was already out of sight beyond the lower bend.

A wind was rising, spreading the rapid coolness that precedes a summer gale. The bushes were beating wildly, leaves and dust and blossom petals were flying, and dark wind-tracks streaked the meadows; but the waveless river only shuddered, and crept by in silence.

Darcie was lying on his back, staring at the green boughs overhead; the coat lay over his chest, and its folds perceptibly rose and fell. This was Faith's first assurance that he breathed. In the shock of so sudden, so complete a release from so great a fear, for the moment she forgot her warning.

He looked at her stupidly at first, then a little wildly, and then with an eager smile he flung his hand out toward her upon the grass. Yet something in his manner she missed—something that she had looked to see on their meeting again; missed it, and drew back from her instinctive first advances.

He knew her, but had placed her at the beginning of their brief, intense acquaintance; all between was oblivion. His love spoke, and his need of love, in his dumb eyes; but he was silent, troubled, and took nothing for granted. It was useless to question him as to how he had arrived at this phase of his condition. Investigating, as his nurse, Faith dis-

covered that there had been a fresh hemorrhage from his wound; the sleeve and breast of his shirt beneath the coat were soaked with blood. Weakness, thirst, and delirium had followed, but not fever, so far as she could judge. He was bareheaded, and she looked in vain for his hat to fetch him water in the brim of it, as she had seen the hunters do, but was forced to use her handkerchief, feeding him with drops dripped between his lips. His face and hands and all his clothing down in front were grimed and scratched and earth-stained, as though Beaver Cañon had been literally wiped up with him; when he spoke it was a rapid muttering in a voice devoid of expression. There was no hope that they could come to any understanding now on those delicate points that remained to be settled between them. This was a piteous complication, that at this last hour before the boat came in—the hour that must decide how they should leave the boat and meet the world of strangers on the other side of the lake, when the one word must be said, and he alone could say it—he should be out of his senses, calling her Miss Faith, and babbling flat courtesies, saying nothing but with his eyes! She could not give him even the love he dumbly craved.

No; it was strangely cruel. They were meant for each other; this she believed as a new, inexplicable fact not to be reasoned about, yet she was powerless to act upon it. Could any girl follow a sick and crazy youth, a conspicuously adorable young man, whom any stranger would be good to, once he was out of this terrorized land; appear at his side, and assume the right to care for him on the strength of some wild love-passages in impossible places, under circumstances the least binding and most exceptional that could be imagined?

She had made up, poor child, a number of perfectly sane and commendable answers and arguments, which she had thought she should have need of, crossing the lake that night. He was to have done some very pretty pleading; he was to have prevailed in the end—even in her best arguments she had provided for that. But where now were the strong, delicious pleadings, the weak extenuations, the explanations which pride insists on, the conditions which feminine prudence declares for, ere it be too late? No; she was helpless, in the face of this pitiful estrangement: here it must end, their sad, little, crazy romance of the Cœur d'Alene. His world would be seeking him, would presently call him back; but the ocean could not part them farther than they were parted now. "Good-by, my love, good-by!" she whispered. But the warning! For him it was useless; she must instantly find "poor good Mike," as she called the great fellow in her

thoughts. She was so weak-hearted that she felt like distributing epithets and words of useless affection, as one who is taking leave of life.

She met Mike coming up the shore; and seeing her a long way off, he broke into a hilarious trot.

"Arrah, by the Blessin'! an' have ye seen him? An' was n't he the pictur' of peace, lyin' on the barren stones!"

This was an irrepressible figure of speech, for Darcie was very softly bedded on the grass, as Mike had left him. "Sure it's the big luck for us that the boat's behind her time! Musha, darlin'! what has hurted ye, to put up your lip like that?" he cadenced, seeing that the girl's eyes were filling with tears.

"O Mike, he does n't know me!"

"Av coorse he does n't, the craythur; his mind is takin' a bit av a rest. He's bether widout any sinse, the way he was goin' on. An' see how happy he is! He does n't care for a blessed thing!"

"No," said Faith; "he does n't. But how came he to be so?"

"'T was along av a nasty fall he got comin' around Sunset Pake, which the thrail is the widt' av your hand. He would n't have me come anigh him for fear I'd jostle him, he was that nervous. 'Wan at onct,' says he, 'and don't, for God's sake, blow your breath on me!' He caught holt av a juniper whin he felt the ground was l'avin' him; but the bloody bush let go by the roots, an' he wint down. Ah, don't faint away, miss! 'T was a child's tumble, only for the jar it gev his arrum: it shtarted the wound bleedin' on him, an' that tuk his stren't'; and I think it was bad for him goin' widout a hat. Yis, the fool wind lifted it off his head, an' he but the wan hand to grab for it, an' kape his grip o' the rock; an' it's hung up in the top of a big pine-tree. I was for makin' him wear me own hat, for the sun it was powerful bad on his head; but he'd cast it in me face wheniver I'd try to put it on him—he was that silly. He was singin' like a canary in the boat, comin' down, till I put the coat over him, an' that quinched him. Was he qui't, miss, when ye left him?"

Faith could not speak to answer him.

"Saints above! now what are ye cryin' about? D'y'e think the lad 'll not make it? Sure, here we are, an' the boat comin' in, an' Spokane, the city of refuge, will see us in the mornin'. He has 'wore out the candle'; he can 'bide the inch'!"

"O Mike, but it's the last inch of the candle that will cost," cried Faith; and forth from her convulsed lips came the child's story, too long delayed, of the dark deed that threatened the prisoners at the Mission that night.

Mike leaped as if he had been hit by a bullet.

"Why was n't this the first word ye said to me?" he roared. "Go back and bide beside him whilst I go for the boat. Please God nowan has helped himself to it, an' me danderin' here!"

"Do you believe it?" Faith exclaimed in a voice of awe.

"Do I believe there's divils in hell? I'll pack him out av this, if I have to shwim wid him on me back."

Darcie was asleep. He rested, after pain, and excitement, and thirst, and weary journeyings. Faith watched beside him, and listened to his mutterings, and held her own breath in the pauses of his inconstant breathing. Sometimes he panted "like a dog that hunts in dreams," his features twitched, he plucked with his hands; then his troubled spirit would exhale in a long sigh, and gradually, in climbing intensity, the travail of delirium would resume its sway. His eyes glittered between half-parted lids; the yellow-green light under the trees, mingling with the reflection from the river, made his ashen color ghastly. Faith hung upon his breathing, hurried and fast or deep and slow, as the one sure contradiction of his death-like aspect.

The strange wind, which brought no rain, kept blowing and blowing, as if it would blow out all the last red sparks of sunlight; the dull sunset embers began to glow. She could hear no sounds but sounds of wind striving with the trees, or of water heavily flapping as it coursed along the bank. She wished for utter stillness that she might project, by ear, her knowledge of what was coming, beyond her powers of sight; but nothing could be heard above the crisp, gallant roar and rustle of the summer gale. All nature seemed to call to her, to be up and ready! to fly, fly! But those that can neither fight nor fly must hide, must hush, as she was hushing her sleeper by the darkling stream.

She sat in silence, and her thoughts drifted in trite phrases, and in fragments of old songs, as unguided wheels slip into old ruts of the way that the crazed or grief-blind driver goes.

O hush thee, my baby, the hour may come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum,

she found herself crooning over and over senselessly to herself; but where were the trumpets and drums, that call to arms in the name of peace—the law-and-order music? Far from the old Mission that night, and its dark, empty sanctuary, and its helpless prisoners of labor, waiting, as unconscious as sheep that have been fed and folded at dusk, to be harried at midnight by a pack of masterless dogs!

At about half after seven o'clock, as the

story of this evening goes, a hand-car, black with men, came down the track, and stopped within half a mile of Mission station. The number of men on the car is not known. It is supposed that they were assisted by others who were expecting them at the Mission; and these men, so it is said, were armed with Winchester sent down on the prisoners' train. But all were armed, in one way or another, with weapons furnished by the Miners' Union of the Cœur d'Alene, or by their brothers of Butte.

The hand-car brigade ran down the track on both sides, and opened fire upon the surprised groups at the station. One or two of them went through the cars that stood upon the track, shouting to the "scabs" within, "Git out of here, you—" There was never a word too bad for a "scab." They were likewise driven forth from the shelter of the hotel by the prudent landlord, whose windows were being smashed by bullets. The hounds were loud in the mouth, but the sheep were silent and ran. Some of them ran across the track, and jumped into the river; some struggled desperately through the long grass of the Mission meadows. The cool-headed ones hid in the grass, or crept into the bushes, or made their way along the shore in the shelter of the river bank. Of the fate of those who fled up into the wild defile called Fourth of July Cañon much has been asserted and denied on both sides, but little will ever be known; the cañon and the river have been deeply questioned, but they bear no witness, and they tell no tales.

Faith sat beside her unconscious sleeper, listening to the sounds which reported all that she ever knew of those incredible scenes that have gone down on the annals of this region as "the massacre of Fourth of July Cañon." Her senses were blunted, her mind refused to act; her heart crushed the life out of her with its beating.

Now was the time to say good-by — not the potential good-by she had bidden him an hour ago, but the actual parting, now at the brink of the river of death. Many were crossing the dark waters to the city of refuge who would never return. She bent over her sleeper, and kissed him softly, but the sob that forced her heart against his aroused him, and he spoke to her suddenly in his natural voice:

"God bless me!" he murmured, while she held her breath in horror of his coming to himself at this fatal moment. "I thought that you kissed me! I must be dreaming. Oh, let it be true! Faith, dear, make it true before I lose you again."

"It *is* true," said the girl, hoarsely, "and nothing else is true—nothing. I will never

doubt you; I never did doubt you. Now go to sleep! Good-night, dear; good-night!"

He held his breath, and looked at her keenly. "Your lips are cold; your hands are cold. Why are we saying good-night?"

"The boat is late," said Faith in a hollow voice. "We cannot go till the boat comes. You are sick: rest now — do rest; this is your only chance!"

She put her hands upon him, with soft, shuddering touches, trying with all the strength of her love to master her fear, that she might have power to lull him into obliviousness of the awful sounds of the night. Under the trees it was quite dusk; he could see nothing, but she felt that he was listening.

"What is that firing?"

"Only some men," gasped Faith.

"But what are they shooting at?"

"Shooting? Oh, at a mark."

"Oh, I say! in the dark!" laughed Darcie, softly. He was drifting off again, as his speech betrayed. "Are they drunk? What are they shouting about?"

"It's the other men who are shouting," Faith lied to him, feebly.

"What other men? Is this a stag picnic? O Lord! O Faith dear!"

Faith did not know what he was saying, but she welcomed any wildness, profanity — anything but his own low, steady tones.

"Be quiet, Darcie dear!" she whispered.

"Darcie dear!" he repeated foolishly. "God bless me, but this is nice — what a sweet girl you are! Heavens! what a brute I was! Are you ever going to be friends with me again?"

He nestled his sick head close to her lap, contentedly, and gave himself up to the exquisite sense of her cold, soft touch moving over his hand in the dark.

"Mother of Grace, the pass is difficult!" whispered the tortured girl. It was the mother instinct, which can look on death, that taught her calmness at this moment, and gave her strength to exert her love, else one of nature's miracles was wrought; for out of the anguish of her deadly fear came supreme rest to him she loved, and Darcie slept. His hand slipped from hers, lower and lower, and touched the sand; softly she saved the contact from disturbing him. He sighed, and breathed more deeply; he was gone, even beyond the consciousness of her.

She moved a trifle, cautiously; drew away her dress, and noiselessly raised herself upon her knees. All along the shore she seemed to hear stealthy footsteps and furtive, leafy rustlings, as of a hunter stalking big game. The rapid firing had ceased, but scattering shots came infrequently, one at a time, from a distance. Step by step she moved a little way

past the bushes, and looked out. Overhead the clouds were blown in wild masses; the stars in the dark blue lakes of sky, between, winked peacefully, while the torn and flying cloud-signals altered from moment to moment. So did the peace of heaven abide this senseless, passing hour, that proved nothing, changed nothing, simply added its score to the wrong side, the side of human passion, which must miss the mark a thousand times before one true aim shall raise the record a little higher as the centuries pass.

Faith was quieted; she had reached the limit of emotional fear, and now a species of insensibility crept over her—the reaction after the shock. She wondered why she could not feel as she ought the peril of all those other men who were strangers to her affection. Where was Mike—always rash with himself? Was he safe? And how was it with the honest Cassons—the wife waiting with her little sleepy brood about her, to learn perhaps that they were fatherless?

She started back from her relaxed outlook and hid herself as a man came running, like one pursued, out from a group of black birch-trees that stood together shivering in an open windy space. He ran uncertainly, this way and that, as if crazed with fear. His dog-hearted pursuer covered him with deliberate aim. It was pitiful to see him waver between the chances of the river and of the broken plain below. He was exhausted with running; his chest labored in hard, painful gasps; his legs were giving under him. The next moment he stumbled and fell. The other came up and turned him over with his foot, keeping the muzzle of his rifle close to his chest. He said something brief, which Faith did not hear. The "scab" never spoke, but threw out his hands expressively on the sod. The other searched his clothes, and took all that he had in money or small valuables, and, stirring him with his foot, said:

"Git—git out from here! I'll give you till I count sixty."

The hunted man sprang up and ran. Once he turned his head over his shoulder, and saw his pursuer following him with cool aim. He plunged into the bushes, cleared the bank, and splashed into the river.

The man with the rifle stood on the bank and waited. Faith could have touched him where he stood. He watched till the swimmer's head showed plainly beyond the shoreward shadow, a black spot parting the current in mid-stream; then a bullet went clipping through the wild-rose thicket. The black spot turned toward the light; it was the man's face; he was taking his last look at the sky; his hands went up; he sank; and a coil of ripples unwound in widening circles toward the shore.

The hunter of "scabs" stood still a moment while the smoke of his rifle drifted away among the trees. Then he set his feet upon the bank, slid down, and stooped at the river's brink. He laid his face to the water, and drank; and the river did not refuse to quench his thirst.

Faith crept back to her place; her sleeper still slept. The man by the river turned her way, and set his feet again upon the bank. She slipped the mantle from her shoulders, and laid it, as soft as the rose of silence, upon Darcie's face. The silk-lined folds settled into place; he did not move. So he had looked when she had thought him dead. She clasped her hands upon her knees, and bent her head upon them. Steps came up the bank, and paused close beside her; she merely breathed. There was silence; then a voice said:

"Who is your man, my dear?"

She did not answer. Dan Rafferty studied the two figures attentively a moment.

"Is this you, Miss Bingham? and our folks lookin' for you high an' low! And who's this party you are hidin' out with?"

Faith raised her head, but she did not speak.

"Show me his face! What's the matter with him?" Rafferty made a step forward.

"Keep your hands off the dead!" said Faith.

"Dead, is he? I don't think you can play that on me. If he's dead, it'll not harm him to show me his face."

"There is a dead man whose face you will see in the day you go to meet your God. Oh, you are a villain!" Faith had risen, and placed herself between Rafferty and her sleeper; she was aware that Darcie was stirring; her flesh rose in horror; she had no hope, only to postpone the moment of discovery.

"I know you, Rafferty," said the desperate girl. "I will bear witness against you, to this thing you have done. Coward! you took his money, and then you took his life!"

"Come, now, that's no way for a lady to talk! I want to see who's your best feller. Pull that thing off his face! I bet I know who it is. Don't I know them English shoes? Well, if you won't, then stand aside. See here, now; I don't want to put me hands on you."

"Ah!" cried Faith, simply shuddering at him.

Rafferty gave a coarse laugh. "Come off the nest now, me little chicken! It's your own doin's if I have to hurt you."

Suddenly Faith felt that she was free. Rafferty had loosed her, and stood listening.

"Quif that!" came Mike's great battle-roar. "Put up your bloody hands! I have the drop on ye."

Rafferty had not been the last to perceive that this was true. It settled the situation between him and Mike once more, and for the



"SHE SLIPPED THE MANTLE FROM HER SHOULDERS."

last time. Mike walked slowly forward, hurling taunts at his old enemy:

"Chuck me your weppins, Raffy, me boy. You 'll not want them where you 'll be goin' shortly; you 'll not be huntin' scabs in Boise City."

At the mention of Boise, which is the city of approximate justice and of occasional punishment, Rafferty gave Mike a bitter look; but he offered no retort.

"I hope the climate will agree with ye," Mike proceeded. "I hear it's a nobby buildin', the Pen, an' the boys is doin' a little gard'nin'. Ye 'll make a fine gar'ner, Rafferty; I doubt ye 'll turn out a pious fraction of a man."

As he came opposite to the spot where his

prisoner stood, Mike raised his rifle and lowered his head, and suddenly he opened cry, like one mad school-boy defying another:

"Run, Rafferty, me bould boy!" he yelled. "The scabs is after ye! Get a move on you! Shake it up, man! *Hil* the road!" and as Rafferty ran, Mike, roaring with laughter, leaped upon the top of the bank, and sent his big voice after the fugitive:

"The boat is in, Rafferty! And the throops is on board! That's right, I'm tellin' ye! The throops is on board! They're flyin' light, two comp'nies from Sherman, an' Gin'ral Carlin in command. Will ye try the river, or will ye try the cañon? Tell our boys if ye meet 'em that martial law—is out—in the Co'r de Lane?"

Long after Rafferty was clean out of hearing Mike continued to disperse his soul in barbaric hoots and howls, till Darcie, rising on his elbow to listen for another sound, bade him hold his infernal riot.

A quarter of a mile away the troops were disembarking. The orders demanded a quiet landing, but Mike had heard the roll-call on board the boat before she touched the shore. And now the tramp of feet could plainly be distinguished treading the deck of the wharf-boat; now they were mustering on the ground. Two by two, in column of twos, the companies were marching as one man. Steady, through the night, on came the solid, cadenced tread. As sharp as pistol-shots rang the words of command. The white stripes, the steel points, gleamed through the trees. Silence; and "piercing sweet," O voice of rescue, in the dark distance the bugles sounded:

"Attention!"

It sent the blood to the hearts of all who heard that midnight call. Darcie thrilled, and was himself again in that moment of strong excitement. Faith broke down like a child, and wept. A word at last had been spoken to which even anarchy, red-handed, paused to listen. That brief order would carry through the night; it would fly from camp to camp through the mountain gorges, and every man who caught but the echo of that word would understand. Those who will not heed the voice of law, or soften to the stiller voice of kindness, must pause at last when the bugle sounds:

"Attention!"



DRAWN BY HARRY FERN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

ALL QUIET IN THE CŒUR D'ALENE.

THERE was no "weddin' in Spokane," as Mike had generously predicted; but there was a doctor in Spokane, which was more to the immediate purpose.

The wedding was some months later, when the war was over, and the trials were over, and the technicalities of the law had done much to retract the ringing lesson which the clear-voiced bugles taught. The mines had resumed; Mr. Frederick Bingham had "resigned," and was investigating the Keeley cure; and Darcie Hamilton was sent over as manager of the Big Horn. This time he did stop in New York long enough to protect his claim to the virgin lode he had located, under trying circumstances, the previous summer in the Cœur d'Alene. (The name of it was not the Black Dwarf.) But the complications between that early, rash location and the subsequent patent under law would make another story, with a very different scene-setting. The family discussions, in Darcie's opinion, were far worse than any miners' war. He never knew on which side his best friend would turn up. His mother, for instance, was inflexibly against him, while his father, the most positive of men, was inclined—especially after seeing Faith's picture—to look upon the young man's adventures in the Cœur d'Alene as very much what might have been expected, so why make a row about a thing that was a mistake all around? Darcie by no means considered that any of it was a mistake; but if his father chose to call it so, and to give his consent to his wishes on that understanding, he was willing to yield the point, in name. But Faith declined to go to England, into a family that gave her so cold a welcome. Therefore Darcie came to America as manager of the Big Horn, and the intrepid young pair went westward on their conquering way, and left age and opposition behind them. And if they have disappointed each other's high expectations of happiness, the fact has not as yet transpired to the knowledge of their relatives.

Faith celebrates in her letters the wonderful wild flowers of the Cœur d'Alene, the grandeur of its mountains, the softness of its sudden spring. Other persons maintain that the spring has been very late in the Cœur d'Alene this year. Her aunts wonder if the climate has changed. Something has changed: the girl has found her heart of youth again, and with it the courage to be glad. The premature, crushing experiences of the year before, its shocks and shameful surprises, have taken their due place in relation to larger experiences and more vital discoveries. She has parted with one sacred illusion, but she is fortified against that irreparable loss by a deeper knowledge of life and its inevitable shortcomings. Greater joy than hers no woman, she believes, has ever known. She cannot look to have all the joys, and all the strengths, of a woman's perilous life of the affections.

Her mother she lost before she ever knew her. A father she never had; he died the spir-

itual death before his child was born. The Lady of Frederick Bingham still walks the earth, but his soul will never be cured by the Keeley or any other mundane cure; it expired too long ago. When the will is dead, the man is dead. His children can only mourn him, and pay what respect they may to the dreary remains.

Darcie has his enemies in the Cœur D'Alene,

but he has also his stanch friends. Mike is foreman of the Big Horn in place of Peter Banning, deposed; and Kitty Tyler, now Kitty McGowan, makes the surly Big Horn kitchen a realm of perpetual sunshine. She is spoiling her young mistress for whosoever her successor may be when she and Mike go to housekeeping in the fall.

THE END.

Mary Hallock Foote.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE CHASE.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

CAPTURE OF THE SLAVE-SHIP "CORA."

THE LAST SLAVER TAKEN BY THE UNITED STATES.

ON my graduation at the United States Naval Academy, I was ordered to the African Squadron in June, 1859. In the summer of 1860 the United States steamer *Constellation* was cruising on the station as the flag-ship of that squadron, bearing the broad pennant of Flag-Officer Inman. While eccentric to a degree, Flag-Officer Inman was remarkable for his energy, and was a gentleman of high standing in his profession and in the world. Out of the generosity of his heart he placed me on his staff, after a "blowing up" for a trivial matter of which I was innocent, and very soon afterward gave me my first shoulder-straps as acting-master of the United States steamship *Marion*, which

position then carried with it the duties of navigating-officer in addition to those of watch officer. In the course of service, I was ordered to the United States steam-frigate *Niagara*, which carried home the first embassy Japan ever sent abroad. The *Niagara* on her outward voyage touched at St. Paul de Loando, the headquarters of the African Squadron, for water. Here we found the *Constellation*, and several of the ships of that squadron. On an official visit to the *Niagara*, all the officers being drawn up in line, my old commander spied me out, and with his usual eccentric warmth, stopped and shook my hand with a look of pleased surprise. About an hour after he left

the ship, I received a note from the *Constellation*, saying the flag-officer wished me to return to his ship, and that if I so desired he would place me as junior watch-officer and his acting flag-lieutenant. This note concluded by saying I had better come back to old friends. In another hour I found myself once more on the *Constellation*.

In President Monroe's administration, the United States and Great Britain by treaty agreed to maintain each a squadron carrying at least 80 guns, on the African coast, to suppress the slave-trade, which to that time had received no real check. Each nation could search and might capture the merchant vessels of either, upon proof which satisfied the naval officer of the violation of the laws. In point of fact, while this right was occasionally used by British men-of-war, still they seldom exercised it against American vessels, and it became almost the rule that American men-of-war should perform the duty. This fact came about because the slave-trade was largely carried on by American vessels. And strange as it may seem, by way of parenthesis, the American vessels were invariably fitted out and despatched from northern ports, only one in many years immediately preceding the war having southern ownership—the schooner *Wanderer*, which landed slaves on the coast of Georgia; but these slaves were at once gathered in by the United States Government, and sent back to Africa on the steam-fragate *Niagara*.

Engaged in this duty, the *Constellation* was cruising on the African coast, the men finding relaxation only at long intervals in a short rest at Madeira, or the Canaries; or perhaps at one of the islands in the Bight of Benin. After one of these cruises, when off the Ambriz River, near the Congo, in August, 1860, the calm gave way to a refreshing breeze, and the *Constellation*, with all squaresail to royals, had just shaped her course for St. Paul de Loando. It was about 7 P. M., the sea was calm as a floor, and a beautiful moon lit the waters with a splendor rarely seen. The crew and officers were all on deck enjoying the refreshing change. Songs were heard forward, messenger boys were skylarking in the gangways, officers were pacing the lee quarter-deck. Suddenly from the foretopsail-yard rang out the cry, "Sail ho!"

Instantly laughter ceased, songs ended, men jumped to their feet—all was now expectancy. "Where away?" came sharply through the speaking-trumpet from the officer of the deck. "About one point for'ard of the weather beam, sir." Every eye caught the direction indicated. Sure enough, bright and glistening in the reflected moonlight, the sails of the stranger were seen, hull down, with the upper parts of the courses in view. She looked like a white phan-

tom outlined against the clear-cut horizon. Glasses showed her to be a bark standing on the starboard tack, close-hauled to the wind, with every stitch of canvas drawing, royals, skysails, and staysails. The *Constellation* was at this time on the port tack, with royals, running with the wind about abeam. In a moment came the order, "Lay aft to the braces! Brace sharp up! Down main-tack and -sheet! Haul the bowlines!" This brought the *Constellation* close up to the wind, ready for further evolutions in chasing. For nothing on the African coast went unexamined, and every sail meant a chase and examination. The ship now felt the wind, and had the slight heeling which was one of her great peculiarities, but which only meant that she was like a thing of life, instinctively ready for the race. By this time came the quick, sharp, and clear notes of First-Lieutenant Donald McN. Fairfax (afterward rear-admiral), "All hands tack ship!" The first-lieutenant had taken the deck, and the chase was to begin. The sounds of the boatswain's whistle, and those of his mates, gave shrill notice throughout the ship, and their deep-toned voices, one after the other repeating the order, like rolling echoes of hoarse thunder in mountain glens, had not died away before three hundred men stood silent and expectant at their posts of duty, showing the discipline of the ship, and the eagerness of the men, for there was always excitement in a chase. "Down helm! Let fly head-sheets! Rise tacks and sheets! Let go the lee main and weather mizzen-braces! Clear away the bowlines! Haul well taut! Mainsail haul! Stand by! Let go and haul!" came quick, clear, and ringing from Fairfax, on the horse-block of the quarter-deck. The *Constellation* was simply superb in tacking, and round she came, raising her sharp bow from the sea like a racer ready for the signal.

Soon the ship was dashing along on the starboard tack with royals and staysails drawing. This evolution brought the chase on our weather beam. The *Constellation* was a remarkable sailer by the wind, and few ships were ever known to equal her when everything was braced sharp up and bowlines taut. The yards were now so sharp up that she ran nearer than the usual six points to the wind. In no long time the courses of the stranger began to rise, showing the gain we were making; and in an hour she was nearly hull up. It was as clear as day; but the light was that wonderfully soft light which the moon gives only in the tropics. The stranger's sails were as white in that light as a pocket-handkerchief. The breeze had freshened, so that we were running at least nine knots. Men had been sent aloft to wet down the topsails, and every thread was stretched with its duty, the leeches of the topsails just quivering. At this time a gun from



MR. FAIRFAX ON THE HORSE-BLOCK

our weather-bow was fired—a signal for the stranger to heave to, but on she sped, silent as a dream. We could now plainly see through the glasses that there was not a light about the ship, a most significant sign. Another gun was fired. As the white smoke came pouring over our deck, we lost sight of the chase, but as it was swept to leeward, there she ran silent and glistening, with no tack or sheet started. Suspicion now amounted almost to a certainty that we had a slave-ship at hand.

Our distance was yet too great to reach her with a shot. Soon her jib fluttered, her bow swung to the wind, the main-yards were hauled—altogether, she seemed to turn upon her very heel, and with the quickness, and almost the precision, of a man-of-war she had gone on the other tack, hoping doubtless to beat to windward. The *Constellation* followed her movement, and again fired a gun. We were both doing our utmost, and the two ships cut the brilliant waters on an apparently even course; but the *Constellation* was gaining. Nothing could prevent our overtaking the chase, unless a sudden squall should arise. This, possibly, was the stranger's hope. Again and again she tacked ship: we followed like Fate itself. About 11:30 we had the fleeing vessel within long range, and began a steady fire from one or two guns, shotted, and full of command. The orders were to aim at her upper spars, as all were now convinced that the hull was filled with slaves.

But little did we know the spirit of the slave-captain. He had determined to take every chance for escape, even to the sinking of the ship. This he subsequently told me. He saw that we were beating him to windward. Suddenly he executed a movement which evinced the determination of the man. It was rash, perhaps—because he lost ground; but he knew his vessel, and hoped by increased speed to prolong the chase, awaiting the chapter of accidents.

He deliberately put his helm up, brought the wind abeam, and set all his starboard studdingsails from lower to royals. Never did I see a more daring evolution. I myself since that night have had to run the gauntlet of thirteen men-of-war in broad daylight, taking their tremendous broadsides,—six on one side, seven on the other,—pouring thunderbolts upon our three poor little Confederate gunboats, carrying provisions to beleaguered Pulaskee. But here was a slave-captain who, with a daring worthy of admiration, took the chances of having his ship blown out of the water to prolong the chase. His movement brought him within easy long range, but almost justified his risk; for the slave-bark, as she must now be called, appeared to fly like a frightened seabird, with a speed which challenged our best efforts, for we too had followed the movement,

and were rushing through the water full ten knots under starboard studdingsails.

The slaver was well on our starboard bow. Mr. Fairfax called me to go with him on the gun-deck, where we ran two heavy 32's out to our bridle-ports ready for a chase dead ahead, which soon occurred. I was directed to carry away the upper spars and rigging, and under no circumstances to hit the vessel's hull! "Aim high and make your mark," he continued. I touched my cap and smiled; it was so like the admonition of an ambitious mother to her son. Soon one gun was sending round-shot whirling through the rigging. The bark edged away still further from the wind, and now rounding in her weather-braces, she had nearly crossed our bow, bringing the wind directly astern and setting her port studdingsails aloft and aloft. She now went flying over the sea like a great white bird with her wings widely extended, with the *Constellation* following suit. We could have sunk her or raked her fore and aft. Every moment we hoped to bring down some of her spars or upper masts. At this time the chase was not a mile distant, but in the moonlight her distance seemed not half that. Suddenly our attention was attracted by dark objects on the water ahead of us. The slaver was lightening ship by throwing overboard casks, spars, and even spare masts. The sea appeared as if filled with wreckage in a long line. All at once boats were seen. "They are filled with negroes," I heard some one cry on deck. "Steady on your course," I heard the flag-officer shout on the forecastle just above my head. Sure enough they were boats, and as we sped they seemed to be coming swiftly to us. My heart beat with quick emotion as I thought I saw them crowded with human forms. Men on deck shouted that they were crowded with people, but we swept by, passing them rapidly. The slaver hoped we would stop to pick up his boats, and thus gain more time, but his ruse made us even more eager. Now, our guns redoubled, we knew the end must come soon, but there seemed no way to stop the chase without sinking her, and humanity forbade a shot in her hull. Her captain realized the situation, but even then his courage was wonderful.

On we went. Suddenly I saw her course begin to change; she was coming to windward—her studdingsails came fluttering down, her skysails and royals were clewed up, her foresail also, and as she rounded up to the wind and backed her maintopsail, the *Constellation* had barely time to get in her canvas, and round to under her maintopsail, scarcely two hundred yards to windward. "Away there, first cutters, away!" called the boatswain's mates, as their shrill whistles ceased. I had barely time to get



"THE FIRST CUTTER SPEEDING LIKE AN ARROW TO THE VESSEL."

on deck, after the guns had been secured, before I saw the first cutter, with our gallant first-lieutenant himself as the boarding officer, speeding like an arrow to the vessel, her oars scattering sparkling diamonds of phosphorescent water as they rose and fell. Every officer and man was leaning over our low hammock-rails, breathlessly waiting and watching. We saw the cutter round up to the gangway. "In bows; way enough!" we could hear Fairfax say distinctly, though his orders were low. Then came the rattling of the oars as they were tossed, and the grating of the cutter alongside. Fairfax's active figure could be seen quickly mounting the side, and then he disappeared as he leaped over the gangway into the waist. For two or three minutes the stillness was painful. One could hear men breathing in their excited anxiety. Suddenly there was a hail, in tones which I can recall as if heard to-day—clear, distinct, and manly, "*Constellation*, ahoy! You have captured a prize with over seven hundred slaves."

For a second the quiet still prevailed, and then the crew forward of the mainmast spontaneously gave three loud, ringing cheers. Only the sanctity of the quarter-deck prevented the officers from joining, but they shared the feelings of the crew. Aside from the natural feeling which success in a chase brings, there was large prize-money in prospect, for in every such capture the law divided among officers and men a sum equal to half the value of the ship and her outfit, and an additional sum of \$25 for each slave captured, amounting in this case to at least \$30,000. To a practical mind there was reason for cheering. The prize, however, was not surrendered by her captain, of whom we will speak again, but by the crew, who in terror of our guns hove to the vessel.

It was about 2 A. M. when, by order of the flag-officer, I went on board the slaver with a prize-crew, consisting of nine men all told, one being a negro servant—all hastily selected, which accounted for some serious dangers to be spoken of hereafter. Closed lanterns here and there were now needed, for the breeze had died away almost to a calm, and the sky was covered, leaving only a faint glimmer of moonlight at intervals. The deck was covered with articles of all kinds, which were to have been cast overboard to lighten the ship. The crew could only be seen as called to me. They were a set of cutthroats—bearded, dark-looking, scowling Spaniards and Portuguese, not a native American among them. The slaves were nearly all on the slave-deck, shouting and screaming in terror and anxiety. I leaned over the main hatchway holding a lantern, and the writhing mass of humanity, with their cries and struggles, can only be compared in one's mind to the horrors of hell as pictured in former days. But I paid

dearly for that sight. The sickening stench from hundreds of naked beings crowded into a space so small, in so warm a climate, without ventilation, was frightful. Overcome by horror at the sight and smell, I turned faint and sick at heart, and hastened to the stern. Here, seated on campstools, sullen and gloomy, were the officers; they made no sign of rising, or any offer of civility, though they recognized me with scowls as I passed among them, holding my lantern to examine their features. Two—the second and third mates—I saw at once were Danes or Swedes, not ill-looking, and having more honesty of countenance than I would have expected to see. I passed them by, and held my lantern so as to look into the face of another—such a face, cunning, cowardly, cruel, brutal, with duplicity written in every feature. This man was the first mate—a Russian, a villain below the grade of pirate, a murderous scoundrel, full of Satanic malice. One look in his face was enough. I felt danger for me, unceasing danger, in that man. Time verified my intuition, for mutiny and attempted murder of myself made every moment I passed with that man as my prisoner an unceasing and straining watch. I had been looking for the captain, and passed on to a large, powerfully built man who sat apart. As I held my light near his face, he rose—full six feet or more, splendidly proportioned, dressed somewhat in the sailor style of a man-of-war's man, with blue frock shirt and wide sailor trousers. His face was that of a man of intelligence and force, handsome, and covered with a full beard and a large, rounded mustache. "I am an Englishman, sir," he said, "and I protest against any indignity in the name of my queen, whose protection I claim. I hold you responsible for such protection; I am only a passenger." His voice was full-toned and manly, and his manner so earnest that for a moment he nearly deceived me. A slave-captain can't be found on board a slaver.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Campbell, at your service, and were I not a British subject, I'd be an American gentleman."

"Well, you are the captain," I replied; "and now, Captain Campbell, take your men and quiet the slaves; put the decks in order for working the ship, and then we will talk about your queen."

I was only a boy of twenty-one. He was forty-three or -four years of age. As I gave the order, I saw a surprised, and even amused, look in his eyes. It was a new thing to be ordered to duty. He looked me in the face for a moment—then a kindly light shone in his eyes, and he laid his hand on my shoulder,—a powerful hand it was too,—and said, "Boy in years, but—you are an American gentleman. Well, so be



INTERVIEW WITH THE CAPTAIN.

it. I'll lighten your duties." Turning to his officers, he gave the necessary orders, and soon the din ceased, and the decks were once more sufficiently cleared to work the ship. I had been ordered simply to follow the motions of the flag-ship till daylight.

When I had divided my small crew into watches, and had put a man at the helm, I had a moment's time to look into the cabin which was to be my home. There were two cabins adjoining each other, with four state-rooms in the forward one, and two in the after. Here, in each of these rooms, I found one or two negro maidens, while several hovered in the corners, and crouched upon the sofa and on the floor. Like the rest of the slaves they were as nude as when born. They looked terribly frightened, and evidently considered me a sort of "lord high executioner." When daylight appeared, they were taken to the quarters of the other negroes.

The next morning found us rolling in a dead calm, and as the day grew on, the intense heat and glare made the slave-ship a den of indescribable horror. The slaves, of course, were brought on deck, or they would have suffocated and died—a course which was followed every day from early light till sunset, as long as I had them with me. They filled the waist and gangways in a fearful jam, for there were over seven hundred men, women, boys, and young girls. Not even a waist-cloth can be permitted among slaves on board ship, since clothing even so slight would breed disease. To ward off death, ever at work on a slave-ship, I ordered that at daylight the negroes should be taken in squads of twenty or more, and given a salt-water bath by the hose-pipe of the pumps. This brought renewed life after their fearful nights on the slave-deck. After their first bath under my charge, Mr. Fairfax came aboard bringing carpenters, boatswain's mates, and sail-makers; for the ship's rigging, sails, and spars had been badly injured aloft by our fire. That broiling day, and the next, these gangs were at work repairing damages, while the *Constellation* remained rolling near at hand.

In the mean time, I had been busily engaged in having an open lattice bulkhead put up on the slave-deck, close enough to prevent passing, and yet sufficiently open to give what ventilation could be obtained. The object was to make a complete separation of the sexes, which were about equal in numbers. Windsails were provided for ventilation, but with all this, no one who has never seen a slave-deck can form an idea of its horrors. Imagine a deck about 20 feet wide, and perhaps 120 feet long and 5 feet high. Imagine this to be the place of abode and sleep, during long, hot, breathless nights, of 720 human beings! At sundown, when they

were carried below, trained slaves received the poor wretches one by one, and, laying each creature on his side in the wings, packed the next against him, and the next, and the next, and so on, till, like so many spoons packed away, they fitted into each other, a living mass. Just as they were packed, so must they remain, for the pressure prevented any movement, or the turning of hand or foot, until the next morning when from their terrible night of horror they were brought on deck once more, weak, and worn, and sick. Then, after all had come up and received the bath mentioned, there was the invariable horror of bringing up the bodies of those who had died during the night. One by one, they were cast overboard—a splash the only ceremony. For thirty odd fearful nights and days this routine was endured before I finally landed these creatures. At the time I write of, I was a slave-owner, but I had only known happy, well-fed, and carefully attended people, who were as a part of a large family. Since that service on the *Cora*, I have known how much it cost to Christianize the negroes, and I often see in reverie the rigid forms as they fell day by day into the tropic waters.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of the second day, a light breeze sprang up, and the flag-ship sent a boat alongside with orders to sail when the signal pennant was hoisted. At the same time I was ordered to send the slave-captain aboard the *Constellation*. They were afraid to let him go with me. I must say something about my two days' intercourse with this man. He had apparently conceived as quick and kind a feeling for me as his first mate had at once shown me his hatred. The captain took his meals with me in the after-cabin, and I found him full of information, well acquainted with the world, bright, witty, and full of vivacity, abounding in anecdotes and original remarks. He had become very friendly in manner toward me, told me all the qualities of the ship, the characters of the crew, and the methods of dealing with them and the slaves. Though seated in his own cabin, he seemed to yield in a most natural manner to the logic of circumstances. He laughingly explained that he had lost \$50,000 by this ship and its capture—saying that he would never have surrendered if he had been the captain, instead of a mere passenger and a British subject—though he "admired an American gentleman, yes, loved an American gentleman." Yet he did not hesitate to tell me that he heard the ship had been fitted out in New York, and he winked at me merrily as he told me how he "would like to see that town and great Broadway, and talk with the American gentlemen." I knew that he was an American of course, and that he was only playing the usual part. When I laughingly asked why he



"I LEANED OVER THE MAIN HATCHWAY HOLDING A LANTERN."

refused to acknowledge himself the captain, he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Why, don't you see this is an American ship? Her captain must be an American — an American gentleman, while by law he is only a pirate! I'm a British subject — but I rely on my queen for protection, and on you as an American gentleman."

When he had been directed to get ready for his transfer to the *Constellation*, he came to me and said, "The boat officer tells me to give you a list of such of my effects as I take." I saw that he was hurt, and begged him to take whatever he wished without any such list, as I had confidence in him. His face brightened, and he said, "I love an American gentleman, and hope to show you so some day." And, indeed, he did show me that he was in earnest, for in the dark days of the beginning of the civil war I met my friendly slave-captain, and he proved his honesty of heart and kindness of feeling in a manner conclusive to "American gentlemen."

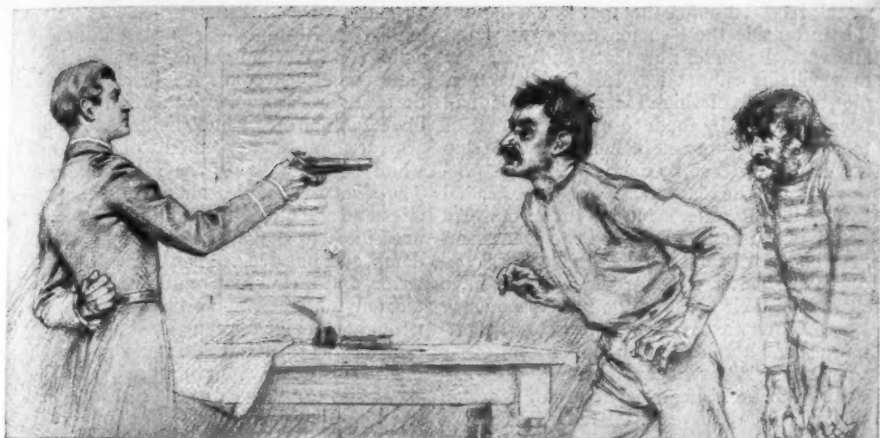
Just before parting he cautioned me against the first mate, bade me watch him, that "he was not a gentleman," and, calling the second and third mates, bade them always "stand by" me. When I looked at the faces of his crew, I asked him, "Can I trust them?" His answer was, "Treat them right; though only a boy you are an American gentleman, and will get on well enough with them." Then he called up one of them — the worst-looking rascal of the whole crew, and said, "José, be true to this young officer. Do all you can to help him." "Si, señor," said the man without a look or gesture. But José did help me like a man, and so did the two Danes. The ship would have been lost, and even a worse fate would have been mine, had not these men been true and faithful when the need arose — for I had thirty desperate prisoners, and my prize-crew soon became reduced in numbers by events which will be told.

As it neared sunset, my slaver captain left me with a shake of the hand and a hearty God-speed — saying as he went down the ship's side: "You may have trouble — probably will; but act the American gentleman, and all will be right." As the cutter pulled away, he waved his handkerchief, and then a gun was fired from the *Constellation*, and the signal pennant fluttered at the mizzen. I squared away the yards, set the courses with a free wind, and the *Constellation* did the same on the opposite course. Soon it was night and I had gone out into the darkness with my prisoners and slaves. For some days without any incident we followed the coast to get the land and sea breezes. In the mean time, having found the decks too crowded to work the ship, during the day-time, with the

slaves on deck, I devised a method which worked well. I selected an intelligent negro boy about twelve years of age, and, with the assistance of some of the men who could sew, rigged him up in a full suit of navy blue, gave him a naval cap with its broad band of gold, and a large flexible ratan, and christened him "Boatswain Tom." Tom's duties were to precede me wherever I went on deck, while working ship, and open a path for us to pass, with his ratan. The boy was very proud of his finery and authority, and he performed his duties well, the slaves always giving way with good humor to Tom. One duty Tom did not like. I had found a large hand-organ on board, brought evidently for the amusement of the slaves. Whenever the weather was clear, I had the organ on the poop, and Tom was organist. He thought it at first a very distinguished honor to be grinding out "The girl I left behind me," "Yankee Doodle," and comic minstrel songs; but by degrees Tom's African dislike of labor showed itself, and he often petitioned for an assistant.

In the mean time much sickness had begun to appear — stomach and other similar troubles, and many distressing and unsightly contagious diseases. I did all I could, but I had no medicine-chest. I found some alcohol well diluted, which I used where I thought it would prove effective. One case attracted my attention and sympathy. A boy about ten years old had a most terrible case of ophthalmia, which some of the slaves told me was the result of a contagious trouble, communicated to the child by close contact. I took him in the forward cabin, and had his eyes bathed frequently with a very weak wash of water and alcohol. At last he died. The slaver's admonition that this fearful disease was to be found among these wretched people put me on my guard to prevent ill to my prize-crew. In a short time one of my men was incapacitated for any duty, and became an additional care.

The daily duties were pressing upon us. In each watch there were only four men. One of these had to be stationed always at the cabin door armed with a revolver, with orders to shoot any slave-officer conversing with one of his men. This man on guard attended also to the main-sheet and topsail-halyards. There was one man at the helm, one forward, and one in the gangway. I attended the after-braces and the spanker gear. I had in my watch a gallant young seaman, with as brave a heart and active a body as ever reefed a topsail, or hauled out a weather-earring in a gale. He was a Scotchman — Burns by name. This young fellow was omnipresent on deck, and true in all cases of trouble. Among our slaves, one, a Hercules in size and strength, became insane, and was soon a raving maniac. We had suc-



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE.

THE MUTINY.

ceeded in getting him into irons, lashed down to ring-bolts in the scuppers near the stern, where we could watch him. His mania made him murderous, and his great efforts, while foaming at the mouth and straining his knotted muscles to free himself in order to get at any one of us, were fearful to witness. I had become nurse, doctor, general factotum, in every one's watch and in no one's mess, for the good of these people, but when I found myself the head of a lunatic asylum with recourse to force and strait-jackets, I began to feel that my avocations were becoming rather too universal. This maniac would not touch food or water, and any effort to relieve him in this way brought about paroxysms of rage. One night as I stood on the poop just over his head, I was startled by seeing him rise with a frantic effort. He had released his hands from the manacles, and had unlashed those on his legs from the ring-bolt to which they had been secured. It was a moment of life and death. I shouted for Burns and the watch, and sprang down the ladder. The maniac was endeavoring to go forward, his huge body swaying and his great arms held aloft, one of his hands holding the unfastened irons ready as a terrible weapon. Burns jumped upon him from the front, I from the back—the other two men as they came. He tossed and threw us about as a lion would toss whelps, and not till all the men had been aroused by the cries of the man at the wheel did we finally secure the madman. A day or two after, early in the morning, Burns came to me and said, as he touched his cap, "The devil is dead, sir." "You mean the madman," I asked. "He was the devil himself," persisted Burns, quite respectfully.

One incident in which Burns roused the ship

in earnest will be given here, though not in the exact order of time. The first mate had given great cause at all times for anxiety, and had finally made an effort to win over some of my men. In one case he had so far succeeded as to cause one, an able seaman, but always a mutinous man, who had been tried for striking the boatswain of the *Constellation*, to rebel against my orders to cease his private communication with the slaver's mate. This man carried his mutiny so far as to threaten me personally, and to call upon the mate to stand by him when I ordered him to be put in irons. The mate advanced upon me from his cabin with oaths and threats, calling loudly upon others. He was quieted by my revolver in his very teeth, and submitted to being ironed only when he felt his head would be blown off. I had these men put into separate state-rooms, after being ironed—the rooms made more secure by heavy oaken battens on the doors, and the doors themselves secured by strong padlocks. The two

rascals received notice that they would be shot if seen outside these rooms, except at stated intervals. I wonder now that I did not shoot these villains without delay, for I realized their plot, the details of which I learned later. It had been discussed by them to murder several of the prize-crew — myself included, seize the ship and slaves, and then, by the aid of the other prisoners, carry the slaves as originally intended to Cuba. My sailor's mutiny broke the plan before it had matured, for the two Danes and José had not been brought to give their consent to a matter which would certainly have placed all their necks in the halter, sooner or later. Burns was now for "a drumhead court-martial and a military execution, without frills or trimmings," as he expressed it. I endeavored to calm his fears, while urging renewed vigilance. It would only have required a glance at any moment to have made Burns act like the courtiers who took it upon themselves to "rid their monarch of so great a worry as Thomas a Becket." He assured me "that he and one or two others who were true to me and their duty would settle the business." I told him not to think of such a thing, except in case of another overt outbreak, for if we could only land the slaves in Monrovia, all danger of an uprising would most likely be over, since the real incentive to mutiny and murder could only be found in the hope of selling the slaves.

While filled with these cares one night, tired, worn, drenched by the rain of a squall which came furiously but was soon over, I had thrown myself on the sofa in the after-cabin. Burns was lying down, tired out with watching, care, and anxiety, on the floor of the forward cabin, where he always slept like a watch-dog, guarding me from the dangers which he knew were real enough, and which grew greater by revolving them so constantly in his tired head. I had been asleep only a few minutes, it seemed to me, but fully an hour in reality, when I was aroused by sudden and startling cries of "Murder! Help! Murder!" I jumped up, revolver in hand, and rushed through the cabin. That the few men on deck were being murdered and thrown overboard was my only conclusion. I could see them running aft on the lee side, toward the cabin door. I raised my revolver, and was in the act of firing, when my wrist was strongly seized and held. It was the man on duty at the cabin door. He pointed to Burns, who still lay on the floor, rolling uneasily in his slumber and calling "Murder!" Poor fellow; he had had a terrible nightmare, which came near ending the lives of some of the men on deck.

The squall to which I have alluded had been succeeded by almost a calm, and yet there was

an electrical disturbance which was very remarkable. At times the dense darkness was lighted up by sheet lightning covering the sky, almost crimson in color. Another feature which the electricity assumed was a weird and ghost-like exhibition of St. Elmo's lights. At each yard-arm, or point, there seemed to hang a canny white lamp, outlining the yards and masts. The effect was not pleasant after the night's excitement, and all these conditions gave evident uneasiness to the negroes on their crowded, damp, and hot deck. Their voices in tones of terror, and their groans and lamentations, indicated that their superstitious natures were wrought to a high tension. I trimmed the wind-sails to give them air, and relieve their sufferings; but the next morning there were five or six bodies to be given to the sea.

One of our chief sources of danger was the want of a chronometer. It was necessary to navigate the ship by dead reckoning and observations for latitude. This danger was especially shown a few nights later under conditions very similar to those just described. There had again been one of those furious night-squalls, succeeded by the same moist, hot calm. We had been running so as to keep clear of the coast, but not so far as to lose the land and sea breezes in this region of calm. On this night, however, there was no lightning afterward, and the silence on the rolling vessel was only broken by the creaking of yards or the lazy flap of the topsails. While watching and waiting, I fancied that I heard another sound which startled me. My "faithful Achates" Burns came to my side and suggested "surf." "Get a cast of the lead, quick!" I said. He jumped into the chains and threw the lead. "By the mark, five," he called. There was not a moment to lose. With all our efforts we only had time to get out an anchor and clew up the topsails, as we swung round and distinctly heard the angry roar of the heavy surf near at hand. At daylight we could see how close to wreck we had been — not a mile away the heavy surf was breaking high upon the gray, barren land. We had been carried in by a temporary current, and by compass errors, which I had had no opportunity to correct.

Such incidents as these, with increasing work, poor food irregularly taken and never relished, badly cooked and worse served, made life on the slave-ship a very severe strain. As we got further to the north, it became necessary to bear away from the coast to avoid being caught by the strong currents setting to the eastward into the Bight of Benin, and the northern part of the Gulf of Guinea. In doing so we were often compelled to hold on to our canvas longer than seemed safe — a thing almost necessary, since my prize-crew was now reduced to six men.

One night, in the first watch with the ship under square-sail, I saw a squall working from windward, and reduced the canvas to topsails fortunately, but hung on to the courses, thinking the squall would pass astern. I had a landsman, Simmons, stationed to tend maintopsail-halyards, and also the main-sheet when ordered, and I carefully instructed him what to do. Burns was forward with a man, so I felt safe there, as he knew my plans: I was to tend the spanker-sheet. I intended to let go the fore- and main-sheets and spill the sails, settle the topsails if absolutely necessary, luff the ship and keep her so till the squall passed, in case it struck us and should prove too heavy. But however good our plans, neither care nor prudence can always command success. Unfortunately I misjudged the force of the squall. It came upon us with fury. I gave the necessary orders, but Simmons, in terror at the violence of the wind and its frightful noise, was too paralyzed with fear to obey. The ship did not come to the wind, but did come near to capsizing. She heeled till the green water came rolling over the rail in white foam. I leaped into the scuppers, now filled with water, let go the main-sheet and the topsail-halyards by the run. I jumped on the poop to put the helm down, for I knew the man at the wheel must have put it hard up. Imagine my surprise at hearing José's voice in the darkness in his broken English shout into my ear "All right, it is hard allee now," and soon the ship was shaking in the wind, sails and blocks flapping with noise like thunder in the howling blast. José had heard my order, had seen it disobeyed, and while I cast off the main-sheet and topsail-halyards, he righted the helm and brought the ship to the wind, where his steady hand held her till the danger was over. From that night for four long, dangerous months José always had the helm in my watch. He was a faithful, true, and brave man, always obedient, ever watchful, quiet, and attentive; and yet, if ever there was a pirate in countenance, it was that dirty, ragged Spaniard. In many serious dangers to come, before we reached America, he was steady and true.

The following day, while we ran smoothly along in a bright sea, with a clear sky overhead, I watched the naked slaves as they sat chattering around tubs filled with boiled rice and peas, which I always carefully examined before serving, to test the cooking, and felt a deep sense of thankfulness that they had not been lost by me. They were fed twice a day, at 9 A. M. and 4 P. M., when large buckets of water were carried around, and each one given a liberal drink.

During all these days I had not sighted a sail, but one bright morning the smoke of a steamer was seen, hull down. She had evidently sighted us, and since we could perceive that her course

was changed, we at once knew her to be an American or English man-of-war who wished to examine us. This offered me the only recreation I had on board the *Cora*; I determined to give her a race. Clapping on everything which would draw, the *Cora* made her best through the bright water sparkling under the sun of a clear sky. From the maintopmast cross-trees, by the aid of glasses, I soon identified her. She was the United States steamship *Mohican*. We gave her a delightful race, and when at last she drew near enough to hoist the United States flag and fire a gun, there was no excuse but to obey promptly. We ran up our flag and hove to. Soon a boat came to board us. Lieutenant Crossman, "little Crossman" of the 1851 date, stepped aboard. It was quite delightful to meet him, and equally so to enjoy his surprise. It was our last meeting.

After more than thirty days since parting with the *Constellation* we reached Monrovia, Liberia, where we were to land the slaves. The United States had an arrangement with Liberia, which, however, we had not then recognized as a government, by which provision was made for the support of liberated slaves by the Liberian authorities for one year. These authorities bound the slaves to their citizens, and good results were supposed to come from the transaction. Our stay at Monrovia was prolonged by the need of fumigating and cleansing the ship. I had been generally broken down, and was now quite sick. I shall not soon forget the faithful service of Dr. Roberts, given me with a dignity which rather surprised me, a young slave-owner. This physician was the brother of Liberia's first president—a dark mulatto, educated, I think he told me, at Oberlin College, Ohio. At all events he was skilful, considerate, and attentive. It was necessary to perform a simple operation, which he did with care and success; and a scar on my neck reminds me to this day of the Liberian doctor.

The long voyage from Monrovia was filled with suffering, want, and danger. Heavy gales of winter followed the *Cora* across the Atlantic. One of my men was lost overboard in a furious gale, though we made great efforts to save him, and now the two Danes came to the rescue. One terrible night in a raging winter's storm, while close reefing the maintopsail, by the lightning's glare I saw one on the weather, and the other on the lee maintopsail-yard, the ship rolling almost to her yardarms. In this gale we were hove to for many days, with two other ships, the *Cora* being in the middle. One, to windward, went down in a terrible night, and when the light came, the sea was strewn with her wreckage; the other and the *Cora* afterward drifted apart. Our water-supply had failed, and now we were driven to the necessity of replenishing our supply by catching rain-water in tarpaulins, and our

provisions were only a small supply of beans. The ship had crossed the Gulf Stream, and we had sighted Long Island, when we were again driven far seaward by one of those terrible winter gales which make everything a mass of ice. When we were once more able to make sail and shape a course, one dark afternoon, in half a gale of wind, we sighted a vessel which we knew to be a Maine-built ship. Running close on our opposite courses, I hailed: "What news from

importance. One bitter cold night about the middle of March, 1861, just as my mission was nearing success, in passing down Broadway I stepped into the lobby of one of the large hotels. As I stood waiting for a friend, I saw near at hand, in the rear of the hall, three or four well-dressed men, such as you may see on Broadway any fine day. One was tall, handsome, fashionably attired. He had a face clean-shaven except a large, curling, and well-shaped mus-



AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

the United States?" "Abraham Lincoln is elected President," came back the reply in tones of joy, and a paper tied to an iron bolt was thrown safely on our deck. I felt that days of gloom hung over our country; nor was I wrong. Many days later, late one evening about Christmas, 1860, in the midst of a snow-storm, and steering through heavy masses of broken ice, I anchored the *Cora* under the stern of the receiving-ship at the Brooklyn navy-yard—a prize to a country no longer united.

I had chosen sides with the South, and, after resigning from the United States Navy, was on duty in New York on a special mission of

tache. At some remarks which brought out his patriotism, for the country was then ablaze from Canada to Mexico, he curled his whalebone stick with graceful poise above his head, and apostrophized, in language both humorous and pathetic, the American flag. As he ceased, he turned and caught my eye. My friend came up at this moment, and we started to go. I had not taken three steps, however, before I heard the voice of this man call, "Stop, stop, there—I want to speak to you!" I did not turn my head, but continued straight for the door, fearing lest some trouble should involve the important trust committed to me. Indeed, I

had been under espionage; and New York at that time was blazing with excited passions. I had not gone far, however, before I heard his quick step following me. I turned my head neither to the right nor to the left, but marched steadily on. In a moment more I felt a strong, heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. I stopped and turned. "What will you have, sir?" I asked. He bent down, and looked over my shoulder from behind well into my face. Then he asked, after his keen scrutiny, "Don't you know me?" "No," I said. He laughed in a pleased manner. "Don't you know Campbell of the *Cora*? — a so-called British subject, but really an American gentleman?" He spoke this in a whisper. I started with surprise. There was nothing in this rather distinguished looking man to recall the slave-captain. "Heavens!" I cried; "are you Campbell?" "The same, my young commander — the same," he answered. Then putting his arms around my neck with gentleness, he called his friends to us. "Gentlemen," he said in low tones, "this is the youngster I told you of, who captured me when I was after 'black-birds.' These are my friends — American gentlemen," he said to me by way of introduction. He seemed as glad to meet me as if I had done him some great service. The next day he called to see me at the Astor House, where I was staying. He told me that he had escaped from the *Constellation* at St. Paul de Loando, through masonic friends; from thence he had gone to the Congo River; there had joined as a bona-fide passenger a slave-ship bound for Cuba, having nine hundred slaves aboard. He had only lately returned to New York. "And now," he said, "I know the government is in arrears to all its officers," — a sad and very true fact at that time, — "and I want to offer you any means or funds you may need." I was greatly astonished at his generous offer, and having assured him that I did not need any assistance, I asked, "Why do you feel so kindly to me, who was one of the instruments of such heavy loss to yourself?"

"Do you remember, my boy," he said, "that I told you I loved an American gentleman, and hoped some day to show it? Well, you treated me as an American gentleman, and put confidence in me when I was a technical pirate. That's why I love you and will serve you at any time as an 'American gentleman.'"

The sad four years of war followed. About a year after its close, I sat one afternoon, in the city of Charleston, South Carolina, with a former naval comrade, on the bare boards in a circus tent, waiting the afternoon performance. We had gone early, and there were probably not half a dozen persons yet assembled. As we sat talking over old times and past events, we saw the clown in his full uniform of paint, cap, and stripes come out from the dressing-room, pass into the ring, cross over, and then, to my surprise and confusion, step briskly over the benches directly up to me. He seized my hand — "God bless you, my boy. How glad I am you have escaped all the dangers of war. Oh, I'm Campbell," he explained, seeing my surprise, "not a British subject, but well — an American gentleman. Meet me after the performance is over. The ring-master calls me — adios." Then he vanished till his watch on deck was called, when with his "Here we are now, sir," to the ring-master, he made speeches to the riding young lady, joked with the ring-master, sang his comic songs, pretended to turn somersaults and failed, then outdid all in gymnastic feats — in short he made all the world laugh. I met him as agreed — and what a change! Once more the tall handsome man, a little older, perhaps a little more rugged, but strong and manly in figure, and winning in manner and word. He told me much of himself now, and gave me his real name, which was Donaldson. He had been sailor, loungeur, and pseudo-gentleman of leisure on Broadway, negro minstrel, clown, slave-captain — perhaps the list had better be closed; but he had a faithful, generous heart. He was a brave man, even though a statutory pirate.

About fifteen years ago I read with sadness in an American paper, while as one of the American officers of the Egyptian Army I was serving as major of engineers on the staff of the Khedive of Egypt, a telegram from the city of Washington: "Died suddenly last night in this city, the celebrated clown, William B. Donaldson."

Nature intended this American slaver to be a chivalrous hero; Fate led him by a rugged path to a height where he could at least see and admire that embodiment of manhood, which he fain would have been — "an American gentleman."

Wilburn Hall.



ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVICH.

THE CHIEF SERVIAN POET.



ARDLY is there a nation which has met with a sadder fate than the Servian. From the height of its splendor, when the empire embraced almost the entire northern part of the Balkan peninsula and a large portion of the territory now belonging to Austria, the Servian nation was plunged into abject slavery, after the fatal battle of 1389 at the Kosovo Polje, against the overwhelming Asiatic hordes. Europe can never repay the great debt it owes to the Servians for checking, by the sacrifice of their own liberty, the barbarian influx. The Poles at Vienna, under Sobieski, finished what the Servians attempted, and were similarly rewarded for their service to civilization.

It was at the Kosovo Polje that Milosh Obilich, the noblest of Servian heroes, fell, after killing the sultan Murat II. in the very midst of his great army. Were it not that it is a historical fact, one would be apt to consider this episode a myth, evolved by contact with the Latin and Greek races. For in Milosh we see both Mucius and Leonidas, and, more than this, a martyr, for he does not die an easy death on the battle-field like the Greek, but pays for his daring deed with a death of fearful torture. It is not astonishing that the poetry of a nation capable of producing such heroes should be pervaded with a spirit of nobility and chivalry. Even the indomitable Marko Kraljevic, the later incarnation of Servian heroism, when vanquishing Musa, the Moslem chief, exclaims, "Woe unto me, for I have killed a better man than myself!"

From that fatal battle until a recent period, it has been black night for the Servians, with but a single star in the firmament — Montenegro. In this gloom there was no hope for science, commerce, art, or industry. What could they do, this brave people, save to keep up the weary fight against the oppressor? And this they did unceasingly, though the odds were twenty to one. Yet fighting merely satisfied their wilder instincts. There was one more thing they could do, and did: the noble feats of their ancestors, the brave deeds of those who fell in the struggle for liberty, they embodied in immortal song. Thus circumstances and innate qualities made the Servians a nation of thinkers and poets, and thus, gradually, were evolved their magnificent national poems, which were first collected by

their most prolific writer, Vuk Stefanovich Karajich, who also compiled the first dictionary of the Servian tongue, containing more than 60,000 words. These national poems Goethe considered fit to match the finest productions of the Greeks and Romans. What would he have thought of them had he been a Servian?

While the Servians have been distinguished in national poetry, they have also had many individual poets who attained greatness. Of contemporaries, there is none who has grown so dear to the younger generation as Zmai Iovan Iovanovich. He was born in Novi Sad (Neusatz), a city at the southern border of Hungary, on November 24, 1833. He comes from an old and noble family, which is related to the Servian royal house. In his earliest childhood he showed a great desire to learn by heart the Servian national songs which were recited to him, and even as a child he began to compose poems. His father, who was a highly cultivated and wealthy gentleman, gave him his first education in his native city. After this he went to Budapest, Prague, and Vienna, and in these cities he finished his studies in law. This was the wish of his father, but his own inclinations prompted him to take up the study of medicine. He then returned to his native city, where a prominent official position was offered him, which he accepted, but so strong were his poetical instincts that a year later he abandoned the post to devote himself entirely to literary work.

His literary career began in 1849, his first poem being printed in 1852, in a journal called "Srbski Letopis" ("Servian Annual Review"); to this, and to other journals, notably "Neven" and "Sedmica," he contributed his early productions. From that period until 1870, besides his original poems, he made many beautiful translations from Petefy and Arany, the two greatest of the Hungarian poets, and from the Russian of Lermontof, as well as from German and other poets. In 1861 he edited the comic journal, "Komarac" ("The Mosquito"), and in the same year he started the literary journal, "Javor," and to these papers he contributed many beautiful poems. He had married in 1861, and during the few happy years that followed he produced his admirable series of lyrical poems called "Glaslchi," which probably remain his masterpiece. In 1862, greatly to his regret, he discontinued his beloved jour-

nal, "Javor"—a sacrifice which was asked of him by the great Servian patriot, Miletich, who was then active on a political journal, in order to insure the success of the latter.

In 1863 he was elected director of an educational institution, called the Tekelianum, at Budapest. He now ardently renewed the study of medicine at the university, and took the degree of doctor of medicine. Meanwhile he did not relax his literary labors. Yet, for his countrymen, more valuable even than his splendid productions were his noble and unselfish efforts to nourish the enthusiasm of Servian youth. During his stay in Budapest he founded the literary society Preodnica, of which he was president, and to which he devoted a large portion of his energies.

In 1864 he started his famous satirical journal, "Zmai" ("The Dragon"), which was so popular that the name became a part of his own. In 1866 his comic play "Sharan" was given with great success. In 1872 he had the great pain of losing his wife and, shortly after, his only child. How much these misfortunes affected him is plainly perceptible from the deeply sad tone of the poems which immediately followed. In 1873 he started another comic journal, the "Ziza." During the year 1877 he began an illustrated chronicle of the Russo-Turkish war, and in 1878 appeared his popular comic journal, "Starmali." During all

this period, he wrote not only poems, but much prose, including short novels, often under an assumed name. The best of these is probably "Vidosava Brankovicheva." In recent years he has published a great many charming little poems for children.

Since 1870 Zmai has pursued his profession as a physician. He is an earnest advocate of cremation, and has devoted much time to the furtherance of that cause. Until recently he was a resident of Vienna, but now he is domiciled in Belgrade. There he lives the life of a true poet, loving all and beloved by everybody. In recognition of his merit, the nation has voted him a subvention.

The poems of Zmai are so essentially Servian that to translate them into another tongue appears next to impossible. In keen satire free from Voltairian venom, in good-hearted and spontaneous humor, in delicacy and depth of expression, they are remarkable. Mr. Johnson has undertaken the task of versifying a few of the shorter ones after my literal and inadequate readings. Close translation being often out of the question, he has had to paraphrase, following as nearly as possible the original motives and ideas. In some instances he has expanded in order to complete a picture or to add a touch of his own. The four poems which follow will give some idea of the versatility of the Servian poet, but come far short of indicating his range.

Nikola Tesla.

PARAPHRASES FROM THE SERVIAN.¹

AFTER ZMAI IOVAN IOVANOVIH.

THE THREE GIAOURS.

IN the midst of the dark and stormy night
Feruz Pacha awakes in fright,
And springs from out his curtained bed.
The candle trembles as though it read
Upon his pallid face the theme
And terror of his nightful dream.

He calls to his startled favorite:
"The keys! the keys of the dungeon pit!
Cannot those cursed Giaours stay
There in their own dark, rotting away,
Where I gave them leave three years ago?
Had I but buried their bones! — but, no!
They come at midnight to clatter and creep,
And haunt and threaten me in my sleep."

"Pacha, wait till the morning light!
Do not go down that fearful flight
Where every step is a dead man's moan!
Mujo to-morrow will gather each bone
And bury it deep. Let the Giaours freeze
If thy bed be warm."

"Nay, give me the keys.

Girl, you talk like a wrinkled dame
That shudders at whisper of a name.
When they were living, their curses made
A thousand cowards: was I afraid?
Now they are dead, shall my fear begin
With the Giaour's curse, or the skeleton's grin?
No, I must see them face to face
In the very midst of their dwelling-place;
And ask what need they have of me
That they call my name eternally."

As groping along to the stair he goes
The light of the shaking candle shows
A face like a white and faded rose;
But if this be fear, it is fear to stay,
For something urges him on his way —
Though the steps are cold and the echoes mock —
Till the right key screams in the rusted lock.

Ugh! what a blast from the dungeon dank! —
From the place where Hunger and Death were wed;
Whence even the snakes by instinct fled,
While the very lizards crouched and shrank
In a chill of terror. 'T is inky black,

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And icy cold, but he cannot go back,
For there, as though the darkness flowers —
There sit the skeletons of three Giaours
Ghost-white in the flickering candle-gleam! —
(Or is it the remnant of his dream?)
About a stone that is green with mold
They sit in a group, and their fingers hold
Full glasses, and as the glasses clink
The first Giaour beckons him to drink.

"Pacha, here is a glass for thee!
When last on me the sunlight shone
I had a wife who was dear to me.
She was alone — no, not alone;
The blade in her hand was her comrade true,
As she came to your castle, seeking you.

"And when she came to your castle gate
She dared you forth, but you would not go.
Fiend and coward, you could not wait
For a woman's wrath, but shot her, so.
Her heart fell down in a piteous flood.
This glass is filled with her precious blood.

"See how fine as I hold it up!
Drink, Feruz Pacha, the brimming cup!"

Spellbound the Pacha now draws nigh;
He empties the glass with a sudden cry:
The skeletons drink with a laugh and toss,
And they make the sign of the holy cross.

Then speaks the second of the dead:

"When to this darkness I was led,
My mother asked, 'What sum will give
Your prisoner back to the sun?' You said,
'Three measures of gold, and the dog shall live.'
Through pinching toil by noon and night
She saved and saved till her hope grew bright.

"But when she brought you the yellow hoard,
You mocked at the drops on her tired brow,
And said, 'Toward the pay for his wholesome
board

Of good round stones I will this allow.'
She died while her face with toil was wet.
This glass is filled with her faithful sweat.

"See how fine as I hold it up!
Drink, Feruz Pacha, the brimming cup!"

Haggard the Pacha now stands by;
He drains the glass with a stifled cry:
Again they drink with a laugh and toss,
And the third one says, as his comrades cross:

"When this black shadow on me fell,
There sang within my mountain home
My one pale lad. Bethought him well
That he would to my rescue come;
But when he tried to lift the gun
He tottered till the tears would run.

"Though vengeance sped his weary feet,
Too late he came. Then back he crept,—
Forgot to drink, forgot to eat,—
And no slow moment went unwept.
He died of grief at his meager years —
This glass is laden with his tears.

"See how fine as I hold it up!
Drink, Feruz Pacha, the brimming cup!"

The Pacha staggers; he holds it high;
He drinks; he falls with a moan and cry:
They laugh, they cross, but they drink no more —
For the dead in the dungeon-cave are four.

THE GIPSY PRAISES HIS HORSE.

You're admiring my horse, sir, I see.
He's so light that you'd think it's a bird,
Say a swallow. Ah, me!
He's a prize!
It's absurd
To suppose you can take him all in as he passes
With the best pair of eyes,
Or the powerful aid
Of your best pair of glasses:
Take 'em off, and let's trade.

What! "Is Selim as good as he seems?"
Never fear,
Uncle dear,
He's as good as the best of your dreams,
And as sound as your sleep.
It's only that kind that a gipsy would keep.
The emperor's stables can't furnish his mate.
But his grit and his gait,
And his wind and his ways,
A gipsy like me does n't know how to praise.
But (if truth must be told)
Although you should cover him over with gold
He'd be worth one more sovereign still.

"Is he old?"
Oh, don't look at his teeth, my dear sir!
I never have seen 'em myself.
Age has nothing to do with an elf;
So it's fair to infer
My fairy can never grow old.
Oh, don't look — (Here, my friend,
Will you do me the kindness to hold
For a moment these reins while I 'tend
To that fly on his shanks?) . . .
As I said — (Ah — now — thanks!)
The longer you drive
The better he'll thrive.
He'll never be laid on the shelf!
The older that colt is, the younger he'll grow.
I've tried him for years, and I know.

"Eat? Eat?" do you say?
Oh, that nag is n't nice
About eating! Whatever you have will suffice.
He takes everything raw —
Some oats or some hay,
Or a small wisp of straw,
If you have it. If not, never mind —
Selim won't even neigh.
What kind of a feeder is he? That's the kind!

"Is he clever at jumping a fence?"
What a question to ask! He's immense
At a leap!
How absurd!
Why, the trouble's to keep
Such a Pegasus down to the ground.
He takes every fence at a bound
With the grace of a bird;
And so great is his strength,
And so keen is his sense,
He goes over a fence
Not across, but the way of its length!

"Under saddle?" No saddle for Selim!
Why, you've only to mount him, and feel him
Fly level and steady, to see
What disgrace that would be.
No, you could n't more deeply insult him, unless
You attempted to guess
And pry into his pedigree.

Now why should you speak of his eyes?
Does he seem like a horse that would need
An eye-glass to add to his speed

Or, perchance, to look wise?

No, indeed.

Why, not only 's the night to that steed

Just the same as the day,

But he knows all that passes —

Both before and behind, either way.

Oh, he does n't need glasses!

"Has he any defect?" What a question, my friend!

That is why, my dear sir, I am willing to sell.

You know very well

It is only the horse that you give or you lend

That has glanders, or springhalt, or something to mend:

'T is because not a breath

Of defect or of death

Can be found on my Selim that he 's at your pleasure.

Alas! not for gipsies the care of such treasure.

And now about speed. "Is he fast?" I should say!
Just listen — I 'll tell you.

One equinox day,

Coming home from Erdout in the usual way,

A terrible storm overtook us. 'T was plain

There was nothing to do but to run for it. Rain,

Like the blackness of night, gave us chase. But that nag,

Though he 'd had a hard day, did n't tremble or sag.

Then the lightning would flash,

And the thunder would crash

With a terrible din.

They were eager to catch him; but he would just neigh,

Squint back to make sure, and then gallop away.

Well, this made the storm the more furious yet,

And we raced and we raced, but he was n't upset

And he would n't give in!

At last when we got to the foot of the hill

At the end of the trail,

By the stream where our white gipsy castle was set,

And the boys from the camp came a-waving their caps,

At a word he stood still,

To be hugged by the girls and be praised by the chaps.

We had beaten the gale,

And Selim was dry as a bone — well, perhaps,

Just a little bit damp on the tip of his tail.¹

MYSTERIOUS LOVE.

INTO the air I breathed a sigh;

She, afar, another breathed —

Sighs that, like a butterfly,

Each went wandering low and high

Till the air with sighs was wreathed.

When each other long they sought,

On a star-o'er-twinkled hill

Jasmine, trembling with the thought,

Both within her chalice caught,

A lover's potion to distil.

Drank of this a nightingale,

Guided by the starlight wan —

Drank and sang from dale to dale,

Till every streamlet did exhale

Incense to the waking dawn.

Like the dawn, the maiden heard;

While, afar, I felt the fire

In the bosom of the bird;

Forth our sighs again were stirred

With a sevenfold desire.

These we followed till we learned

Where they trysted; there ere long

Their fond nightingale returned.

Deeper then our longings burned,

Deeper the delights of song.

Now, when at the wakening hour,

Sigh to sigh, we greet his lay,

Well we know its mystic power —

Feeling dawn and bird and flower

Pouring meaning into May.

Jasmine, perfume every grove!

Nightingale, forever sing

To the brightening dawn above

Of the mystery of love

In the mystery of spring!

TWO DREAMS.

DEEP on the bosom of Jeel-Begzad

(Darling daughter of stern Bidar)

Sleeps the rose of her lover lad.

It brings this word: When the zenith-star

Melts in the full moon's rising light,

Then shall her Giaour come — to-night.

What is the odor that fills her room?

Ah! 't is the dream of the sleeping rose:

To feel his lips near its velvet bloom

In the secret shadow no moonbeam knows,

Till the maiden passion within her breast

Kindles to flame where the kisses rest.

By the stealthy fingers of old Bidar

(Savage father of Jeel-Begzad)

Never bloodless in peace or war

Was a handjar sheathed; and each one had

Graved on its handle a Koran prayer —

He can feel it now, in his ambush there!

The moon rides pale in the quiet night;

It puts out the stars, but never the gleam

Of the waiting blade's foreboding light,

Astir in its sheath in a horrid dream

Of pain, of blood, and of gasping breath,

Of the thirst of vengeance drenched in death.

The dawn did the dream of the rose undo,

But the dream of the sleeping blade came true.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

¹ Readers will be reminded by this conclusion of Mark Twain's story of the fast horse as told to him by Oudinot, of the Sandwich Islands, and recorded in "The Galaxy" for April, 1871. In that veracious narrative it is related that not a single drop fell on the driver, but the dog was swimming behind the wagon all the way.



MR. PATE'S ONLY INFIRMITY.

Yet hath my night of life some memory, . . .
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear.

Comedy of Errors.



LD Mr. Pate, until his late and only infirmity, was the most even-tempered man in all our neighborhood. As well as I can remember, nobody knew or heard of his having been thrown at any time into a rage, at least with one of his own race. His resentment—what there was in it that was at all deadly—may have been kindled momentarily, now and then, by a sheep-killing hound, a fence-breaking steer, or some sneaking, four-footed invader of his wife's hen-house; but that was all. Things might go awry outside or inside of his family, at which some people might be tempted to use a bit of profane language, yet, although he could maintain his rights with sufficient judicious firmness, he did so with equal mildness. Wrapping himself in virtues known to himself, as well as to others, he used, when hearing of a stormy passion into which a neighbor had been flung, to smile calmly, and comment upon the uselessness, not to call it foolishness, in a person punishing his own self for other folks' doings.

He habitually spoke of the Creator in terms of much praise, and even expressed himself as thankful for what, if he had not done it for him pointedly, he had kindly allowed him to do for himself. He liked to see others join the church, and on revival occasions was known sometimes gently to urge young persons of both sexes to heed calls for mourners. He might have become a member long ago, except that for such a thing in a man like himself he felt that there was no earthly necessity. Contemplating his exemplary deportment, observed through the successes of seventy years and more, he was living in serene trust of many more as placidly felicitous as those now sitting lightly upon his honored head. One of his calm boasts was that he had enjoyed the society of two as good wives as the one wife of any other man under the sun, the former up to fifty, at her demise another, between whom—except as to a few details of no sort of importance, but rather operating as interesting, pleasant foils—he could never see, as he expressed it, “one single, blessed iota of difference.” Fond both of the hearing and the imparting of news, good, bad,

and indifferent, he wished to know as much as was possible of things occurring outside of his own experience, and it had been a strong support to what few troubles he had had, to note that other people had theirs also, and especially that they made more complainings than he did. All of his children were now grown, married, and living near in peace and prosperity.

Yet the prophecy of labor and sorrow to come after three score and ten! How insidious often, yet always how inevitable! A slight cold taken one day, like hundreds and hundreds that during the last sixty years he had known how to knock speedily into cocked hats with pepper-tea and hoarhound candy, after yielding to those efficacious remedies at all points save one, fastened upon that, and refused obstinately to go away. This was his left ear, and I regret to have to add that his right, whether from too intense sympathy with its twin brother, or reduced by continual loanextended to it, declined in time to like condition.

Mr. Pate, brave man as he was, scornful of trifles, went ahead for a while just the same as ever, ignoring a state of things which, unexpected and undeserved, a man of his energy and resolve was bound to overcome in no great while. But one day his daughter, Mrs. Betsey Runnells, who dwelt a mile distant, came over to see them all, and, after receiving several inaccurate answers—once or twice none at all—to her questionings, was moved to remark thus:

“Pa, what in this world is getting to be the matter with you since you had that last cold, that you answer people's questions so curious, and sometimes don't seem to know they've asked you anything? It's either that you've got to paying mighty little attention to people when they're talking to you, or the fact is you're getting deaf. One of the things is certain, and no doubt about it.”

“Nosech a thing, Betsey. It's nosech a thing. It's that you all don't speak cle'r and distinct like you used to do; but you've all got to mumbly and chawin' your words to that that a body can't always tell what 's it you're talkin' about. I can hear well as I ever did when people open their mouth, and let their words come out cle'r. The fault's not in my years. It's in your all's mouth, and I wish you all jest stop it, that I do. Nonsense!”

Now sharp words like these were entirely out of Mr. Pate's habit, in his family or elsewhere. Devoted to him as all were, thereafter, when addressing him particularly, they elevated their voices, sometimes above what was needful, and then he took offense of another sort.

"What in this whole blessed and everlastin' world have got into you all jest only here lately, that when you ain't a-whisperin' at me you bawl out to me the same if the house was afire, or you made out like you thought I 'd done gone stone deaf? I wish to goodness you could all be reason'ble with your voices. I 'm no gate-post."

Self-delusions, easiest of all and sweetest, cannot abide always, even when nurtured and hugged with affection. The occasion of removal in this case seemed to Mr. Pate particularly mournful. Accustomed from youngest manhood to waken from his sleep at earliest cock-crowing, at the breakfast-table one morning, the last of several over-sleepings, he said to his wife:

"My dear, what 's become of all the roosters, or what ails 'em, that jest here for a fortni't or so they 've quit crowin' of a mornin'? And as for the old Dominicker, I hain't even laid eyes on him in I don't know the time."

"They 're all here, Mr. Pate, and nothing 's the matter with them, except the old Dominicker; that I had killed because he was old, and the young ones got to running him all over the yard, and he 's now in the oven a-baking for dinner. The rest are all right enough, far as I know."

"Eh? What did you say?"

She repeated the words sufficiently loud.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me they 've been a-crowin' these last few mornin's?"

"Regular."

"Eh?"

"Regular!"

"You cert'n in your mind, Nancy?"

"Yes, sir!" she screamed; "I 've heard them every morning of the world, distinct."

"My goodness! Then somethin' 's obleeged to be wrong about me som'er's, like has been hinted, and some has gone to the lenkt to say it flat down in my very face, and I denied it, hopin' they were mistaken. Ah, well, I suppose it ain't give to any one person to be perfect and keep perfect always. But a onexpecteder and a pitifuller case I 'd sildom wish to see any more in nobody."

The old man's carriage from that time underwent much change. His first efforts at resignation were entirely praiseworthy, even touching, he believed, notwithstanding the feeling that it would have been more just, at least more becoming all around, if, good man that he was, and known by everybody to be a good man, he

could have been spared, in an old age so green and hearty, such a sorrowful letting down. As time went on, it pained and even began to anger him to suspect that others were not as considerate of him as he would have been of them in mutually reversed conditions. If he had tried ever so hard to keep silent, it would not have been possible to do so, and it was some comfort to him that, although he could not hear, he could pour forth into other ears his sore complainings. Yet even this, from certain causes, as will appear presently, dwindled somewhat after a while.

"HINESES" people called it.

This was a small country store situate on the public road at the corner of our grove. When a lad of eight or nine, with — sometimes, if my memory be not treacherous, without — leave of my parents, I went down to this place, especially on Saturdays, in order to see and listen to the men who repaired thither partly for business, mainly to tell and hear what news might be in the neighborhood. Mr. Pate seldom failed to be there on those days. I had grown to be somewhat of an acknowledged favorite with him; mainly, I suspect, because I used to listen respectfully to his talkings, while most of his acquaintances were beginning to avoid the garulousness which increased with his years.

One day I felt complimented when he invited me to go with him to a bench under one of the great red-oaks a few rods from the store piazza.

"Come along with me, my son," he said affectionately. "I want to talk jest betwixt me and you about things that may be it may n't do you any harm to 'member when you git to be a old man like me. Come along."

When we were seated on our bench, he took a rather mournful, but entirely calm, survey of the amphitheater above, and of the level roundabout, and thus began:

"Do you know, my boy, I ask you solemn without expectin' a answer—but do you know that I 'd ruther be blind than deaf? I don't mean out and out clean, stone blind, but about half-way blind, like I 'm now deaf. You don't? Well, I would, and I 'll tell you for why."

Then he threw down upon me a look perhaps little, if any, below the solemnly magisterial gaze which Plato on occasion of one of his most melancholy doubtings may be supposed to have bestowed upon his disciples in the grove of Academus, and thus began:

"Yes, sir; true as gospel. And it 's because people, as a gen'l thing, is good to blind people, and they 'll not only git out of their way, but they 'll actuall go out of their own way to help 'em to find whare they 're a-movin' to git to. And, sir, they 'll even take holt of their hand,

and be as proud as a jay-bird when they do it, and they'll lead 'em, same as a baby jest learnin' to walk, to their best, comfortabest cheer, a hustlin' out any body else that 's in it. And then they'll ask 'em all about their healths, when nine times out o' ten they ain't a-keerin' any more about it than other people's. And they'll talk soft to 'em, and help 'em to cut up their victuals, and beg 'em to keep on takin' some more when they positive know that they've already eat the greatest plenty, and has no earthly need of one single 'nother mouthful. And not only that, but they'll do a whole lot of things for 'em to that — well, jest betwixt me and you and this tree we're settin' under, I have positive knowed of some o' that sort that could jest see to git about, and a-makin' out they could n't do that conven'ent, that the fact of the whole business were, they was n't any manner of account in the beginnin', before they got so, and they would n't be if they got over it. And, sir, they were so proud of bein' waited on in that kind o' style, that they would n't give a bawbee nor a continental red cent to have their eyes put back cle'r, so they'd be expected to go back to work, and be treated like other people. Yes, sir; that 's the way blind people is treated. But when you come to people that is deaf in their year,—that is, you mind, people that is half-and-half like me,—people has not only no respects of 'em, but they has nothin' but contemp', and sometimes, as I know by expe'unce, they despise 'em in their very sight. Now, as for me, I always were a man that like to hear what 's goin' on, and a-knowin' other people was the same, it 's always been my rule to gether all I could, and let other people sheer in it, as well as the idees I have on matters and things in gen'l, and then to give 'em free my advices, whether they got the gumption to take it or not, which is their lookout, and not mine, you understand."

He paused briefly, as if in respectful review of a past so signally benignant, then continued:

"But sence I've got in the fix I'm in, in the hearin' of my year, people have got to dodgin' me, and runnin' away from me, same as if I had the eech or even the smallpok, whensomever I come where they are. Or if they set down to swap a few words with me, time we've got through with how our families is, and about the weather, they git up, and they shoot off, albe some of them do have the manners to give out that their business is a-callin' of 'em som'er's else, and they are obleeged to go an' 'tend to it. And all that after the life I've led, and the useful it 's always been my aim to be, and to do accordin' as the good Lord let it lay in my power. Now don't sech as that look like a pity to this generation of people? Seem to me like it do."

He sniffed long and audibly, and did not seem to note the few assuring words which I could employ in sympathy with his suffering from general ingratitude. Indeed, I was almost sure that he could not have heard them, because what I said was:

"But, Mr. Pate, everybody loves and respects you."

"Yes, yes," he said, with some impatience; "that 's what they all tell me; but I don't want advices: I ain't a man to need people's advices. What I want is for people to talk to me and to listen to me. Don't you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I answered quickly.

After a moment he said:

"But, my son, it 's things in my own family that hurts me the worst. If people outside think they can do without my opinion and without my advices in their business and their matters and things in gen'l, why, that 's their perfect right, and I'm not a-denyin' of it; but when it come to my own folks, there 's where the shoe pinch. As to what my people has been to me, the good Lord know I can't complain, nor I don't. I've had two as good wives as the sun ever ris or sot on. My first one were before your day; but people that 's old enough 'members what a high, splendid woman she were; and my second, well, everybody sees how if she 's low in height, she 's buncy, and she make up for stren'th by bein' active. As for my childern, if I say it myself that maybe ought n't, they've been raised to be as reason'ble good and respectable childern as the common run of anybody else's childern in this whole neighborhood of people, accordin' to—yes, I may say accordin' to the—to the society we live in at the present time, you—you understand—ahem."

"Oh, yes," I tried to interpolate; "everybody says that your children —"

"But," ignoring my attempt, he went on, "what hurts me to the very bone sometimes is the disrespects that 's putt on me in my own family, the not expectested of all. Why, sir, I used to be lively at home, and keen as a brier to make things interestin' about the house; and now it look like I ain't so mighty much more than our old Dominicker rooster, that the young ones got to runnin' over him, and stopped all his usefulness; and so they put him up in the coop, and they fattened him, and then they killed him, and they baked him, and 't were n't he were so fat, and cooked so brown, stuffin' and all, and gravy accordin', I could n't of teched him. And I actuil felt solemn when I were a-eatin' one o' his drumsticks, and a slice or two of his breast, and some pickin's on his sidebone; I tell you, I felt positive solemn to think what everything have to come to in the course o' time, more or less; that the poor old

fellow used to wake me up every mornin' at the crack o' day with his crowin'; and it's got to that I can't hear a single rooster on the place, and I hain't the words to tell how my feelin's inside o' me was hurtled when I found it out."

He put his handkerchief momentarily to his eyes, as if to warn back any weak tear that might feel itself impelled to the front, and then continued:

"But the thing is, my son, that I 'm a-beginnin' to suspicion 'em o' dodgin' me in my own house, like they do everywhere else, and that it make 'em tired, and sometimes it even fret 'em, to have to talk to me. And then I git fretted too, after all I 've been to 'em. And it's got so I try my level best to not want to know about things like I used to do. Yit, when I see them a-workin' o' their mouth in a way that make me certain in my mind somethin' interestin' is up, I can't help, to save my life—I can't help from wantin' to know what it's about. And then when one of 'em comes and bawls it in my year, frequent it's not worth talkin' about, and then I suspicion 'em of foolin' me by a-tellin' me the poorest, insignificantest part, and a-holdin' back the rest. Then, 'casionally the idee takes holt on me that they 're a-talkin' about me, and a-sayin' they wish I were n't so troublesome, and all that, and it sting me mighty nigh the same like anybody was to run a pin in me."

After another pause, turning his face all about, as if to be sure that none other were in hearing, with a look of grave apprehension, almost of alarm, in lower tones he said:

"And, sir, don't you know, sir, that the suspicionin' o' them in that kind o' style have got so it have begun to make me ruther deceitful myself? It jest skeers me to think about it. You must n't let on I told you so. I was positive

obleeged to tell somebody, it lay so heavy on my mind, and I tell it to you because you 're always good, respectable to me, and you never dodges me, nor runs away from me when I 'm a-talkin' to you. Fact, sir, sometimes when my years ain't quite as cloudy as common, special when the a'r is on my side, I can gether what they 're sayin', and they don't know it. But I jest know I 've got not to let on, to keep 'em from suspicionin' me of makin' out I 'm worse off than what I actuil am. Now, ain't sech as that a pity for a man of my cha-rec-ter, that 's if they is any thing I ever did hate, it was deceitful, and special when I caught people a-tryin' to put it on me, and make a fool of me? I jest declare, I git so sorry for myself sometimes a-thinkin' about it, that I can but hope the thing will let up on me after a while, so I can git back to the usefulness I had before I got in this fix."

At this juncture, one of the neighbors, who had just arrived, after alighting, and fastening his horse at one of the racks, approached, in order to pay his respects. Mr. Pate, after a look of incipient resentment toward the comer, turned to me, and in low, hurried tones said:

"There, now, my son, that 'll do; you can go now; but *don't you let on what I told you.*"

To his injunction of silence regarding his confession I paid what respect was possible, limiting disclosure to my parents and a few other intimate acquaintances. After observations through many years among the aged, to say nothing of even more reliable sources, I seem to recall, what I was then too young to discern in my old friend's droll words, some real pathos, and if not some wisdom, a pathetic simulation of wisdom, felt to be necessary to one in his condition; and so his case, feeling at this late day I may be held excusable, I now, for the first time, make public.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

THE IMITATIVE FUNCTIONS, AND THEIR PLACE IN HUMAN NATURE.



HAVE been led of late, in connection with certain philosophical inquiries, to begin the study of a subject the general interest of which, for teachers, for students of any region of art, and for lovers of human nature at large, seems to me so considerable, that I am now disposed to ask for the coöperation of a larger public in the pursuit of the research. At the same time, I may as well take the opportunity which this paper affords to ex-

plain, as well as I can, why I have begun this task, and why I see so much reason to hope for good results from the further consideration of the matter.

1.

THE object of this study is, directly speaking, psychological, and relates to the nature, the scope, and the significance of what may be called, in general, the imitative functions of mankind. No functions are, in one sense, more familiar. None are more frequently interesting. We all are aware that children are imitative,

that both among children and among adults virtue and vice alike are, under favorable circumstances, "catching"; that fashion has, in certain matters, an irresistible sway; that not only commercial panics, and mobs, and "fads," but also great reform movements, and disciplined armies, and such historical events as the conversion of nations in the old days from heathenism to Christianity, all illustrate, in their several ways, the potency of imitative tendencies; and that art itself, at least according to Aristotle's famous definition, is essentially imitation. We know that there are sometimes epidemics of crime or of suicide. We know that the doleful prevalence of the current popular melody is due, not to a love of music, but to the insistent force of the imitative tendency. Turn, thus, which way we will, the familiar presence of the imitative functions in human life impresses itself upon us.

"Verily," says M. Tarde, an eminent French sociologist, in his remarkable book, "*Les Lois d'Imitation*"—verily, "*La société, c'est l'imitation*," or as one may freely translate, "Imitation of imitations," saith the professor, "in society all is imitation." In this extreme form, of course, the assertion does indeed remind us of many qualifications; but of these we shall speak further on.

Were I anxious, then, for mere illustrations of the frequency of the imitative functions in the life of man, I should indeed have no trouble in getting my fill of them, without other aid than that of my own eyes. But with the mere confirmation of their frequency, the question of their real significance is first brought really to the front. And along with this question there come before us a vast number of others, all interesting to the student of human nature. How, in the growth of the individual, do these imitative functions arise? Are any of them truly instinctive, or are all of them, as Alexander Bain has contended, acquired functions, due to experience? Or, in other words, does man learn to imitate because he is brought up in a social environment; or, on the contrary, is he capable of life in a social environment only because he is first, by nature and instinct, an imitative animal? What is the history of the imitative functions in childhood? When, and in what order, do they appear? How are they related to the growth of the childish reason, conscience, imagination, insight, skill? Of what use can the imitative functions, at any age, be made for the development of the child's intellect and will? Such are the first psychological questions that come to one's mind in this connection. It may already, in general, be clear how serviceable the study of such problems can become both to teachers and to all others interested in the psychology of childhood.

II.

BUT a wider scope still has of late been given to the psychological study of the imitative functions by the results of research in the domain of hypnotism. How deep-seated the imitative functions are, it has needed hypnotic research not so much to demonstrate as to illustrate, and to bring, through illustration, to our clearer scientific consciousness. The principal positive value of hypnotism for psychology, up to the present time, has consisted in the fact that the apparently marvelous, and, at first sight, even miraculous-seeming, phenomena of the hypnotic state have served to make the familiar facts of the prevalence of imitation in human life look, for the time, in these singular illustrations, unfamiliar; so that, in consequence, the attention of psychologists has been attracted to the matter in a new way and from a new side. That this is the principal service rendered by hypnotism to psychology was first pointed out at some length by the aforesaid M. Tarde, who herein, I believe, followed up a suggestion of Taine's. In a paper first published in 1884, early in the history of hypnotic research,—a paper which was later incorporated into the book called "*Les Lois d'Imitation*,"—M. Tarde asserted and developed the interesting formula that what the individual hypnotizer is to his sleeping and abnormally plastic subject, such, almost precisely, is society to the waking and normally plastic man.

The hypnotized subject believes what the hypnotizer says, and supposes this belief to be his own conviction; does what his hypnotizer suggests, and believes, or may believe, that he does this of his own free will; has suggested hallucinations of taste, sight, smell, or suggested emotions, and believes these to be his own independent and individual experiences. Well, just so the waking man usually believes, concerning politics, concerning the state of business, concerning religion, whatever the people of his party, or set, or faction, or profession, or sect, declares to be the truth; and he supposes, nevertheless, that his mind is his own. The waking man, moreover, as to all the endlessly numerous deeds of convention and custom, does what his portion of society declares to be the proper thing, and fancies all the while that he is choosing of his own free will. Finally, the waking man's emotions—as, for example, his esthetic emotions—are usually at the mercy, or, at all events, deeply under the influence, of social suggestion; and even his sensations and perceptions are not exempt from this influence.

Illustrations are here easy. What is beautiful in decorative art the community at large learns by social suggestion. Esthetic tastes as to domestic interiors, and as to the architecture of

private dwellings, are subject in every generation to changes which work upon individuals in almost precisely the same way as hypnotic suggestions made to sleeping subjects work during experiments in hypnotism. One hears that this or this is admirable in the way of house-building or of decoration. Society declares the fact; and forthwith one perceives with one's own eyes, if one is but an average man, that this is indeed beautiful, just as the people say; and one is naively unaware that if all the people had said that it was ugly, one would equally have observed that fact instead. Even so, too, as to our sensations, or, at all events, as to our immediate reaction of liking or of dislike in presence of our sensations. Everybody has many acquired tastes. Some people, to be sure, have liked olives from the first taste of them; but many have not. Yet, as the saying goes, if you eat in succession seven olives, you will henceforth like them. It would be more psychological to say that after you have received seven quasi-hypnotic social suggestions from your neighbors, each suggestion being strong enough to make you try to behave toward olives as the rest do, then, at length, your immediate sensations may yield, and henceforth the olives will taste as the other men say that they taste—namely, good. It is in such a fashion that one becomes a connoisseur in the world of mere sensations of taste and of smell, just as before in the world of art. The connoisseur as to wines, teas, perfumes, dinners, and other such sensory experiences, is a person of fairly keen native sensory discrimination, whose actual discriminations, and expressions of like and dislike, have been subjected to a long course of quasi-hypnotic social training. His tastes are never purely, or even largely, his own, although it is his game, as connoisseur, to pretend, and often his fate, as social bondman, to believe, that they are his own. Were they, however, original, he would not be reckoned as a connoisseur, but as a barbarian.

Such are some of the possible illustrations of M. Tarde's interesting thesis. In bringing them forward here in my own way, and with my own choice determining their selection, I am of course well aware that there are other factors at work besides the conventional or suggested factors, and that, too, even in the most conventional regions of life — factors which, despite all our imitativeness, determine our individual varieties of taste. We never reach perfect agreement with our neighbors as to these things of convention. A certain stubborn variety of individual caprice consciously forms a pleasant social contrast to our more imitative judgments. And so for the rest, despite all conformity, there are many social conventions which themselves require of the individual, within certain

limits, a certain degree of individuality and of nonconformity.

But here is only one of the many cases where the imitative functions become, as we shall later more fully see, beautifully, and almost inextricably, entangled with the "temperamental" varieties of function in the individual. And it is this entanglement, as we shall find, that constitutes the very soul of the significance of the imitative functions, which, when properly developed, do not lead at all to the suppression of originality, but may actually form the condition of the growth of individuality, and of the only true independence of opinion and of ideals that is possible to man. But of this hereafter. Moreover, it is this same endless entanglement of imitative or "suggested" factors in taste and in belief with individual factors that makes the psychology of the imitative functions of man so complex and fascinating a problem for the student of human nature.

If the social phenomena in themselves, considered thus, serve to indicate by their universality, as it were, the breadth, the extent, of the imitative functions of humanity, certain of the well-known phenomena of hypnotism, viewed apart, tend especially to bring to mind the depth, the inner potency, of these functions in the life of each individual. It is true, as we have seen, that, viewed on the whole, the plasticity of the hypnotic subject is not something essentially novel, but is substantially the normal social plasticity of a man set at work under somewhat abnormal conditions. It is, however, also true that, under these abnormal conditions, there appear some unexpected special consequences of the general imitativeness of man — consequences that startle us by the indications which they give of the depth to which the imitative tendency reaches in its influence upon our unconscious, yes, upon even our lower physiological, life.

That by suggestion you can make a man notice what he would otherwise overlook is a strictly normal and familiar fact. Much, if not all, of that marvelous acuteness of senses which is often shown by hypnotic subjects seems, in the opinion of many observers, to be only a case of this directly or indirectly suggested concentration of attention upon his own fainter experiences on the part of the hypnotized subject. And so far the anomalies of hypnotism would seem to be related only to the peculiar conditions under which the hypnotic subject is influenced, and to the extraordinary source of the influence, which is here not, as normally, the authority of society in general, but the voice of his hypnotizer. Yet, in addition, it is indeed true that, in case of hypnotism, there also appear certain other aspects of the imitative functions — aspects which, in the case of the normal social influences, may also be present, and which prob-

ably are present, but which are there masked by their more obvious and conscious accompaniments; while, in case of the hypnotic subject, these other aspects come to light. Hypnotic suggestion, namely, is found to influence not only the acuteness of one's perceptions and the course of one's conscious habits, but the performance of a good many bodily functions that usually seem to have small relation to the will. Circulation, digestion, and general functional nervous conditions of a decidedly manifold sort, have been found to be more or less subject to hypnotic suggestion. To be sure, this sort of influence is seldom without very decided limits, which vary endlessly from person to person. But the fact remains that, in a given person, the imitative plasticity which leads him to follow out so faithfully the ideas which his hypnotizer suggests may lead him also to alter relatively deep and unconscious organic functions, such as he has never explicitly learned to influence by his will, and such as, normally, neither he nor his fellows would be aware of influencing. Yet, as many considerations make probable, what the hypnotic experiment thus brings to light cannot well be anything new in kind. Doubtless our organisms are at all times deeply plastic to suggestions; only this plasticity, on account of the complexity of our normal functions, remains masked until the hypnotic experiment, working upon a much simplified state of affairs, brings it to light.

But if our imitativeness thus actually extends far beyond the region of our conscious and voluntary life, one sees at once that one has to do with functions the basis of which probably lies deep down among the inborn and instinctive tendencies of our nature. And of such probably instinctive and original imitativeness childhood gives us many indications. For children often appear to sympathize imitatively with the expressed emotions of their elders even when there is no adequate basis in the previous childish experience for the emotions in question. A young child, taken unkindly to a funeral, or forced by unhappy fortune to witness one in the family, has suggested to him, in the faces and behavior of his elders, emotions of a depth and intensity for which his own experience can give no basis. These elders themselves know why they sorrow. The young child knows very dimly, or perhaps realizes not yet at all, why death is what it is, and means what it does. Yet sometimes he shows on such occasions an overwhelming sense of the horror of the situation, a sense which people usually refer to his direct and inborn dread of death and of his surround-

ings. There is, in fact, probably present some such original instinct concerning death; but very likely this instinct does not account for the whole of the child's horror, or yet perhaps for the larger part of it. This larger part is probably due rather to a contagion of emotion, the origin of which lies in another instinct—that of imitation. The child, without consciousness of the reason, assumes, by instinctive imitation, the expressive bodily states and attitudes of his elders, and accordingly, since our emotions are, in part at least, the results rather than the causes of our bodily states of emotional expression,¹ the child, having imitated the organic expression, consequently in some measure imitates the emotion, without at all well comprehending why the emotion ought to be felt. If everybody else at the funeral conspired with his fellows to seem gay and to talk merrily, it is unlikely that the child's own original instincts about death would be enough to terrify him. He would then very likely look at the corpse rather with wonder than with horror.

Just so, too, it is in youth, or even throughout life, so long as we retain any freshness of sympathetic experience. With the aid of certain deep and instinctive tendencies to assume imitatively the bodily attitudes or the other expressive functions of our fellows, functions which may be in part internal as well as external, we are able to share the emotions of others even when these emotions relate to matters that lie far beyond our own previous experience. When one first witnesses a serious accident, or attends another through a painful illness, or sees a friend suffering from some tremendous personal grief, one gets a sense of what this calamity means—a sense which may far transcend one's power to recall similar experiences in one's own life. There are some people, to be sure, who sympathize, like the maids of Andromache when she parted from Hector, or like the comforters of Gudrun when she sat tearless over Sigurd's body, or like Polonius himself, only by recalling, in the sufferer's presence, their own present or past griefs. "Truly, I in youth suffered many things of love—very near this." But such sympathy is not the only sort or the most spontaneous. The emotions of the theater carry the sensitive spectator, especially when he is young, far beyond any memory of his own experiences. Notice such a spectator, and you will see him imitating unconsciously, by play of feature, or possibly even by gestures of hands, arms, or body, the actor whose skill absorbs him. But meanwhile, through this imitation, he is ex-

¹ To this fact Professor James has recently given an expression in his now well-known theory of the emotions—a theory according to which "we do not cry because we feel sorry, but feel sorry because we cry."

This theory, in its extreme form, may be inadequate. There can be little doubt that it expresses an important part of the truth.

perienicing something of emotions before unknown to him — the sorrows of *Lear*, the remorse of *Macbeth*, the agony of *Othello*. To him these experiences seem as novel as if they had been original happenings in his own life. Such are the quasi-hypnotic suggestions of the stage. They often give us, as we say, wholly new insights into life.

As for other instances of the depth of such imitative emotions, there will be known to many of us cases of sensitive young women who, at the sight of accidents, or bodily ailments (say in elder women), misfortunes the causes of which they themselves have never yet experienced, are quite capable of feeling suggested internal pangs, or serious, if temporary, physical derangements, of the imitative, and at the same time partly instinctive, character of which there can be little reason to doubt. Nor are women alone in such imitative sufferings. Many men have felt such, and have been surprised at their vigor. The emotions of mobs, moreover, have the same character of imitative contagion, going much beyond the previous personal experiences of many, or perhaps, most members of the mob. In an important sociological monograph, entitled (in its French translation) "*La Foule Criminelle*," an Italian criminologist, Signor Scipio Sighele, has recently treated at length the problem of the psychology of mobs, and has dwelt much on the analogy between these phenomena, and those of hypnotic suggestion. It seems impossible to interpret such cases without supposing that the imitative functions of man have a very profound instinctive basis, and are by no means as purely secondary and acquired functions as Alexander Bain has supposed. So much, then, for the lessons derived from hypnotism, and from daily life, concerning the depth and significance of imitation in man.

III.

BUT now, as regards the uses and the results of the imitative functions in human life, the foregoing general indication of their breadth and their depth is only the merest beginning of a comprehension of the part they play in our education and in our consciousness. It is not because they are common, or because they are, in deepest origin, partly instinctive, that I lay such stress upon them. It is because they are, in their proper and almost inextricable entanglement with our individual or temperamental functions, absolutely essential elements of all our rationality, of all our mental development, of all our worth as thinkers, as workers, or as producers; it is, too, because this value of imitation as the necessary concomitant, and condition, and instrument, of all sound originality is still so inadequately understood by teachers,

by critics of art, by students of human nature generally — it is on these accounts that I deem the study of the imitative functions probably the most important task in the psychology of the immediate future. The mental relations of the imitative functions are what I therefore have, next, briefly to indicate. This I may here do in the most summary form, thus:

It is a commonplace that most of our rational thinking (some psychologists incorrectly say, *all* of our rational thinking) is done in language. Well, language is very obviously a product of social imitation; is, therefore, a case of human imitativeness in every individual who learns it. So, then, without imitativeness, no higher development of rational thought in any of us. Only the imitative animal can become rational. So much for a beginning. But the fruitfulness of the imitative functions does not cease here. It is, in the second place, well recognized that our social morality, whatever else within or without us it implies, is in one direction dependent upon our regard for the will, the interest, the precepts, or the welfare of our fellows. Now such regard is, in its turn, dependent upon our power, by imitation, to experience and to comprehend the suggested will, interest, authority, and desires of those about us. So, then, without imitativeness, no chance for the development of the social conscience. The imitative functions, in combination of course with other functions, but still with essential significance, as factors in the whole process, are thus at the basis of the development of both reason and conscience. Nor yet is this all. Reason not only uses language as an instrument, but it aims at a certain well-known goal; it aims at the imitation in conscious terms of the truth of things beyond us. Reason thus not only depends upon imitative functions; it is explicitly imitative in its purposes. Just so, too, conscience is not only based, as to its origin, upon social imitations, so that you educate the childish conscience through obedience and through authority; but conscience, too, is in its goal explicitly imitative. It sets before us ideals of character, and then bids us imitate them. These ideals are, in general, personal. Conscience says: Such and such a self, thus and thus employed in reasonable service, is the right sort of self for you. You conceive such an ideal self. Now, in your practical life, imitate this conception. One imitates the ideal — precisely as, in childhood, the little boys imitate the big boys. Man the imitative animal is thus at the very heart of man the rational and man the moral animal, no matter how high in the scale the developed man may rise.

Yet the psychological importance of the imitative functions is not even thus to be exhausted. It is an odd fact, and one of vast sig-

nificance, that all of us come by our developed personal self-consciousness through very decidedly imitative processes. Of this fact a later discussion may give a fuller account. It is enough now to remind observers of children how full of proud self-consciousness is the little boy who drives horse, or who plays soldier, or who is himself a horse, or a bird, or other creature, in his play. To be what we call his real self is, for his still chaotic and planless inner consciousness, so long as it is not set in order by his imitativeness, the same as to be nobody in particular. But to be a horse, or a coachman, or a soldier, or the hero of a favorite story, or a fairy, that is to be somebody, for that sort of self one first witnesses from without, or finds portrayed in the fascinating tale, and then imitatively assimilates, so that one thereupon conceives this new self from within, and rejoices in one's prowess as one does so.

Nor does this process of acquiring one's self-hood vicariously, as it were, cease with childhood. My various present social functions I have, in the first place, imitatively learned. Others, my guides and advisers, first showed me the way to these functions; for it was thus that I learned to move in company, to speak, to assume the outward forms of my calling, to conduct myself as just this particular kind of social organ. Now I myself, as what the psychologist calls an "empirical ego," am just now, for myself as well as for my fellows, the man who possesses, among other things, such and such a calling, position, office, rights, and aptitudes. Of all these things I had no knowledge in childhood. I had to learn my whole social trade; I learned it by imitations. But now that I have got such a calling and place, my knowledge of it determines for me, all the while, my current notion of who I am. I am what my profession and my social relations define me to be. Thus it is actually true that just as my social guides — my parents, teachers, advisers, friends, critics — together gave me, through my love of imitating them and of being influenced by their characters, by their conduct, and by their ideals — just as they, I say, gave me a knowledge of my calling, so too they have furnished me with the very material of my present self-consciousness. Self-consciousness itself, in each one of us, is a product of imitation.

Reason, conscience, self-consciousness — these are significant possessions. Yet without imitativeness we should never have come by any one of them. They are results, and, as they stand, are even now embodiments of imitation. Such is my present thesis. Nor is this statement itself more than the beginning. As a fact, I hold that far more specific mental products than have yet been named — for instance, spe-

cific beliefs of reason, such as the so-called "axioms" at the basis of science — can be explained as determined in their nature by the special conditions under which the imitative functions of mankind have been developed. But herewith, indeed, I reach topics that lie far beyond the scope of the present paper, and within the domain of the deepest problems of philosophy.

IV.

AND NOW for the announcement of the immediate practical purpose of this paper. I have written it for the sake of getting aid in the collection of facts. I venture, then, herewith to invite teachers, other observers of children, and observant persons generally, to communicate to me, either through letters addressed to the editor, or through letters addressed direct to me, their own past or future observations of certain classes of facts which may be accessible to them, and which, if collected, compared, and kept on record, may prove of service in studying the still much neglected question of the psychology of imitation. What is most needed is the coöperation of many independent observers; and owing to the nature of the facts concerning which I shall here ask, such observers will be able to contribute many useful data for comparison, even where the observers themselves are not experts in psychology. Meteorological societies have derived much assistance from non-expert observers, who, scattered over wide regions of country, have agreed to take the trouble to note such simple phenomena as the time of the first clap of thunder heard at the beginning of a thunder-shower at a given place, the direction whence and whither a thunder-cloud came and went, the duration of the attendant shower, and similarly obvious phenomena of the weather. Just so, could I get many psychological data of certain kinds from various independent observers, widely sundered in place, and widely differing in their opportunities, I should be aided in guiding certain of my intended investigations into the nature, the development, and the factors of these imitative functions of mankind.

In answer to any of the following questions, I ask, then, for independent observations, drawn as directly as possible from life, and described as fully as possible. Teachers and observant parents will be most likely to have such information to give; but in some cases my questions call for observations made by a person upon himself, and in these, as well as in most of the other cases contemplated by my questions, there will be other persons besides teachers and parents who may have facts to offer. All plain statements, written with the internal evidences of interest and of watchfulness, will be

welcome, whether made by persons acquainted with psychology or not. The use that can be made of such data, when once they come to hand, is capable of being submitted to pretty careful tests, such as the individual writers cannot well know in advance. The specific purposes of some of my questions will not at once be obvious to every reader. It is enough to say, in general, that all my questions bear upon some topic connected with the natural history of imitation.¹

SCHEDULE OF QUESTIONS ON IMITATIVE FUNCTIONS.

1. *The General Question of the Place of Imitation in Child-Life.* Throughout our country there are now to be found a considerable number of groups of parents or of teachers who, in one way or another, are engaged in organized observations of children on the lines laid down by Preyer, in his well-known book on "The Mind of the Child." I shall be glad to receive, as time goes on, from any persons or circles engaged in this kind of definite and organized labor, information of any and every sort bearing upon the first appearance, and later development, of the imitative functions of infants and young children. For the benefit of all such persons, I may add that the best special observations of the imitative functions in their early stages, so far as I know, are those published by Professor J. Mark Baldwin in the journal "Science," for 1891 (p. 113), for 1892 (p. 15), and that these papers of Professor Baldwin's have been of great service in directing attention to the theoretical importance of this topic, and will be an excellent guide to any future observer of the imitative functions of children. In a future paper I hope to return to the mention of Professor Baldwin's work, to which I already owe much.²

2. *Imitative Games.* All the games of childhood are of course in general due to imitation. But there is one sort of game that deserves to be called above all the imitative game. It is the type that I have mentioned, in passing, already. But I am especially anxious to get as many descriptions as possible, drawn from the life, of just such games, and of the children that play them. In Professor James's larger "Psychology," Vol. II. p. 409, the type of sport in question is thus described:

The dramatic impulse, the tendency to pretend one is some one else, contains this pleasure of mimicry as one of its elements. Another ele-

ment seems to be a peculiar sense of power in stretching one's own personality, so as to include that of a strange person. In young children this instinct often knows no bounds. For a few months in one of my children's third year, he literally hardly ever appeared in his own person. . . . If you called him by his name, H—, you invariably got the reply; "I'm not H—, I'm a hyena, or a horse-car," or whatever the feigned object might be.

Now, what is psychologically important about games of this sort is, first, that they are usually relatively *original imitations*. They are not, like the traditional childish games, handed down from an immemorial antiquity. Each child chooses, as it were, his own dramatic games of personation. The more the child's own private experience determines the thing, the more individual, eccentric, or stubborn the choice, the more characteristic is an imitative drama of this sort. The second importance of this type of mimicry lies in its before-mentioned deep, and, as I think, momentous relations to the whole development of character and of self-consciousness in the child. A third element of significance consists in the wonderful fixity and almost delusional persistence and vividness with which a mimicry of this sort is often kept up by a given child. But very transient, if vigorous, fits of such mimicry also have great interest.

I am accordingly extremely anxious to get all the fresh and exact accounts that I can of cases of this phenomenon of personation, or systematic mimicry, either in one child alone, or in any small group of children, who, playing together, do not merely repeat some of the old traditional games of childhood, but invent their own drama. In case of each child concerned I shall be glad of as full an account as possible of the whole story of its imitative game, and of all the details of its life and character that seem to be relevant to the matter in hand. For a detailed comparison of such instances must throw light on the psychological mechanism of the processes involved. Cases of fixed family games of mimicry, confined to one family group of children, and apparently invented by them, will also be very welcome if accompanied by pretty full accounts of the children concerned.

In some cases those adults who are good at recalling their own childhood will have personal remembrance of experiences of this sort, and will be able to tell of such mimic and unreal child-lives lived for months or years alongside of their real lives—fancied lives that have left traces behind in memory such as often prove

¹ Answers to any of these inquiries may be sent either to the editor of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, or to Josiah Royce, 103 Irving Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

² The highly important paper on imitation in "Mind" for January, 1894, and the recent volume on "Mental

Evolution in the Child and the Race," both by Professor Baldwin, have appeared since the text of the present paper was written. They should be consulted by all students of this topic.

of no small import for the feelings and character of the mature person. Any one who can tell pretty fully of experiences of this sort may be sure that the story will have a very real psychological interest.

3. *Imitative naughtiness.* It is often said by observers of children that if you tell a child one story of a good boy, and of his ways and rewards, and another story, no more vivid in detail, of a bad boy, and of his deeds and downfall, you will pretty certainly find the effect, other things being equal, to be that the child will manifest far more interest in imitating the naughty boy of the latter story, and in taking his risks, than in imitating the good boy, and in winning the praises showered upon him. The case is here the well-known one of the "lilies and languors of virtue." Unquestionably, childhood contains great numbers of cases where what may be called unintended counter-suggestion, the process of setting a child to imitate an undesirable fashion of life by means of your very efforts to keep him from such imitation, takes effect, and does mischief. Now of course I do not hope, by any collection of incidents, to solve so complex a psychological question as that of this frequent and primary attractiveness of evil in the heart of the natural man, when first such a heart contrasts ill with good. Into that frequent result far too many mental factors enter for us to hope to deal with it in any simple way. But still I have a reason for wishing to collect instances of such "counter-suggestions"; *i. e.*, cases where a child has been apparently tempted to do the wrong merely by hearing that it is the wrong, as well as instances where children have seemed from the start disposed to imitate evil examples rather than good, to admire bad big boys rather than good ones, to be forced to build fires in dangerous places just because they have learned of the danger, in a word, to be fascinated by mischief merely because it is mischief. That this may, and often does, happen we all know. Why it happens, no particular instances can in general make clear. But what I now want is no theory on *this* topic, but as concrete and precise a story as possible of individual instances, reported from the life, which may seem to fall under this general head, and to illustrate this well-known and frequent tendency. It is needless to explain why such stories may serve the purpose of throwing light on the imitative functions. It is enough that, if told freshly and circumstantially, and, as I say, from the life, they will help me, although those who tell them cannot well foresee how they can do so, and will therefore be all the more able to tell them without any presuppositions or prejudices.

4. *Imitative emotions* aroused in the minds of inexperienced persons. Observers of chil-

dren and of youth, as well as self-observant persons of all ages, may have cases coming under their notice, either in their own inner lives, or in the lives of people under their charge, where the sympathetic or imitative contagion of emotion appears to give to a sensitive person emotional states that far transcend anything in his own previous experience. Of such cases I have spoken earlier in this essay. The emotions of the theater, the precocious emotions of young children on noteworthy occasions,—*e. g.*, at funerals,—the reactions of sensitive people at the sight of disease and of accidents, are all cases in point. For the sake of guiding possible future inquiries into matters of this kind, I want, as a general basis, a collection of individual instances, reported just as they appear to the observers to have taken place, the person who had the experience, and the circumstances, being described as precisely as possible. The study of a branch of natural history has to begin with just such collections of individual experiences, which may be valuable even when the circumstances seem to the persons concerned relatively insignificant or even trivial.

5. The study of the imitative functions is useless without a consideration of their opposites, the functions which appear to be the reverse of imitative. There are some eccentric or wilful children whose life seems to their parents or teachers a life of almost persistent refusal to imitate models. They will not play with the other children, they live much alone, they do not love what the family is most accustomed to show interest in, they seem to be determined from the outset to choose their own way, and to walk in it. In later youth such characters become especially noteworthy and perplexing. I want a collection of descriptions of such persons—children or youth, portrayed just as they seem to their often very much-concerned parents, teachers, or other friends. These eccentric types are of the utmost interest for the study of the imitative functions. How they will prove so, I can best show when the accounts are before me.

SUCH are some of the matters of natural history concerning which I just now ask for assistance from kindly disposed persons. Of the precise value of a collection of such reports it is impossible to give any fuller account without going into technical details beyond my present limits. Suffice it to say that all serious efforts to answer any of the foregoing questions will be valuable. Where, in writing to me personally, correspondents have occasion to mention persons or incidents that they wish to keep private, they may be sure of my discretion. In using my returns I shall never make in any way pub-

lic any names or personal details without express permission, and shall keep confidential statements in a safe place, where they will surely be destroyed without further examination in case of my death.

As for the further importance of a study of the psychology of imitation, I hope before long, as I have said, to have an opportunity to present considerations bearing on the numerous points which have been touched, but not developed, in the present paper. Especially do the close relations between imitation and originality need clarifying before teachers and critics of art, and of other imitative human activities, can learn to avoid certain extremely prevalent errors, which, as I believe, only psychological analysis can duly expose. As a fact, originality and imitation are not in the least opposed, but are, in healthy cases, absolutely correlative and inseparable processes, so that you cannot be truly original in any direction unless you imitate, and cannot imitate effectively, worthily, admirably unless you imitate in original fashions. The greatest thinker, artist, or prophet is merely a man who imitates inimitably something in the highest degree worthy of his imitation. The current confusion of imitativeness with slavishness, the frequent assertion that children and idiots imitate more frequently than do sound and intelligent and reflective adults, the frequent exhortations to teachers that they shall make their young charges *not* imitative *but* spontaneous in thought (as if one could become rationally spontaneous except through imitation), all such errors rest on a false separation of imitativeness and spontaneity, a separation which can be avoided only through a careful psychological study of these fascinating processes.

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Josiah Royce.

FLASH-LIGHTS.

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. METCALF.



MRS. DEEPWATER.

I.

*To Joshua R. Deepwater, Esq.,
The Bangor House, Portland, Maine.
Sunday, January 8th, 1893.*

DEAREST JOSHUA: How tiresome to have you write that you are doubtful about getting back Saturday next, when I have been count-

ing upon seeing you then. I am actually beginning to hate that odious lumber business which takes you away from me so often. Surely we must be rich enough, when even I, with the best will in the world, cannot manage to spend your entire income. Do you know there are moments when I can scarcely resist urging you to retire altogether from affairs next year, so that I can have you more to myself? And then I hesitate, fearing that the forced inaction and lack of interest might bore you, and you would end by blaming me for having advised such a radical step; so I shrink from the responsibility.

The instant you get this, dear, telegraph me the earliest possible date you can come home; for if not by Saturday, I will arrange to run down to Lakewood with the children over Sunday, returning in time to meet you in town. Gladys has been looking rather pale and languid for the past week, and the poor little thing seems to have lost her lovely color and usual good spirits; the doctor says it is nothing serious, but advises

a couple of days in the country and a complete change of air. By the by, since we shall all be out of town the end of the week, if at the last moment you manage to get away sooner than you expect, instead of coming back here to a deserted house, do spend Sunday at Salem, and see old Aunt Angelica. She wrote me such a sad little letter the other day, bewailing

her loneliness and depression now that she no longer feels able to travel about the world, and amuse herself according to her time-honored



JOSHUA R. DEEPWATER, ESQ.

custom. I reproach myself exceedingly for not having made a more determined effort to see her during the past three years; but you know I could not bear to leave the children for that length of time, or yet expose them to the danger and fatigue of such a long tedious journey. Auntie will be far more cheered by seeing you, and pouring her woes into your sympathetic ears, and you might perhaps make my peace with her by expatiating upon my devotion to the children, and how badly I feel at being unable to come to her, as I long to do.

The usual stream of dinner invitations pours in, but I am declining everything until I know more definitely about your plans, as I hate the idea of dining out without you.

Nevertheless, I was obliged to fill a place last night at the eleventh hour, and after dinner the Patroon-Knickerbockers suggested that we should let them take half our box in the New Opera House. Ours being the second best box in the house, I was not unduly elated by their marked preference for our society, since it would cost them no more than a poorer and much less desirable box. I was inclined to say yes on the spot, as they belong to the "smart set," and she is closely connected with the leaders of it; besides, when people loathe the music as you and I do, her being pretty and popular and having the box

full of men all the time would be really no objection, would it? I said it would be charming to have them, but, as I never did anything without consulting you, would write to you at once about it, and now am only waiting for your answer to send them a line in the affirmative. There is no objection to keeping them in uncertainty for a short time, however; sometimes diplomatic delays work wonders, and *il faut se faire valoir*.

Wrexham has just turned up here; I suppose we must do something for him, but it will be quite time enough when you get home, and, being too short of funds to move on, he is sure to idle along indefinitely in town. When you straightened out the affairs of his father, the duke, by all those lucky mining ventures, you did not expect to be called upon to look after a second edition in his son, did you?

Don't forget, dear, to telegraph fully and immediately your exact plans, as otherwise I shall not venture out of town for fear of missing you, and shall be, besides, in a constant fidget of expectation and uncertainty. Ever your loving wife,
FAITH DEEPWATER.

II.

To the Right Honorable Lord Viscount
Wrexham,
The Brevoort House, Fifth Avenue.

January 8th.

DEAR LORD WREXHAM: So glad to get your note yesterday saying you had returned from your shooting-expedition. In the mean time, I have actually succeeded in finding your heiress — the genuine article, too, money safe as the Bank of England, and all of it carefully invested in the best real estate in this city, the Chemical Bank, and Pennsylvania coal-lands. Considering that she is a great heiress, Miss Temple's beauty and cleverness are quite remarkable; but what will appeal to you more, perhaps, is the fact of her being a thorough sportswoman, and such good form that she would make an ideal future Duchess of Lacklands. Above all, the money has been left to her absolutely in her own right by her father, a most worthy old gentleman, who, after making a fortune in some patent medicine, followed up his rapid success in this world by an equally speedy exit into the next through taking an overdose of his own invention, while fondly sharing the belief of the general public that it cured every known ill. There are no relatives but a mother, who seems presentable and inoffensive, like so many of the mothers here, and, having herself an independent fortune, would be no encumbrance. She adores titles, and worships those of the English aristocracy in particular with the same touching faith that the African savage does his fetish, and would, therefore, make no trouble about settlements.

The duchess has lately written me two long, pathetic letters imploring me to keep you from wasting your time, and to warn you against all attractive but impecunious girls labeled dangerous. Evidently your mother is becoming restive at your long and unprofitable stay in this country, and we shall both of us fall from her good graces if you don't bestir yourself a little more. Your heiress has promised to dine here quietly on Friday next, at eight o'clock, and I strongly urge the importance of your dropping in and joining us then, even if you have to throw over some other dinner. You *must* manage it, as Miss T. starts for St. Augustine on Saturday, and this will be your one opportunity of seeing whether she will do well enough for you to make the effort of going down to Florida to destroy alligators — to catch tarpon and her affections. I can then write diplomatically, and pacify the duchess with full particulars about the fortune, taking care to touch skilfully upon your keen interest in this affair, thereby preventing her from recalling you suddenly, or allowing the duke to carry out his recent threat of cutting off your allowance unless you marry, settled down, and cease being such a *mauvais sujet*. Your friend and mentor, FAITH DEEPWATER.

P. S. I have asked Meadowbrooke, M. F. H. of the Syosset, because you may want him to give you an occasional mount later in the season, and he is one of the few men in this country whose hunters are up to your weight. He may put you down at his clubs, but in any case old Dudley Hunter will be only too delighted to do that. Try, therefore, to be civil to him; I assure you it is for your good.

III.

To Miss Daisy Lawless,
The Brunswick, Fifth Avenue.

Monday, January 9th.

DEAR DAISY: I count upon you for Friday next at eight, to help me make success of a little dinner that I am at this moment getting up for Viscount Wrexham, the old Duke of Lacklands's only son, whom I am supposed to "bear-lead" in a way, and who has just dropped in from the Rockies in his usual inconsequent English fashion. Don't fail me, even if you get into hot water by sliding out of a previous engagement at the last moment, for you must rattle-dazzle Wrexham, who is quite wide enough awake to take notice and meet you half-way, so that he is worth your while. I am sending off a line to Jack Meadowbrooke, asking him to dine here, also; do insist upon his coming, and then I can place you between your best young man and his lordship, giving you no cause to feel that you have wasted an evening or sac-

rificed yourself in vain to help a friend. It is all right about your spree to the Country Club next week; you can count upon my chaperoning it if Mr. Deepwater does not return home, and I think his business is almost certain to detain him in New England for some time yet.

Did you ever see a more stupid theater-party than that at Mrs. Leader's last night — such a mixed crowd? After being a social power all these years, surely at her age the old autocrat



VISCOUNT WREXHAM.

might have learned the first principles of getting together the right people and of making her things have more "go." Yours ever,

FAITH.

IV.

To J. Meadowbrooke, Esq.,
The Knickerbocker Club.

Monday, January 9th.

DEAR MR. MEADOWBROOKE: Will you dine with me very quietly next Friday at eight o'clock? I have asked only one or two people, because I wanted to have an opportunity of arranging with you and Daisy about the final details for her party to the Country Club next week.

Trusting that I may have the pleasure of seeing you, believe me sincerely yours,

FAITH DEEPWATER.

V.

*To Miss Temple,**No. 113 Gramercy Park.*

Monday, January 9th.

DEAR MISS TEMPLE: I find that on Friday my old friend Giboyer of the Comédie-Française has an off night, when he promises to dine with me very quietly at eight, and recite some of his monologues afterward, if I will ask only a few people. Will you be of the party? I am so



DAISY LAWLESS.

anxious to have you, for, having spent much of your life in Paris, it will interest Giboyer greatly to meet you, and I know you will inspire him to do his best.

I am delighted to hear that dear Mrs. Temple is so much better that you have abandoned all idea of going South this season, and can spend the winter here. Pray give her my best love, and with hopes that I may have the good fortune to find you disengaged, I am most cordially yours,

FAITH DEEPWATER.

VI.

*To Mrs. Manhattan Leader,
No. 302 Fifth Avenue.*

January 10th.

DEAR MRS. LEADER: If, by any fortunate chance, you and Mr. Leader are disengaged next Friday, will you dine with us most informally at eight o'clock, to meet Viscount Wrex-

ham, who is spending only a few days in town, on his way South, and has expressed a great desire to meet you? He tells me that the Duchess of Lacklands has often spoken to him about you, and of how much she enjoyed your society a few years ago, when you all stopped together in Scotland at Ballymichen.

Of course you have heard of the terrible scandal that is coming out this week; if you should happen to learn any of the particulars on Friday night, as perhaps you may, I know I can count upon your discretion not to mention them. With kindest regards, believe me very sincerely yours, FAITH DEEPWATER.

VII.

*To Mrs. Patroon-Knickerbocker,
No. 3 Washington Square.*

January 10th.

MY DEAR MRS. PATROON-KNICKERBOCKER: My husband has just wired me that he will be glad to let Mr. Patroon-Knickerbocker have half his box in the New Opera House, and will call and arrange it all with him immediately on his return to town.

You happened to mention the other day that you were anxious to meet Giboyer, and as he has just promised to dine here with me very quietly on Friday next, at eight o'clock, I should be delighted if you and Mr. Patroon-Knickerbocker would join us then, and pardon the informality of this hasty

invitation. Sincerely yours,

FAITH DEEPWATER.

VIII.

January 11th.

M. MAXIME BLANC, HOTEL LOGEROT.

DEAR MONSIEUR BLANC: I was extremely pleased to renew our old acquaintance at Mrs. Masham's tea the other day, and to discover that as Monsieur Giboyer's private secretary, you had at last found a congenial occupation for a man of your *savoir faire* and literary tastes.

Immediately on my return home, I acted upon your clever suggestion of asking Monsieur Giboyer to dine with me next Friday, his off night, and he has accepted my invitation, as you predicted he would. This accomplished, I shall consider it a genuine act of friendship on your part never again to mention repaying the trifling sum you owe me. I assure you that in those old London days, I was most happy

to have an opportunity of being useful to a man of your brilliant attainments, too much occupied to attend to the sordid practical de-



JACK MEADOWBROOKE.

tails of daily life; and you have just placed me so deeply in your debt, that I shall be exceedingly gratified if you will dismiss it forever from your mind as completely as I shall.

Do you suppose Monsieur Giboyer would feel surprised or annoyed if, after dinner, I should ask him to recite one of his inimitable monologues? With a view to such a possible piece of good fortune, I have made a point of inviting a few of our best-known *dilettanti* and society people, to secure that atmosphere of sympathy and appreciation so grateful to true artists. Now you, who understand him so thoroughly, can, I know, merely by the exercise of your faultless tact, so influence him beforehand, that he will come to my house quite unconsciously inclined to grant my request. Rest assured, I shall ask him in such a natural and unpremeditated manner that he will attribute it entirely to an unguarded impulse of the moment; and thanking you in advance for those friendly efforts in my behalf, which *must* be crowned with success, I am yours truly,
F. DEEPWATER.

IX.

To Dudley Hunter, Esq.,
Union Club.

January 11th.

DEAR MR. DUDLEY HUNTER: Will a man of your innumerable social engagements pardon the informality of an invitation at the eleventh hour? Young Wrexham, Lacklands's only son, who has arrived in town unexpectedly, and

dines with me next Friday at eight, has expressed himself so anxious to meet you, that I trust his wish may be gratified; for he has read your book, is delighted with it, and insists that it is positively unique. He proposes spending enough time here to get a thorough glimpse of New York society, and I assured him you could put him in the way of seeing and knowing everybody and everything better than any one else. Do, therefore, take him in hand, keep him out of mischief, and present him only to the most eligible girls. His parents will be more than grateful, for I fancy he has been a little wild, as they appear to be very anxious that he should *ranger* himself.

Those canvasbacks at your house the other night were so delicious that I have been dreaming of them ever since. Why cannot my chef acquire the art of cooking them as yours does? He is a perfect marvel in every way. For this important occasion, I wonder if you would consider it an indiscretion on my part to ask you the exact number of minutes and seconds ducks should be kept in the oven. Sincerely yours,
FAITH DEEPWATER.

X.

Extract from a letter of Mrs. Manhattan Leader to her daughter the Princess Roccabruna, Palazzo Roccabruna, Rome.

Saturday, January 14th.

"I think I have now told you about everybody with the exception of a certain Mrs. Joshua R. Deepwater, quite a new woman, who has practi-



DOROTHY TEMPLE.



MRS. MANHATTAN LEADER.

cally succeeded in working her way up into society during the past year. None of us have been able to hunt up other particulars about her past than that she came originally from some little provincial town in the interior of the State, and married an utterly unknown, but rather worthy, elderly Western man, who laid the beginnings of his fortunes by successfully floating the schemes of some English capitalists in this country. They lived some years in England, where they appear to have met a number of nice people, from whom they probably acquired the manners of society and a certain knowledge of how to live. All of us here have felt in a measure obliged to take this person up, much against our will, of course, because the best men would flock to her house, saying they were never bored there. Somehow she contrives to give such clever impromptu dinners, composed of the smartest and most amusing people, that in this way she has made it rather the thing to go there. How she does it, none of us have been able to find out, for she seems a quiet little woman, apparently without powers of conversation, good looks, or intelligence. That she is rich, dresses well, has a good chef, and excellent wines, would hardly account for it all, when quantities of women in our set fail utterly, though possessed of all those social qualifications in a far greater degree, besides being backed up by powerful family connections. Handicapped tremendously by a dull husband,

many years older than herself, it puzzles me how she always gets him off the scenes whenever she entertains, without his apparently minding in the least, for he proves his absolute devotion by giving her *carte blanche* in everything, and her maid told my maid, who of course told me, that there was really nothing in the world that he would not do for her. It is all very mysterious, and I wish I knew the secret of her success, for she is certainly not the least clever, and she produces the impression of being so commonplace that one might almost term her stupid. By the by, you will be amazed to hear that *we* actually dined at her house last night, quite on the spur of the moment, of course. The husband was absent, and it proved really such an amusing and brilliant affair that I was immensely entertained, though occasionally I experienced a sensation of surprise at finding myself dining with such an utter parvenu. Lord Wrexham was there, for whom the dinner was given, and who dines with me to-night. He was sent out to marry Dorothy Temple, but has apparently fallen

deeply in love with Daisy Lawless instead. From the moment he was presented to her he was so cleverly played by that astute young person that he at once embarked upon a marked flirtation with her, and before dinner was half over it really looked like a serious case. Of course Meadowbrooke was so simply furious that he started in to make violent running with Dorothy, who has been madly in love with him for the past three years, as everybody knows. Poor girl! lately she has gone off so much in her looks that I am afraid she is not long for this world. I suppose she liked him because he was the one man in town not after her fortune; but if he had not been having such a desperate affair with Daisy all that time he might have proved like the rest. As usual Daisy has been playing the same old game, and only amusing herself with him; she has far too level a head to think seriously of such a detrimental, and will throw him away like an old glove, once she sees the slightest chance of landing Wrexham. If she does, what a life he will lead her, for I hear he is a very bad lot. You might find out and write me what they said about him in Rome, when he was attaché of the Embassy there, just after he left the Guards so suddenly; he cannot go back to England now until some one pays his debts. Besides all these, there was Giboyer, this season's greatest lion, who was most entertaining, and amused us so much by his monologues that none of us left until after

one o'clock. It appears he is an old friend of Mrs. Deepwater's, so I think I must cultivate her a little, and see if she cannot induce him to come to my house in that capacity, to amuse us. If she is intimate with all the leading professional celebrities, she might prove rather useful at times, and being such a humdrum little woman, she would expect nothing more in return than an occasional invitation to one of my big entertainments. The Patroon-Knickerbockers and old Dudley Hunter made up the rest of the party. On the whole, I am rather

pleased that we went, though, to do so, I had at the last moment to throw over a state dinner given by your aunt Spuyten Duyvel to the Bishop, which I had accepted more than five weeks ago, and indeed I rather fancy that some of my *convives* did the same, for I know that the Patroon-Knickerbockers and Dudley Hunter were expected at your aunt's as well, while Meadowbrooke was due at a big *débutante* dinner. What do you think is the secret of this woman's success? Do explain it to me if you can."

Lester Raynor.



DUDLEY HUNTER.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

What is Political Economy?

WE doubt if the great mass of the American people realize to what extent their experience with financial problems during the last year or more has been a forced education in political economy. Most persons, when they hear the term political economy, think of an abstract and intricate science, abounding in laws and technical phrases about money, finance, trade, exchange, etc., all more or less beyond the comprehension of every one save those who because of their profession, or business, or lines of study, or mental inclination, have acquired a special knowledge on the subject. Now, while it is true that there are in every country comparatively few minds that are capable of so grasping the science of political economy as to become expert financiers, competent to direct the financial policy of a nation, or even to administer wisely the affairs of a bank or of a great corporation with large financial transactions, it nevertheless remains equally true that so far as political economy in its broadest sense is concerned,

a comprehension of it lies easily within the grasp of every intelligent person.

Defined in the simplest and most accurate way, political economy is merely the result of the experience of the human race since the dawn of civilization in seeking to improve its material condition. The laws of political economy, like all natural laws, have been discovered by observation and experience. There was no invention of political economy as a science. The first men to make a written science of it did not invent it; they merely set down in scientific form the results of human experience down to their day. Newton discovered the law of gravitation, but he did not invent it. Quesnay, Turgot, and Adam Smith discovered the great laws of political economy, but they did not invent them. All that Adam Smith did was to create out of the results of human experience down to his time the written science which is known as political economy. He studied philosophically the various attempts which had been made by different nations in different times to better the material condition of their people, and observ-

ing, running through all these experiences, evidence that certain causes always produced certain results, he deduced and formulated the principles which lie at the foundation of the modern science of political economy. New principles have been added in precisely the same way since his time, and modern developments have supplanted some of his principles with other principles, made laws by the progress and growth of the human race; but the science to-day remains as he formulated it — the summary of the results of human experience.

What we have been doing in this country during the last year, or, more accurately, during the last fifteen years, has been to defy the results of this experience. We were not the first people to make this experiment. The readers of *THE CENTURY* who followed our series of articles on "Cheap-Money Experiments" are aware that long before the time of Adam Smith, and at repeated periods since his day, efforts were made by one nation after another to set aside and ignore those natural laws which he formulated, the result in every instance being the same — failure and disaster. He published his "Wealth of Nations" in 1776; the English Land Bank experiment was tried in 1696, and John Law's experiment in France in 1718. Behind these experiments were the same delusions about the nature and function of money that appeared later in support of the long series of similar experiments which various nations have made since Adam Smith wrote. Precisely the same delusions were behind the silver movement in this country. Every man who has read the history of political economy recognized in that movement the same fallacies, misconceptions, and ignorance of natural laws which have characterized all cheap-money experiments from the first to the last. There was nothing new in it; even the inevitable disaster which nearly wrecked the business and industry of the country, and brought the nation itself to the verge of bankruptcy, was as old as civilization.

There were in our silver experiment, as in all the other attempts to make money more plentiful by depreciating it and destroying its usefulness as a standard of value, many earnest and sincere men who believed that they had discovered something new in the domains of economic truth, that we as a nation were so situated and circumstanced that we could shut our eyes to the lessons of experience in other countries, and could go ahead safely on new principles of our own, evolved expressly for our special needs. The result showed that natural laws do not change with time, and that the nation which violates them must suffer the consequences just as surely in the nineteenth century as in the seventeenth.

It cannot be that this lesson in what political economy actually is can be lost upon the American people. We believe that it will be many years before so disastrous an attempt will be made to ignore the results of human experience in the one field in which the welfare of all the people has most at stake. The natural well-being of man must be maintained in order that his moral well-being may exist and develop. In this sense the wise management of a nation's finances is the most important part of its government. There can be no such management if the teaching of the human race is ignored, and the natural laws deduced from that teaching are set at defiance. Hereafter, when any apostle of new doctrines of political economy comes before the

people, let him be judged on this basis. If he shall deny the value of experience, the teaching of history, the "garnered wisdom of the ages," the people can surely set him down as a pestiferous quack, who is either too ignorant or too dishonest to be a safe guide.

Let us hope also that the lesson has been learned that, in the financial management of the Government, expert knowledge which is based upon long, intelligent, and thoughtful study of the science evolved from human experience is the only kind which the country can afford to employ. Other nations seek out this knowledge, and bring it into their service at any and all cost. Why should we be less wise than they?

The Foreign Element in Trade-Unions.

WE are in receipt of many letters commenting upon our recent series of articles upon American boys and American labor. Some of these — by far the larger number — confirm the general position taken in those articles, and a few dissent from it. The latter do not, however, adduce any official or other evidence to offset that presented by us, but uniformly stop with statements of the personal experience of the writers. A fair sample of this class of communications is one written by Mr. George L. McMurphy, Corresponding Secretary of the Tacoma Trades Council. Mr. McMurphy says, in the first part of his letter, which is too long for us to publish in full:

The apprentice laws, or rules of the unions, which you seem to claim are adopted in a spirit of hostility to American labor, are adopted mainly for two reasons. First: with the purpose of controlling the number of men at work in the trade (in other words, controlling the supply of labor), with a view of more easily controlling wages. While I will admit this motive may be morally wrong, it is no more so, and no more to be condemned, than the action of sugar trusts, cordage trusts, whisky trusts, coal-oil combines, and the numberless other combinations of capital to control production for the purpose of controlling prices. But I think the main reason for restriction of the number of apprentices is that it is found to be absolutely necessary to prevent employers filling their shops with boys, called "apprentices," but who are given no chance to master the trade they are supposed to be learning, but are taught how to do one thing only, and kept at it, to the displacement of competent mechanics, because they can be hired cheaper.

This is clearly an admission that the trade-union rules, no matter what the motives behind them, do operate to keep boys from learning the trades. Mr. McMurphy goes on to say:

In point of fact, there is no chance to-day for American youth to learn any trade, except when the trade is controlled by trade-unions. I am a carpenter by trade, and have worked at that trade, mostly as journeyman, for the past twenty-two years, and in Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Iowa, California, and this State, and during all that time, and overall that territory, have not worked where the number of apprentices was in any way restricted or controlled by any union, and yet, through all that time, I have found only one apprentice regularly indentured, and learning the trade.

Mr. McMurphy's point seems to be that the boys are not kept out of the trades by the hostility of the foreign element in the unions, but by their own disinclination to become apprentices. If he has read our articles carefully, he is aware that we have not charged upon the trade-unions the full responsibility for the passing away of the apprentice system. On the contrary, we

said in our second article in the series: "These [the unions] have been charged with far greater responsibility in the premises than belongs to them; they have helped to abolish the apprentice system; but it would have disappeared without their opposition, though not so soon." Mr. McMurphy says that he is an American, born of American parentage, and strongly American in sentiment, and that in all his experience he has not found among trade-union membership that hostility to American labor and to American institutions which we have declared to exist. Our readers are familiar with the official evidence which we cited in support of our contentions on these points, and it is not necessary to reproduce it now. A later bit in the same direction comes to us from a correspondent in St. Paul, Minnesota, who wrote some months ago:

In regard to the antagonism of labor-unions to American institutions, witness the action of the brewers in session recently, in which they unanimously determined and promulgated an order that no member of the brewers' union should become a member of the militia of any State, and that those now enlisted in the military service should leave it forthwith. This decision was followed by the coopers' union shortly afterward.

If this policy is pursued by the other-labor unions, I presume it will be but a short time before a demand will be made for the abolition of all State military forces.

Of course this action amounts to rebellion, and if it were to be followed in practice the question of whether the State or the trade-union was the supreme power would have to be met and answered. In closing his letter, Mr. McMurphy makes a point which is worthy of thoughtful consideration:

The fact that so large a percentage of the trade-unions' membership is of foreign birth is to be attributed to the blind selfishness of the American employer, who prefers the partly skilled workman of foreign birth, at a cheap price, to the skilled American, at a fair price, and will rather get along with the poor foreign article than offer any inducement, or chance even, for the American youth to perfect himself in his trade.

Popular Education in Citizenship.

ONE of the most healthful effects of the first national conference of municipal reform organizations, at Philadelphia in January last, has been the increased attention which has been given since to various plans and suggestions for arousing a more active interest in municipal politics. It is clear that many more persons are considering such matters now than ever before, and this fact of itself is ample justification of the wisdom of holding such conferences. We shall be very much surprised if next year's conference is not in attendance, weight of suggestion, and practical directness of discussion, a distinct advance over the first gathering. The first has sowed the seed of discussion in various quarters of the land, and unless all signs are misleading, there will be an encouraging crop of political results to be garnered when the second shall have come together.

Several notable aids to this discussion have been brought to our attention during the past few months in the form of books and pamphlets. Most of these relate to the problem of municipal government in the larger cities, for it is in these, of course, that aid is most needed. They are aimed very wisely at the dissemination of knowledge as to the exact working of the pres-

ent political machinery, with a view to improvement after a thorough study shall have revealed the defects which are the main causes of existing evils. The first object is to awake interest, the second to encourage investigation, and the third to institute and carry out necessary reforms. In passing, we wish to commend the example of the "Wharton School of Finance and Economy," in setting its class of 1893 to the task of collecting material for, and editing, essays on the various departments of the government of Philadelphia. The result of the work of these young men is given in a volume just issued, with a preface by Professor E. J. James, explaining the circumstances of its preparation. Similar work might be done by every college in the country, in relation to various phases of government.

Two very useful books are "Primary Elections," by Mr. Daniel S. Remsen of New York, published in Putnam's "Questions of the Day" series, and a "Handbook for Philadelphia Voters," compiled by Mr. Charles A. Brinley, and published by the Wharton School. The first of these gives clear and concise summaries of the rules and methods which are at present observed by political parties in their primaries, county organizations, State and National conventions, in all parts of the country. The working of these is explained clearly, and the evils attendant upon them are pointed out. Mr. Remsen follows this exposition with a discussion of various plans for improvement, including plural and quota elections, direct nominations, proportional representation, secret voting by blank-ballot in the primaries, and the nomination of candidates by politicians in the primaries. His point of view is that the primary is the pivot of reform, that the control of the primary carries with it the control of the party, the convention, and the nominations, and hence the primary determines both the character of the party, and the quality of popular government.

Mr. Brinley's handbook gives the Philadelphia voter full information as to the laws of citizenship and naturalization, qualifications of electors, boundaries of election, congressional and legislative districts and wards, lists of elective and appointive officers, dates of party meetings and primaries, rules of both political parties, principles and by-laws of the Municipal League, the ballot law, the anti-bribery and fraud laws, digest of the city charter, and of laws passed by the last legislature—in short, information of every kind which a voter may need to enable him to cast his vote intelligently. The book is a model of its kind, and every city in the land should have one similar to it for wide distribution among its voters.

A pamphlet by the same author, entitled "Citizenship," is deserving of equally warm commendation. It consists mainly of the results of a novel expedition which Mr. Brinley put on foot. He sent out a young man, recently out of college, with directions to obtain exact information about the places in the public service concerning which as a voter he was entitled to express his will at the polls. He put the results of his inquiries in writing as quickly as possible after each day's search, and these Mr. Brinley has given in his pamphlet under the title, "Report of a Voter in Search of his Rights." It took this voter several hours a day for six weeks to gather this information. He was delegated next to look into the question of primary elections in

the same way, and the results of this inquiry are included in the pamphlet. The reading of the reports on these two expeditions is most instructive, showing as it does how dense is the ignorance of the average intelligent voter in a large city on all matters pertaining to an election in which he takes part—ignorance as to candidates, to offices, to methods, to district boundaries—in fact, everything.

Mr. Brinley says in his comments upon the contents of his pamphlet:

A great deal of thought has been expended upon methods of reform, and upon some way of getting from the people a better expression of their preferences in caucus or at primary elections. How would it do for reformers to turn their attention to putting voters in possession of exact knowledge as to their elementary privileges and duties; and to posting them as to the exact means by which they may use the former and fulfil the latter?

The individual voter must be held up to his work, and a way found to get it into his head what his work really is, and how to do it like an honest man and a civilized being, who has some conception of his relations to society. . . . Cannot the idea of good government—honest government—participated in by all, from the careful voter at the primaries to the chief of his representatives, be made a new watchword? Is not Citizenship to-day a greater word for us than Liberty? If it cannot

become so, the time is near when we will have to use liberty with new meanings to invoke salvation from new and strange tyrannies.

This, it seems to us, sounds the true watchword for the campaign of education which is before all municipal reformers—a campaign of education in citizenship. Until the respectable and intelligent portions of the population of our large cities can be brought to take an active interest in city politics and city government, it is of small use to talk about improved methods for conducting primaries. The first thing to do is to get the people who are in favor of reform into the primaries. They do not go there now, and they will not be attracted there by improvement in primary methods. Nothing will take them there but interest in public affairs, and that can be awakened only by educating them in civic pride, or to a proper sense of what their citizenship implies. There can be no surer way of doing this than by disseminating widely books and pamphlets of the kind we have mentioned. Every voter who has one of these in his possession is certain to be influenced by it to take a more active part in the city government under which he lives.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Common Sense of Civil Service Reform.

A LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER ROOSEVELT.

IT is always a surprise to me that the Congressmen from the outlying districts fail to understand the immense advantage their constituents receive from the civil-service law. Under the old spoils system the people who are nearest the centers of influence are sure to have the best chance to get appointments. The man who can get to Washington readily and badger his Congressman, or badger the head of a department, has opportunities which are not open to the man who lives in northern Michigan or in Louisiana or on the Pacific coast. Under the civil-service law, on the contrary, each State gets its proper quota of appointments. Thus, during the four years of President Harrison's administration, the Commission succeeded, for the first time, in getting the quotas of the Southern States level with the quotas of the Northern. Four or five hundred appointments in the departmental service at Washington during Harrison's administration were made from the Southern States, and at least two thirds of the men thus appointed were white Democrats. The majority of the remainder were colored Republicans. The law thus worked well in two ways. In the first place, the young white Democrats who thus got in were appointed purely because of their merit, without the exercise of any political influence. They were given the chance to earn their livelihood and serve the Government solely by the civil-service law; and not one of them would have been appointed save for this law; and but for its existence the appointments would not have been evenly distributed among the States. No section of the country has benefited more by this law than the South.

In the next place, the colored people appointed were

not men of the ordinary colored politician stamp, with which we are unhappily familiar. They were bright, educated young fellows, often graduates of the colored colleges, of the class whose members have very few avenues of employment open to them, and who most need to have these avenues made more numerous. The civil-service law has thrown open one more walk of honorable employment to colored people who are striving to win their way upward.

I wish that the plain, sensible people of the country, those who are interested in decent politics, and not in office-mongering and office-jobbing, would make some of the Congressmen who declaim against the civil-service law understand that it is not safe always to pander to stupid or dishonest voters. The civil-service reform law is, in its essentials, a law to provide for entrance to and retention in office upon grounds of merit alone, and to do away with bribery by means of offices. In the last analysis, it is as immoral to bribe with an office as it is to bribe with money; and those Congressmen and politicians who want to repeal the civil-service law occupy a position quite as indefensible as if they wished to repeal the laws forbidding bribery at elections. They stand as the apostles of the dishonest in our public life.

The enactment of the civil-service law has brought a better class of clerks into the public service, and has enabled these employees to live more as reputable American citizens should live. They are enabled to provide for their wives and families, and to look to the future in a way that they could not possibly do so long as they were dependent for their livelihood upon doing the bidding of some local boss. Often clerks come to Washington not with the intention of staying permanently in the government service, but with the intention of putting

in their evening hours in studying some profession, which they would be unable to study in their country homes. Thoroughly capable men, while in the lower grades, can often do this without in any way interfering with their government work. I recall, for instance, a young fellow from Maine, wholly without political influence, who got an appointment under us in Washington. He stayed three years, rendering entirely satisfactory service to the Government, but during that time he also pursued his studies as a medical student, so that he was able to leave the government service, and complete his medical course abroad, and is now a practising physician. Another young man, whose case was brought to my notice, was from a country district in Texas. He was poor, the only son of a widow; he had educated himself at the local district school, and by studying at home during the evenings; he was ambitious, and wished to study law, but had no chance to study law where he was, and no chance to go anywhere else, because he had no money. He had no political or social influence whereby to secure an appointment on the grounds of patronage; but he entered one of our civil-service examinations, and, merely on his merits, won a position of a thousand dollars. On the lonely farm where he had been he could never have earned a third of this amount; neither could he have studied his profession at the little cross-roads village which was his post-office. Coming to Washington, he took night-courses in law, being also a faithful and efficient government clerk. He succeeded in being admitted to the bar, and after a few years he left the service, was taken into partnership, and is now a prosperous young lawyer in a thriving county-seat town. I am taking these instances almost at random; they could be paralleled in hundreds of cases.

Contrast the above with the experience of the man who gets his appointment under the spoils or patronage system. In the first place, he must sacrifice his self-respect by asking as a favor what under the civil-service law he gets as a right. He has to go through that most disagreeable experience of kicking his heels in the antechambers of the temporarily great. He has to sue for his appointment, intrigue for it, and usually has to do some kind of political work for local ward politicians as a price of their backing. Once in, he may or may not do his duty to the Government, but he is obliged all the time to be uneasily aware that he owes his retention to political influence, and that he must at all hazards retain this influence or be turned out.

The civil-service law does good service in raising the character of our government work; but the best service it renders is to our public life, for it wars against the foul system which treats government offices as forming a vast bribery chest with which to corrupt voters. It wars against a system to which more than to any other one thing we owe what is evil and undesirable in American political life.

Theodore Roosevelt.

General Hill's Article on Stonewall Jackson.

In the February number of *THE CENTURY* there is an article by General D. H. Hill, entitled "The Real Stonewall Jackson," and purporting to be confined mainly to the personal recollections of the writer,

and to the "relation of incidents and anecdotes which he knew of his own knowledge to be true." After referring to the way in which General Taylor came to be called "Old Rough and Ready," he proceeds to state:

In like manner a letter written from the field of the first Manassas gave Jackson the cognomen of "Stonewall," and told a very pretty story about General Bee pointing to him, and saying, "There stands Jackson like a stone wall." Not only was the tale a sheer fabrication, but the name was the least suited to Jackson, who was ever in motion, "swooping like an eagle on his prey."

This assertion of General Hill is as unfortunate as unfounded. There may be a "cloud of witnesses" yet alive who heard General Bernard E. Bee so speak of General Jackson and his Virginians. Of this number I am one, and perhaps was nearer to him than any other person at the time when, in the excitement of the moment, he pronounced a sentence which stamped upon a hero and his brigade a cognomen which is as enduring as the history of their deeds, and with which that of General Bee will always be associated. The "pretty story" was not told by "a letter written from the field," but was told at General Joseph E. Johnston's headquarters by myself, one of his staff-officers, the day after the battle, and no doubt was also told by the Carolinians whom Bee rallied, and in this way was caught up by the soldiers, and its truth established in the minds and hearts of the entire army.

At the request of General Johnston I wrote an account of this first battle of Manassas a few days after it occurred. I mentioned this incident, which he himself witnessed. In 1879 the same facts were stated in a sketch of General Jackson, written at the request of the trustees of the Stonewall Jackson Institute of Abingdon, Va. Lest any material error might be made, I sent a copy of that portion of the address which embraced an account of the battle to General Johnston for his criticism and correction. His reply is dated White Sulphur Springs (Va.), September 3, 1879, and contains these extracts:

Your letter of August 20 came in due time. . . . I will not undertake to criticize your account of the battle of Manassas, for your impressions are perhaps as correct as mine. Now, Cousin Tom [we were kinsmen, and friends from childhood], remember that you saw as much of this battle as any one, and therefore there is no earthly reason why you should not prefer and adhere to your own opinions in the two points in which we differ [viz., as to the position of some of the troops].

The incidents connected with and preceding this designation of General Jackson and his brigade, as told at the time, are simply these:

When General Johnston and General Beauregard with their staffs and escorts reached the vicinity and rear of the conflict, in an open field a dispirited-looking body of men were seen standing along an old fence. General Johnston, accompanied by one of his staff (the writer), turned his horse toward the center of the line, and, approaching the color-bearer, asked, "What regiment is this, and what are you doing here?" He was answered: "It is the 4th Alabama. Our officers have been disabled or killed, and there is no one to command us." General Johnston put his hand upon the flagstaff, and said: "Give me your flag, and I will lead you. Follow me." The standard-bearer retained his hold upon the staff,

and, looking up to the general, as he walked quickly by the side of his horse, said, "General, don't take my colors from me. Tell me where to carry them, and I will plant them there." The general saw that the regiment advanced with spirit, and, relinquishing his hold upon the flagstaff, soon put Colonel R. S. Gist, one of General Bee's staff, in command. In confirmation of this fact, see General Johnston's "Narrative," page 48. His modesty and self-abnegation did not permit any allusion to the conspicuous part he had just performed. The regiment had hardly passed beyond General Johnston and me when General Bee rode up, and, as he faced General Johnston, dropped the reins of his bridle, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "General, my command is defeated and scattered, and I am alone." General Johnston in the kindest and gentlest tones replied, "I know it is not your fault, General Bee; but don't despair, the day is not lost yet." A few moments of conversation followed, and then General Johnston, pointing to some men lying along a fence, asked, "What men are these?" General Bee turned to look, and replied, "They are South Carolinians." General Johnston said, "Rally them, and lead them back into the fight." I was assigned to the same duty, and was near General Bee when he appealed to them as South Carolinians to sustain the reputation of their State, and, pointing to General Jackson's brigade (a part of which could be distinctly seen) exclaimed, "Look, there is Jackson with his Virginians standing like a stone wall against the enemy."* The men were aroused by these appeals, and, falling into line, were led toward the front, where General Bee, gathering other portions of his command, led the charge in which he fell mortally wounded.

I must, in conclusion, be pardoned for saying that General D. H. Hill does not present the "Real Stonewall Jackson" in all the fullness of his striking characteristics as he is known to his friends, and appears to those who have studied his private life and military career. What I have written is only to vindicate and establish the truth of history. I leave it with you to decide whether or not the correction shall follow the same channel as the mistakes of a brave soldier, scholar, and gentleman, who was often a careless writer and collator of facts.

Thomas L. Preston.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, February 24, 1894.

Stonewall Jackson at Port Republic.

IN the February number of *THE CENTURY*, General D. H. Hill says that the incident of the Yankee gunner and Stonewall Jackson at Port Republic is romantic, but false.

I was a member of Company F, Ninth Louisiana Volunteers, and was at Port Republic on the day of the battle. I was ill, and with a small number of other sick soldiers was ordered to cross from the north side of the river to the side on which Port Republic is situated, and to go in the direction of the baggage trains. We crossed the river a little above the bridge in a skiff, after which most of the men went directly toward the

baggage train, while I and a comrade by the name of Jones, a member of the same company, went to the pike, and proceeded down toward the bridge. When about seventy-five or a hundred yards from the bridge we saw three or four Federal soldiers with a cannon at the south entrance of the bridge pointing through it, and on the same side of the bridge with us. We were starting to run when we saw General Jackson, alone, coming down the road at a gallop. He had on his old cap, but wore a United States Army overcoat, and rode by, passing within ten feet of us, in the direction of the gun. I heard him say: "Why did you put that gun there? Why don't you remove it down there? Don't you see the enemy over yonder?" pointing to our troops on the north side of the river, and also to a level place a little below the bridge, and a short distance from the mouth of it. The Yankees at once moved the gun to the place indicated by General Jackson, who immediately rode through the bridge as fast as he could go, and waved his cap to his men, who began firing, and soon drove the gun away. There were other Federal troops to be seen down the river at the time. I knew General Jackson by sight, perfectly, and cannot be mistaken. My comrade Jones, I think, is dead. I have often mentioned the scene to my fellow-soldiers during and since the war.

R. S. Fortson.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

The Depletion of American Forests.

A WRITER in the January number of *THE CENTURY*, under the title of "The Vanishing Moose," makes a statement which I think may be very misleading, if not erroneous. On page 345 he says: "Of the great forests that absolutely covered the Eastern and Northwestern States, and served as the home of vast numbers of animals, *scarcely anything is left.*" The italics are mine.

As to the Eastern States, the above is undoubtedly correct; but as a sweeping characteristic of the Northwestern States, I am sure the author of "The Vanishing Moose" is much in error.

Take, for instance, the State of Washington, the most northwestern State in the Union. Within its limits only the fringe of the lumber forests has as yet been cut away. The most carefully prepared statistics, gathered down to as late a date as January 1, 1894, show the number of standing feet of timber in the State of Washington to be 410,000,000,000, of which not quite 1,000,000,000 feet are cut and marketed each year. From these data it is easy to see that the forests of the State will be exhausted only about four hundred years hence.

To be sure, some little destruction goes on in the way of clearing and burning away timber to fit the land for agricultural pursuits, but this is chiefly on tracts that have already been exhausted by the machinery of logging. Instead of attacking land that is wholly new, the farmer selects those districts from which all wood valuable for lumber has been removed. Thus the heaviest is out of the way.

Forest fires are unknown in the State of Washington, so that destruction of her forests in this manner is not yet a source of anxiety.

The data I have given above apply with almost equal force to Oregon, Minnesota, and Wisconsin. It may

* This incident was also witnessed by Mr. Barna McKinnze, at that time a private in the Fourth Alabama, and subsequently chief quartermaster on General G. W. Smith's staff.—EDITOR.

therefore be safely inferred that much of the forests of the Northwestern States yet remains.

SNOHOMISH, WASHINGTON.

W. T. Ellwell.

REJOINER BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VANISHING MOOSE."

THE term "Eastern and Northwestern States" in my article was meant to refer to the two original forest areas in this country, and the State of Washington is in some respects the least injured of the whole district; but even in Washington the area of virgin forest has been very seriously diminished.

The figures Mr. Ellwell quotes are of no value as showing decrease of forest area, because his ratio between the number of feet of standing timber and the number of feet annually marketed does not show the ratio between what is annually cut, cleared, or burned (or, in other words, destroyed) and what is left untouched. The timber marketed is only a fraction of what is cut, and in a new country rapidly being settled the amount cut by lumbermen is only a fraction of what is cleared. To this must be added the timber burned, which in the Northwest is very great. Within the last two years the Olympic peninsula has been badly burned, and in 1880 alone, the last year for which figures are attainable, 37,910 acres, valued at \$713,200, were destroyed by fire in the State of Washington. This effectually disposes of Mr. Ellwell's statement that "forest fires are unknown in the State of Washington."

The only way to judge of the destruction of forests in the United States is to consider the number of square miles of timber-lands annually cleared in any manner, whether by settlement, fire, or lumbering. Judged by this standard, not only Washington, but the other Northwestern States, would make a sorry showing.

The destruction of forests in this country is, indeed, so very far advanced that it is, or ought to be, a source of anxiety to patriotic men not wholly absorbed in realizing on the heritage of the centuries for their own financial advancement and the impoverishment of coming generations. In evidence of this, let me quote from a letter just received from Dr. John D. Jones, assistant chief in the Division of Forestry at Washington, D. C., who is widely known as an authority on the subject:

"At the present rate of destruction, together with the enormous increasing demands, the timber-lands of the United States, unless some radical action is taken at once, will, in a very short time, be a thing of the past."

Madison Grant.

The English Language in America.

THERE has been from time to time serious talk, even in England, of the reform of English orthography. The word is a misnomer in relation to the English language, for there is nothing orthographic in it. No language, except perhaps the Etruscan, was ever reduced to such phonetic decay. The simplest and most easily acquired, as speech, of all European languages, its spelling brings the foreigner to despair. It is impossible for any man who has learned the sounds given to the letters of it, and acquired them in the highest possible exactitude as elements, to go on from that and learn to talk it so as to be generally understood. This is a disgraceful fact, explain it how we may.

The business world is meanwhile persistently clamoring and searching for a universal language, and Volapük has even been acquired by thousands of malcontents, in the whimsical faith that a language without literature and without roots in the habits of mankind can be coaxed into vitality by the more or less philosophic considerations that it favors no existing language, impartially borrows from all, lends to none, and therefore can excite the jealousy of nobody. The only apology for this unfathomable absurdity is that the owners of the existing languages refuse to adapt them to the uses of humanity at large. To say that our language is the simplest of the European tongues in its grammar, in its construction of phrase, and especially in its inflections, is to claim what nobody contests; and that it is the easiest to learn is a common remark by those who have studied it, but coupled always with the qualifying criticism that the written word gives but a poor indication of the pronunciation. Make it phonetically correct, and it becomes the easiest language to acquire in the world, and supersedes Volapük and all its substitutes. This is for the foreigner; but for ourselves there is a kindlier service in the elementary education of our children. As this is now carried on, it requires in many cases two or three years for a child to learn to read, and, in not a few, many years to master the spelling of the language. By a phonetic system this time is reduced, for any language, to six weeks, on an average. This I observed during the troubles in the Herzegovina in 1876, when thousands of refugee children in Dalmatia, almost entirely the descendants of illiterate ancestors from time immemorial, were gathered into schools instituted for them in the cities which gave them refuge. These children, of ages from two or three up to ten and twelve, using the Cyrillic alphabet, which is strictly phonetic, required, on an average, as I found by many inquiries from the priests in charge of the schools, only six weeks to learn to read.

In the primary education of my own children I have to a satisfactory extent proved the same advantages in a phonetic system of teaching. A friend of our family who was an enthusiast in all reforms of education—Mrs. Margaret Merington, the daughter of the Mr. Hamilton who was known sixty years ago as the inventor of improved methods of instruction—had as long ago as 1828 elaborated an alphabet which proposed a distinct character for every sound in the language, preceding Pitman by some time in the publication of it. The scheme failed to receive support, being far too radical and too early for the English public. Some years after, Mrs. Merington, always turning the subject in her mind, and spending the most of the time she could spare from her family in teaching foreign languages to poor governesses or English to poor foreigners, contrived a modification of the actual alphabet for this purpose, and at her own expense had a font of type cast, and text-books printed, in which the English letters of common use were distinguished by accents and other modifications, so as to give a definite value to every letter. I had had so much experience of crowding the minds of little children, and its disastrous effects on the brain, that I had made a rule that none of my children should be set to learn their letters before the age of seven; and at this age Mrs. Merington took two of them in succession to teach them to read by the improved

alphabet. Though one of the children was slow to learn, and neither very precocious, both learned to read in the same time,—six weeks,—and one of them, on being transferred to books in the common character, found no difficulty in spelling or pronouncing, but read with fluency books in the usual type suited to her age, and followed the customary routine afterward. The other had for some time a tendency to "incorrect" spelling, but not more than some people retain all their lives in spite of all education.

The system of Mrs. Merington not only provided the distinct character for every sound in the language, but that the sound should be taught in such a way that it combined naturally with the adjoining ones; *i. e.*, instead of giving the letters names as in the Alpha-Beta-Gamma system, each letter was given the articulation it had in all cases, *B* for instance being neither *bee* nor *eb*, but simply *b* isolated from any vowel or other consonant sound. This being thoroughly accepted, the coupling of the consonant with each vowel at need was the natural consequence of articulation, and the letters ran into words without giving rise to any perplexity. In default of such a system, children set to learn the English language have many months of painful perplexity over their spelling-books, and in general do not succeed in learning to read fluently till they have come to distinguish the words by their individual physiognomy, which is a late acquisition to all, and impossible to many, while it often happens that the conventional spelling of many words is never acquired even by people devoted to literature. The proof-readers of any of our principal periodicals can attest to this fact.

The suggestion of the Americanization of the English language carries with it as the logical consequence a radical reform which the insular mind is too conservative to accept, but which will, when accepted by the expanding branch of the race, so facilitate the acquisition of the language that no excuse will remain for the construction of a new universal speech; and it will at once establish the position of our tongue as not only the simplest in construction and the widest in extent and therefore the most useful, but as the most easily acquired of all human languages. But to this end the reform must be radical. It is trifling with the subject to throw out a useless *gh* here and a superfluous *m* or *l* there; not only must the useless be eliminated, but the incorrect and inexact must be made correct and exact; there must be no two characters for the same sound, or two sounds for the same character. But we are mostly too conservative to adopt the form of the Artemus Ward literature — mainly, I imagine, because we consider that we might be confounded with the illiterate, and because we do not like to forfeit the credit of having learned our language in the difficult way; and also, to a large extent, because we are attached to the old forms, and do not trouble ourselves for those who are to come after. Language is a tool, but from time unknown the human mind has resisted the change of forms of tools to which the human hand has become accustomed. The change must therefore be radical in

character, but conservative in form, and the means of combining these conditions is furnished by the Merington alphabet. For the silent letters it employs italics; for the sounded vowels, accents; and for sounded consonants, modifications of the forms so slight as not to offend the accustomed sense, while they convey to the beginner all that is requisite in the indication of modification of sound. The printed page, therefore, corresponds so nearly to the present form that the eye is not offended, the history of the language is kept intact, and the books already printed will have only a slightly archaic character to those who follow us, while the words once learned in the new character will be perfectly well known in the old. That afterward the progressive reform shall proceed little by little to throw out the useless letters, and insist more forcibly on the differentiation of the modified, we cannot foresee or provide for or against. What is certain is, that a reform will come when the desire for it has reached the requisite strength; and the longer that reform is delayed, the more reckless of conservative conditions it will be, and the more our immediate successors will have lost. And, after all, the changes will be only the putting of what we now get in our dictionaries into our text-books. But with this change an intelligent foreigner can learn English in six months, not only, as now, to read it, but to be able to speak it intelligibly and correctly — an accomplishment which is usually the result of years of study.

W. J. Stillman.

"The Century's" American Artist Series.

FREDERICK W. FREER. (See page 57.)

FREDERICK W. FREER became first known to American art-lovers early in the eighties by his water-colors, which, although narrow in their range of subjects, were attractive and taking, delightful in their color-sense, and always pictorial. It was some years later that he gained the place he now occupies as an expert and facile worker in oil.

In the eighties Freer's pictures, as was natural, showed much of the influence of Munich, for he had been a student at the Royal Academy in that city since 1867. Later he threw off the Munich yoke, and seemed for a year or two to lean toward Paris. His mature work does not savor of any special school or method.

Freer was born in Chicago in 1849. He studied both in Munich and Paris for nearly fourteen years, and returned to America and settled in New York in 1880. During the last few years he has lived in his native city. He is a member of the Society of American Artists, and of the American Water Color Society, and an associate of the National Academy of Design. He gained a medal at the Columbian Exposition.

I doubt not that Mr. Freer has as much difficulty with his medium as most artists have, but his "facture" is so well hidden, his brush-work is so facile and pleasant, that his pictures are grateful alike to the professional and the unprofessional eye, because they possess the rare quality of *seeming* to have been easily done.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Sleepy Man.

WHEN the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his eyes,
 (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
 He shuts up the earth, and he opens the skies.
 (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)
 He smiles through his fingers, and shuts up the sun;
 (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
 The stars that he loves he lets out one by one.
 (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)
 He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy Town;
 (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
 At the touch of his hand the tired eyelids fall down.
 (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)
 He comes with a murmur of dream in his wings,
 (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
 And whispers of mermaids and wonderful things.
 (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)
 Then the top is a burden, the bugle a bane,
 (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
 When one would be faring down Dream-a-way Lane,
 (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)
 When one would be wending in Lullaby Wherry
 (Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)
 To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting Ferry.
 (So hush-a-by, weary my Dearie!)

Charles G. D. Roberts.

Outlines.

A MAN owned a slave. But coming to believe it to be wrong to hold men in slavery, he said, "I will set this one free." At this his neighbors protested, saying it would be bad policy, since it would cause other slaves to desire their freedom, and so make trouble. But the man holding firm, they threatened him with ostracism. Now, for himself the man cared for this not one whit; but because of his wife and children, who would suffer, he yielded.

But he said, "I am myself a slave."

A BOY went to school. He was very little. All that he knew he had drawn in with his mother's milk. His teacher (who was God) placed him in the lowest class, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. So the man did not kill; but he was cruel, and he stole. At the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned not to kill; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."

On the morrow he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt do no hurt to any living thing. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. So the man did no hurt to any living

thing; but he stole, and he cheated. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned to be merciful; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back to-morrow."

Again, on the morrow, he came back, a little boy. And his teacher (who was God) put him in a class yet a little higher, and gave him these lessons to learn: Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not cheat. Thou shalt not covet. So the man did not steal; but he cheated, and he coveted. And at the end of the day (when his beard was gray, when the night was come), his teacher (who was God) said: "Thou hast learned not to steal; but the other lessons thou hast not learned. Come back my child, to-morrow."

This is what I have read in the faces of men and women, in the book of the world, and in the scroll of the heavens, which is writ with stars.

A CHILD said to me, "A wonderful thing will happen to-morrow."

I said, "What?"

He said, "To-morrow."

A CHILD brought me a pebble, white and smooth and round. "What a wonderful thing!" he said.

"Wonderful?" said I. "There are millions and millions of things like that."

"Then," said he, "there are millions and millions of wonderful things."

A MAN went to the court. When he came back, his neighbors asked: "Did you see the king? Did you see the queen? Did you see the prince and the princess? Did you see the duke and the duchess?"

But he said, "I saw only men and women."

IN a certain country there was a law which forbade a man to kiss his wife on the Sabbath. For violation of this law (and others of equal wisdom) a potter had suffered both fine and imprisonment. It happened after that, when the potter was at work at his wheel, that there came to him one of the law-makers, who complained that some of the potter's ware which he had bought had too easily broken. "If I were a potter," said the law-maker, "I would make ware which could not be so easily broken." "And if I were a law-maker," said the potter, "I would make laws which could not be so easily broken."

A MAN loved a woman, but she laughed at him. Then, through grief, he became ill, and was like to die, in very despair of her love. Whereat pity touched her heart, and pity grew to love. When he came to know this, having now the love he had so yearned to possess, he rejoiced greatly, and arose from his bed.

And straightway he began to love another woman.

Berry Benson.

Men and Women.

MOST women are inclined to be very lenient to any offense on the part of a man which he can make them believe springs from their attractiveness.

Every woman has an ideal husband before marriage, and a very real one after it.

Many a woman who has made a man unhappy for a time by declining his offer of marriage has, afterward, earned his eternal gratitude for her discernment.

To know some women is to know the whole sex. They seem to combine in dazzling bewilderment the virtues and vices, the charms and counter-charms, of all womankind.

A married woman is always wiser than an unmarried woman; but it is often the wisdom that comes from disappointment, sorrow, and discontent.

Men, as a rule, long to be loved only during youth. In mature age they long for power, and their longing is increased in proportion to its acquirement. Their love of women is readily appeased; their love of power is insatiable.

No woman is capable of inspiring so intense and lasting a love as one who feels that she is unlovable.

The man who weds a woman solely because he believes she loves him commits the greatest wrong toward her. She will certainly discover the fact, and will hate him and herself for all future time: him for having deceived her; herself for incapacity to keep her own secret.

The more love we give, the more we have, may be true of women; but man seems to be possessed only of a fixed amount. He can hardly form a new attachment without drawing heavily on his limited capital of affection invested in an earlier sweetheart.

Some shallow, sentimental women occupy most of their time in doing what they should not do, in repenting of it with superabundant tears, and in continuing their offenses.

When a man feels irritated toward a woman from insufficient cause, her patience and amiableness increase his irritability, and aggravate injustice into cruelty.

Many a woman is as remarkable for greatness of heart as for littleness of mind. She can feel deeply when she cannot see clearly, which may be the main reason for her tenderness.

Certain passionate, high-tempered women can never love without a mixture of shrewishness. This is naturally more endurable to lovers than to husbands, who would prefer, for peace's sake, a little less love and a little more amiability.

Junius Henri Browne.

The Evolution of a "Name."

WHEN Hill, the poet, first essayed
To push the goose's quill,
Scarce any name at all he made.
(*"T was simply 'A. H. Hill.'"*)

But as success his efforts crowned,
Rewarding greater skill,
His name expanded at a bound.
(*"It was 'A. Hiller Hill.'"*)

Now that his work, be what it may,
Is sure "to fill the bill,"
He has a name as wide as day.
(*"Aquila Hiller Hill.'"*)

Charles Battell Loomis.

The Tests.

Of a fine man: not the harm that he does not do, but the good that he does do.

Of happiness: the art of forgetting actual unhappiness.

Of unhappiness: the habit of forgetting actual happiness.

Of a millionaire: not what he spends, but what he earns.

Of a student: not how much he knows, but how much he wants to know.

Of a clerk: not what he earns, but what he spends. Of unselfishness: never to remember yourself.

Of dignity: never to forget yourself.

Of a woman's power: not how exclusively you think of her when she is there, but how often you think of her when she is not there.

Of beauty: not that it is perfect, but that it always attracts.

Of purity: not what it has not seen, but what it has not touched.

Of tact: not how often you please, but how seldom you offend.

Of friendship: 1. How much you can say to each other. 2. How little you need say to each other. 3. How much you enjoy differing with each other.

Of charm: not how deeply you feel it, but how keenly you remember it.

Of fascination: not how keenly you remember it, but how much else you forget.

Of a good comrade: how much you enjoy talking to him.

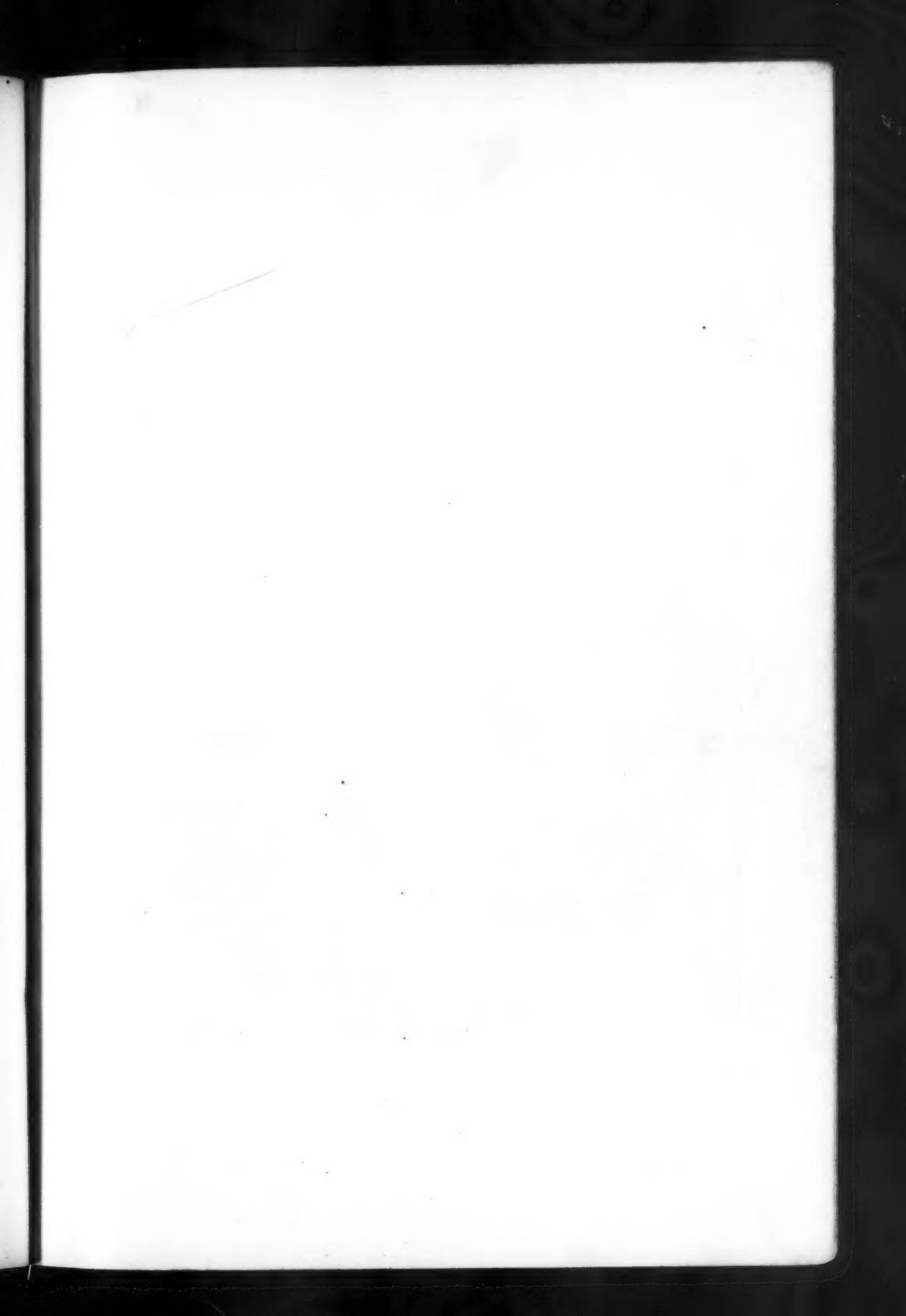
Of sympathy: how much he enjoys talking with you.

Of the worst pessimism: leading a poor life, and then preaching what you practise.

Of a realist: not that he never depicts ideally, but that he never depicts falsely.

Of virtue: not what it does not do, but what it does not want to do.

Alice Wellington Rollins.





ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN THE COLLECTION OF PETER GILBEY.

LOUIS KOSSUTH IN 1851.